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HISTORY OF ST. ALBANS, VT.

L. L. DUTCHER

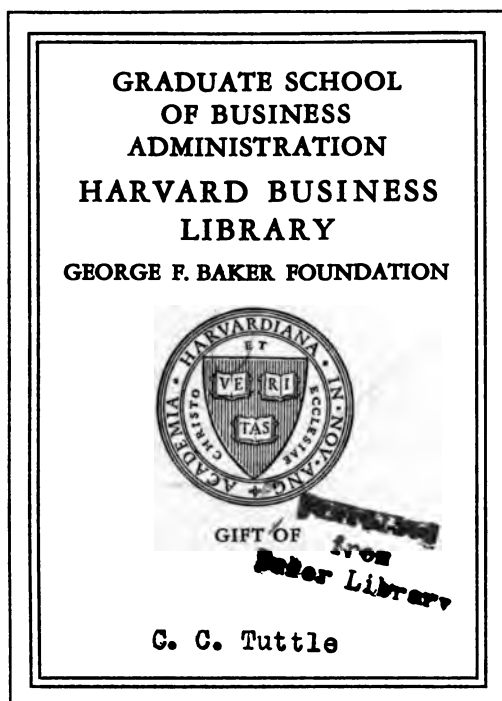
HISTORY OF SHELDON, VT.

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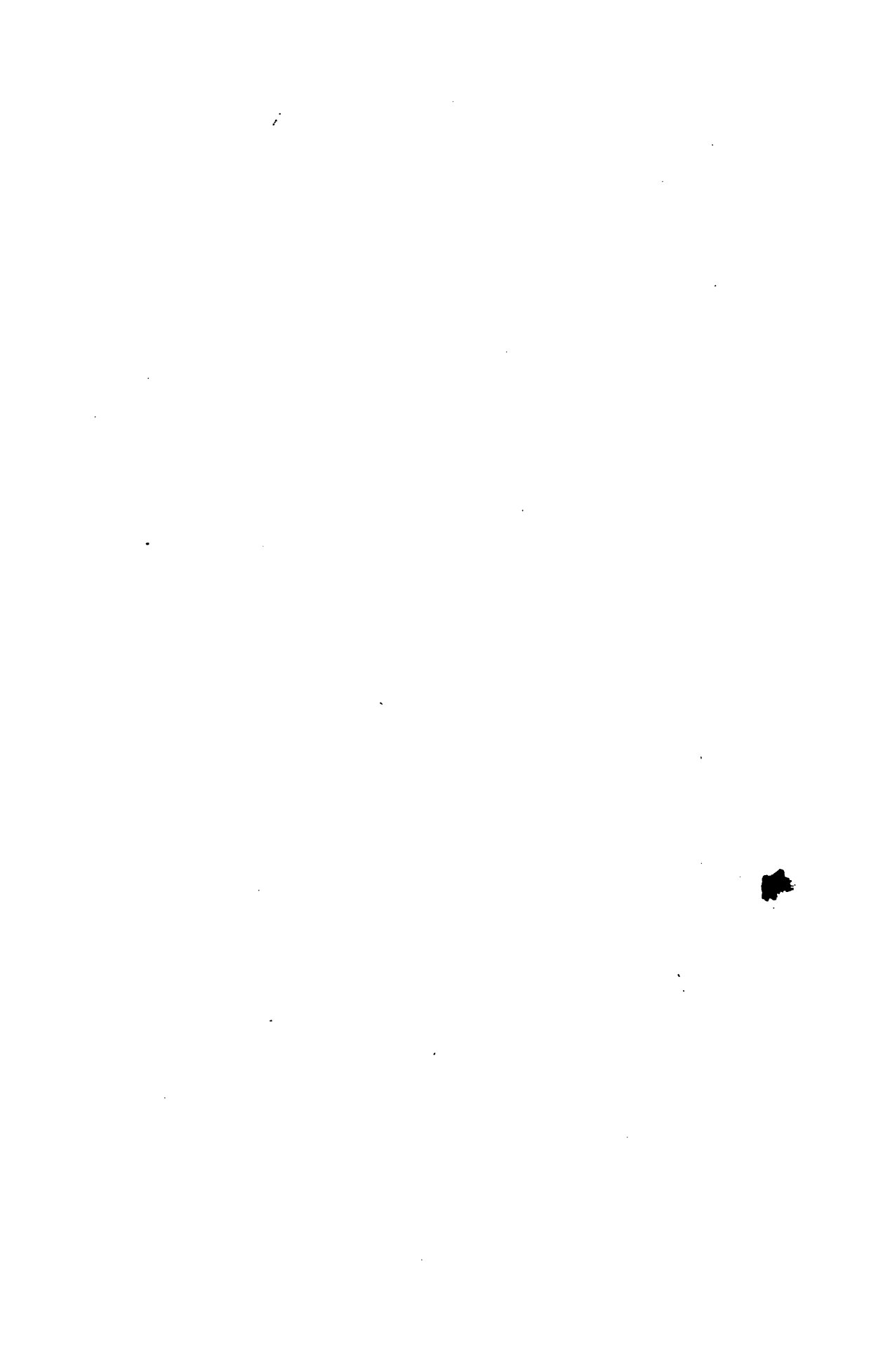


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THE  
HISTORY OF ST. ALBANS, VT.,

CIVIL, RELIGIOUS, BIOGRAPHICAL  
AND STATISTICAL.

By L. L. DUTCHER, A. M.

WITH VALUABLE CONTRIBUTIONS FROM HON. JAMES DAVIS; REV. A. B.  
SWIFT; REV. J. H. HOPKINS; J. S. D. TAYLOR;  
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WITH A FINE PORTRAIT, ENGRAVED ON STEEL, OF

EX-GOV. J. GREGORY SMITH.

PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC AND VERMONT  
CENTRAL RAILROADS.

AND

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ST. ALBANS, VT.

PUBLISHED FROM THE STEADFASTNESS OF MISS DEMEREAUX'S VERMONT HISTORICAL  
GAZETTEER, VOL. II.

By STEPHEN R. RAYOR.

1873.









Truly Yours  
J. Gregory Smith

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# THE HISTORY OF ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

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BY L. L. DUTCHER, A. M.

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FROM MISS HEMENWAY'S VERMONT GAZETTEER, VOL. II.

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The town of St. Albans is situated upon the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, in lat.  $44^{\circ} 40'$  N. and long.  $3^{\circ} 54'$  E. from Washington. It has Swanton on the N., Fairfield on the E., Georgia on the S., and the west is indented by a bay, called by the Indians Bellamaqueam bay, which is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length by  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to 1 mile in width. Two cultivated and inhabited islands, one called Wood's Island, containing 115 acres, and the other Potter's Island, containing 303 acres, belonging to the town. Ball Island, containing 7 acres, lies south of Potter's Island. Here Jesse Welden settled previous to the Revolution and returned there after the close of the war. While living there, an improvident settler stole from his crib a quantity of corn. He was tried and sentenced to receive 39 lashes, which was the first trial in the county. The indentation of the bay gives to the town an irregular shape, it being nearly 9 miles from its extreme eastern to its western limit, while from N. to S. it is but about 5 miles. That portion lying west of the bay is called St. Albans Point, and is in length about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles by  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to about 2 miles in width. The western shore

is called MaQuam, from its proximity to MaQuam Bay in Swanton. This name is a corruption of the original Indian name, which was Bopquam. The true aboriginal name should be restored to this locality. Off this shore there is a small island, a former gathering place for the Indians, and called by them Popasquash.

Along the eastern border of the town rises a range of hills, the southernmost and loftiest point of which, called Bellevue, affords one of the finest prospects in the country, taking in the highly cultivated valley of the Champlain, with its numerous villages: the lake, with its beautiful islands; the mountains in the rear of Montreal and other Canadian mountains; the Adirondacks on the south west and the Green Mountain range on the east. There is another hill in the south part of the town, called Prospect Hill, and another, half a mile north of the village, called Aldis Hill.

Among the original forest trees, the sugar maple predominated, with a large admixture of beech, birch, elm, ash and hemlock. The soil is a rich loam, well adapted to the growth of the several cereal crops and producing

luxuriant grass. There is little waste land in the town, the hills being arable nearly to their summits, and affording the finest of pasturage for cattle and sheep. Gen. James Whitelaw surveyor-general of the State, used to say that St. Albans and Stowe were the two best towns in the State. Tradition has reported that the lands around the Bay, were favorite places of resort for the Indians. The stone arrow-heads and other Indian implements, found by the early settlers, give confirmation to the tradition.

The town was chartered by Benning Wentworth Esq., the royal governor of the province of New Hampshire, August 17, 1763, in 70 equal shares. The grantees named were as follows viz., Stephen Pomeroy, Elijah Hunt, Joseph Hunt, Lemuel Stoughton, Solomon Ellsworth, Ebenezer Harvey, Jonathan Hunt, Frederic Ellsworth, Nathaniel Stoughton, John Hubbard, Jonathan Hunt, jr., Heman Pomeroy, Joel Hunt, Philip Safford, Medad Pomeroy, Elisha Hunt, Elijah Pomeroy, jr., John Hunt jr., Caleb Strong jr., Seth Field, George Field, John Genison, Samuel Field, Thomas Williams, Silas Hambleton, Arad Hunt, Thomas Williams. jr., Samuel Smith, Aaron Burt, Joseph Burt, Aaron Smith, Willard Stevens, John Hastings, John Gentle, Peter Stanley, Samuel Hunt, Shammah Pomeroy, Samuel Pomeroy, Joseph Ashley, Joseph Stebbins, Daniel Jones, Fellows Billings, John Clary, Abner Cooley, Josiah Foster, Breed Batchelder, Caleb Strong, Rufus Harvey, James Robinson, Richard Montague, Napha Freeman, John Hubbard, Oliver Cooley, Hon. John Temple, Wm. Temple, Esq., John Nelson, Esq., Paul March, William Treadwell, Ebenezer Alexander, Reuben Alexander, Asa Alexander and Hon. James Nevin, Esq. The grant was made by George the Third, by the Grace of God King of Great Britian, France and Ireland, "to his loving subjects" above named. The conditions were that every grantee should plant and cultivate 5 acres of land, within the term of 5 years for every 50 granted, under penalty of forfeiture. All white and other pine trees, "fit for masting our royal navy," were reserved. One acre near the centre of the town was to be set to each grantee. A tax of 1s. for every 100 acres, was to be paid annually, after Dec. 25, 1773.

Jesse Welden, was unquestionably the first civilized settler of St. Albans. His place of

birth is not known, but he came to this town from Sunderland, (having resided before that at Salisbury, Ct.,) previous to the war of the Revolution, and built a log-cabin, a few rods south of the spot now occupied by the Congregational meeting-house at the Bay. Duncan Dunn, settled south of the red house at the Four Corners. A Mr. Dorsey, settled south of Dunn, and Mr. Spafford next, on the farm now owned and occupied by Nelson Buck. These settlers, with all others north of Rutland county, were driven off by the events of the war. Jesse Welden is said to have been taken a prisoner by the British, and to have made his escape. It is to be regretted that so little is known of this hardy and intrepid pioneer. It has always been said that he was of Indian descent, and that his strong relish for the adventures of a pioneer life, in the solitude of the primeval forest, is thus to be accounted for. That he was a forward man in the infant settlement, will be abundantly shown in the course of this history. His memory is perpetuated in the street which bears his name, and also in the magnificent hotel, the pride and glory of St. Albans, which stands upon the north side of the public park, and which bears the name of the Welden House. After the close of the Revolutionary war, he returned, in 1785, and lived awhile at the Bay on what has since been called the Brackett place. After this he removed to, what is now the village of St. Albans, and built a log-cabin some 10 rods S. W. of the present residence of Abel Houghton. He cleared about 70 acres of land and planted an orchard. He held in possession three lots on the west side of South Main street, and shortly before his death, erected a hewed log-house, near the residence of Henry M. Stevens. He was accidentally drowned, off Isle la Motte, in October 1795, while returning from St. Johns in Canada, in a skiff laden with salt. His body was not recovered until the spring following, when it was brought to St. Albans for interment. His estate, after payment of his debts, amounted to upwards of \$4,000. The sum of \$50 was subscribed by him in aid of the University of Vermont, and was one of the demands allowed against his estate. Among the articles of household property in the inventory of his effects, was one large family bible, appraised £1 10s.

In the course of the year 1785, a number of men came to look over the town with a

view to settlement, and in 1786, Daniel B. Meigs, Amos Morrill, Andrew, Noel and Freeborn Potter, Job and Nathan Green, Daniel Baker, Thomas Gibbs and others, came in with their families. In 1787, Silas Hathaway came in from Bennington. He was largely interested in lands in St. Albans and did much to promote immigration. He held so much land in his own name and as an agent for others, that he was jocularly called Baron Hathaway. Many of his titles proved defective and he died, comparatively poor, in November, 1831, aged, 67. Several of his descendants, however, are among the wealthiest families in the State.

July 28, 1788, a meeting of the freemen and other inhabitants, was warned, to be holden at the house of Jesse Welden, by the Hon. John White, one of the assistant judges of the court for the County of Chittenden, to which St. Albans at that time belonged, for the organization of the town. At this meeting Silas Hathaway was chosen moderator, and Jonathan Hoyt, clerk. Jesse Welden, David Odell and Andrew Potter were chosen selectmen, and Daniel B. Meigs, constable. At the state election in September, the following persons, among others, appeared and took the freeman's oath, viz. Hananiah Brooks, Ichabod Randall, Simeon Spencer, Jonathan Colvin, Solomon Hinds, David Welden, James Tracy, James Thorington, William Abbey and William Griffin. The grand list of the town, for the year 1788, was £364 5s, and for 1789, £540 15s.

#### EARLY SETTLERS, &c.

The settlement of all new territory is attended with more or less of privation and suffering. The first settlers of St. Albans were not exempt from the common lot. They brought but little with them. Mr. Meigs, in his reminiscences, states that one ox-team brought all the goods of three families. Their cabins were of rude logs, the floor of basswood split and smoothed with an axe, the roof covered with bark, and the chimney of sticks plastered with clay. Provisions were very scarce for the first three or four years—moose and other game furnishing an important portion of their living. The most accessible flouring mill was at Plattsburg, N. Y. They hauled their grain to the Bay, upon an ox-sled, through the mud, and then, when the wind permitted, proceeded in a log canoe, carrying 6 or 8 bushels. They would often be away

4 days in going and returning. The women and children of the settlement would sometimes get lost in traversing the woods. At such times the people were rallied, and, with loud halloing and blowing of horns, would continue the search until the lost were found. There were no physicians nearer than Burlington and Cambridge. The settlement of the town however proceeded so rapidly that these privations were limited to a very few years.

Among others who came in about this time was Levi Allen, a brother of the renowned Ethan Allen and of Gen. Ira Allen. He laid claim to a large portion of the lands of the town, and in a letter to his wife, playfully styles her "the Duchess of St. Albans." The organization of the County of Franklin and the establishment of St. Albans as the shire town or county-seat, in 1793, gave considerable impetus to its advancement. Great attention was given to the working of roads, and the public green, which is now one of the chief attractions of the village, was laid out and cleared. Silas Hathaway in the year 1794, built the large two-story house now owned and occupied by Romeo H. Hoyt, which was the first framed house erected in the town. This was occupied by him as a tavern. The courts of the newly organized county were holden in the hall, and religious services occasionally performed there.

The first record of a store is that of "Capt. Whitney," probably in 1792. A Mr. Jackson is said to have had a store here about that time, and afterwards came Daniel Ryan, Prince B. Hall, Arza Crane, Seth Pomeroy, John Curtis, Anthony Rhodes, Joseph H. Munson, William Foote and Carter Hickok.

#### CHRISTOPHER DUTCHER

settled at the Bay in 1790, where he built a tannery, near where the wheelwright shop of Warren Green now stands. On the location of the county seat at the village, he purchased the farm one mile south of the village, now owned and occupied by Benjamin F. Rugg. Here he built a tannery, on what has since been called the Dutcher brook, and was a prominent business man of the town until his death, which took place Feb. 4, 1814.

#### COL. HOLLOWAY TAYLOR,

from Northboro, Mass., came in about this time. He was an active and influential man, and considerable of a wit and humorist. His

piquant sayings were frequently quoted by the settlers.

DR. JOHN WARNER

was here as early as 1793. He came from Bennington with a large family, and was, for several years, the only physician in town. He was not a regular practitioner, but had large experience in the diseases at that time prevalent, and possessed great knowledge of the medicinal qualities of the indigenous plants of Vermont. In this knowledge of the medicinal botany of the country he probably had no equal, and in the diseases incident to a new country, he was successful to an extent rarely exceeded by any practitioner of the time.

WILLIAM NASON,

wife, one son and four daughters, came to St. Albans in 1796, from Epsom, N. H. Their effects were brought in four sleighs and one ox team. They were 7 days on the road. On their arrival here they were entertained by Major Amos Morrill, who lived at the Bay, on the farm now owned by Nelson Buck. They next moved to the farm which they afterward occupied, one mile south of the village, and which is now owned by Theron Webster. A small framed house stood upon this lot, in which a Mr. Hibbard kept a small store. Mr. Nason made extensive additions to this building, and, shortly after, opened a tavern which he kept during his life, which closed in December, 1810.

Hall, Crane & Pomeroy had a store at this time on the lot now owned by J. Dorsey Taylor. Daniel Ryan came in 1797. His store was on the ground now occupied by the house of Mrs. Dr. Stevens. He built and occupied the house next north of this, now owned by Hiram Bellows. His ashery was on the Stevens brook, on the south side of Welden Street, near Main. He was an industrious, prudent and thrifty man, and at the time of his death Feb. 8, 1810, was the richest man in the County of Franklin. Gen. John Nason, who came here with his father in 1796, says that at that time, the Greens, David Powers, Lewis Walker and Elijah Davis, lived in log-houses in the south part of the town.

A. Mr. Brush lived on the Gilman farm. Samuel Calkins lived where D. R. Potter now lives, and kept a tavern. David Nichols lived in a log-house near the gate of the old cemetery. Mr. Welden lived on the spot now oc-

cupied by the house of Henry M. Stevens. There was a log-house on the corner of Main and Congress streets, covered, like the others, with bark, its windows of paper and chimney of split-sticks, plastered with clay. The green was at that time covered with a heavy growth of timber, chiefly maple, from which sugar was made every Spring. Dr. Seth Pomeroy was post-master; the mails were brought from Burlington once a week. William Coit built a large house near where the Congregational church now stands. This was afterwards occupied by Dr. Levi Simmons. The frame was raised in June, 1796. The first jail of the county of Franklin was in the back part of this building. The second was the old basswood jail, which was erected in 1800, on what is now Bank street, just west of the house of Samuel Williams. The third jail was built, on the corner where the Episcopal church now stands, in 1810. This was burned Dec. 25, 1813, and rebuilt in the year following. The fourth was erected on the site of the present jail in 1824. It was burned in March, 1827. A prisoner confined in the debtor's room, came near being destroyed with the building. The flames had made such progress before being discovered, that the door of his cell could not be reached, and he was rescued, through an opening made, with some difficulty, in the roof. The present jail was erected in 1852. The first court-house, a neat and well finished building, was erected in 1800. This was succeeded by the one now occupied, in 1830. The Methodist church was built in 1820. The first Episcopal church in 1825. The one now in use in 1858. The first Congregational church was built in 1826, the second being the one now occupied, was finished in 1862. The first academy was built in 1800, the second in 1828, and the third and present spacious and commodious building in 1858. The ground on which the public buildings of the town were to be erected, was selected by the voters in town-meeting, assembled June 12. 1792. Col. Robert Cochran, Capt. Ford and Stephen Pearl were appointed a committee, "to set the stake for the center," which was done a few days afterward. The county of Franklin embraced three towns of the present county of Grand Isle, and the selection of St. Albans as the county seat, followed in 1800 by the erection of a court-house and jail, gave to it a new importance.

As the reputation of the people of St. Albans, at this period, has been severely assailed, it is proper here to say that a calm investigation of facts discloses with what levity the most of them have been made.

It is true that a considerable number of speculators and adventurers, with no particular calling, were attracted to the new and rising town; many of whom were men of dissolute and vicious habits. Assimilating with some of the citizens of like taste with themselves, they, for a time, gave tone to society, and brought upon the substantial settlers of the town a reputation they by no means deserved. Some of them were open and shameless gamblers; others, intemperate, licentious and profane, disregarding of the Sabbath and frequent disturbers of the public peace. In their drunken carousals, they would occasionally sally out to the neighboring settlements; where their boisterous shouts and obscene jokes tended greatly to disgust the orderly and quiet people in their secluded homes. On one occasion, a band of these silly inebriates started from the village at the hour of midnight, passing along the old stage-road to Georgia, blowing a conch-shell, and calling out in stentorian tones, "awake ye dead and come to judgment." But the men who were engaged in felling the forest, and opening up farms, had not the slightest sympathy with these reprehensible men. They were, for the most part, a hard-working, temperate and thrifty class. Their tastes and habits were simple, and they lived in great harmony. In the long days of summer, before the evening-twilight had faded from the sky, the light of their cabins was extinguished, and every soul in bed. They were up before the sun, ready for the labors of the day. That such people had no sympathy with the reckless and depraved adventurers, who were seeking to live by their wits, may be gathered from the action of the town, on matters connected with the advancement of virtue and morality among them. They voted, as early as 1796, when the town contained less than 500 inhabitants, to raise money by tax upon the grand list to hire a preacher. The town records show frequent movements afterward, in the same direction. May 9, 1803, the freemen, in open town-meeting, voted a formal call to Rev. Joel Foster, to settle with them in the gospel ministry, on a salary of \$500 per annum, to be raised by tax upon

the grand-list. The call, with Mr. Foster's reply thereto and the subsequent negotiation, are all spread upon the records of the town and prove the earnestness of the people, in their desire to promote sound morality and religion. An absurd tradition, that there were horse races in early times on the Sabbath, is easily disposed of. At the time when they were said to have occurred, there were not a dozen consecutive rods of road in the township, over which a horse could be driven beyond a walk.

The first settled minister of the town was Rev. Jonathan Nye, who was ordained pastor of the Congregational church, March 5, 1805. A full account of the ministry of Mr. Nye, will be given in connection with the history of the several churches of the town. Considerable improvement in the habits and morals of the people, was manifest from this time. It was not at once, however, that the Sabbath congregations presented the staid and orderly appearance, common in older communities. Gen. Levi House, a lawyer of ability and one of the leading men in the town, unfortunately became addicted to intemperance. In a state of partial intoxication, he, on a Sabbath day, decided to attend church, and entered while Mr. Nye was proceeding with his sermon. He had not been long in his seat before he made an audible response to a question propounded by the preacher. This was repeated, when Col. Seth Pomeroy, acting as tithing man (one of whose duties it was to preserve order during public worship), called out from the gallery, "silence down there." Gen. House, turning his glassy eyes in the direction of the gallery, with maudlin tone exclaimed, "silence up there." Gen. House was for some years a very successful lawyer, and accumulated considerable property. He built a large and expensive house, which occupied the site of the residence of H. R. Beardsley, but became at length miserably poor, and died of intemperance, March 30, 1813, aged 44 years.

#### TRAGIC EVENTS.

The trade and business of St. Albans suffered considerably during the existence of the embargo and non-intercourse laws. During the war which followed, however, the growth and prosperity of the town were advanced, rather than impeded, by the events which occurred. The stores and shops of the village were kept well stocked, and there



existed a fair demand for merchandise and manufactured articles from the surrounding towns. The foundations of some of the best properties in the village were laid during these years. An active contraband traffic sprang up with Canada, the center of which was here, and which added to the floating population, numbers who were engaged in smuggling operations. The people on each side of the line, seemingly by mutual understanding, not only abstained from all irritating and hostile acts, but actually lived on terms of friendship and good neighborhood with each other throughout the war. Sleigh-rides and pleasure parties, from both sides were not infrequent.

Smuggling was pursued with considerable activity. The extreme scarcity and high price of all foreign goods were such as to justify great risk. Collisions between the revenue officers and the smugglers occurred frequently along the frontier, and in several cases with fatal results.

#### HARRINGTON BROOKS,

of St. Albans, a young man 24 years of age, having a wife and two children, both daughters, was shot and instantly killed, while attempting to escape from the custom-house officials with a skiff-load of salt. He was on his return from St. Johns in Canada, accompanied by Miner Hilliard, on Sunday, Nov. 3, 1811, and had passed the revenue post of Wind-mill Point. He was pursued by the collector, Samuel Buel, in a boat with John Walker and George Graves as oarsmen. They came up with him about 9 o'clock A. M. near two rocky shoals or islets, one of which is called Gull island, lying off the west shore of Alburgh. The skiff drew less water than the revenue boat, and Brooks kept in shoal water where Buel could not board him. The latter demanded a surrender, when a parley ensued. Brooks told the collector that he had only 7 bushels of salt; that it belonged to five different families who wanted to cure their pork; that there was no salt to be had at St. Albans, and that he would pay him the duties if he would accept the same and allow him to proceed. Buel told him that he should seize the boat and its loading. Brooks replied that he must catch him first. He started and kept on rowing around the shore of the islands, keeping his skiff where the water was so shallow that the revenue boat could not reach him. The chase continued for

some time, when Buel ordered Walker to fire. He obeyed, and discharged a load of duck-shot, twelve of which penetrated the breast of the unfortunate man. He pulled open his shirt and exclaimed, "See what they have done," and fell forward dead upon the loading of the boat, covering the salt-bags with his blood. His boat, containing his dead body, was then towed by the revenue boat to the Alburgh shore, to a place where a store was at that time kept by Mr. Alexander Scott. Here an inquest was holden, the body laid out and provided with a shroud by Mr. Scott and Duncan McGregor, and, during the night, forwarded to his late home. A large and excited crowd awaited the arrival of the remains, and the indignation expressed at the course of Buel was severe. The funeral services were attended by a large and sorrowing congregation. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. George W. Powers, who delivered a funeral discourse, from Job xiv. 1, 2. The excitement which followed this deplorable event, aggravated by the extreme party virulence which at times prevailed, was very great, and continued for a long time. Mr. Walker, who fired the fatal shot, although in obedience to his superior officer, was full of distress on account of it. It threw a cloud of gloom over his entire after life. He died at Albany, while a member of the legislature of the state of New York, to which he had been elected from the county of Clinton, in Jan. 1832.

#### SILAS GATES.

One of the most deplorable events, that ever took place in the town, occurred on the evening of Nov. 4, 1813. The great excitement it awakened at the time, and the influence which followed it, and which can be hardly said to have ceased, even at the present day, are sufficient to justify its introduction here. Silas Gates, of St. Albans, was shot and mortally wounded by Alva Sabin, of Georgia. The third brigade of the third division of the militia of Vermont, which included the entire county of Franklin, was called into the service of the General government *en masse* and marched out of the state, and stationed at Champlain N. Y. This singular and unaccountable act, by which the Vermont frontier for 40 miles, denuded of its entire military force, and which was employed, in the guarding of the territory, of the great and powerful state of New York, was severely

censured by men of all parties. It was urged, that supposing Vermont to be under obligation, to furnish troops to be taken beyond her borders, for the defence of sister states; why were those troops not taken from counties lying remote from the frontier? Why invite an invasion from Canada, by removing the natural defenders of the Vermont border and sending them out of the state? These questions could receive no very satisfactory answer, and the general temper was unquiet and sullen. The able bodied, arms-bearing portion of the population having been removed, there remained few indeed except the old men and boys to gather in and secure the fall harvest. In many fields might be seen the white haired old grandfather, toiling with his stripling grandsons, through the chilly month of October, and nearly to the setting in of winter, in the gathering and housing of the crops. Many of the soldiers, uneasy under the thought of the loss which their absence was occasioning, quietly slipped away from camp without leave, and went home. To such an extent had this proceeded, that a few only over 300 were left in camp. Among those who had gone to their homes was Silas Gates. He was not quite 20 years of age and was, both physically and socially, one of the most splendid young men of the town. His family likewise was one of the highest respectability. Sergeant Henry Gibbs and private Alva Sabin of Capt. Asahel Langworthy's rifle company, were sent by their commanding officer to St. Albans to bring back deserters, including young Gates. During the evening of Nov. 4th, they called upon him at his father's house, and after some conversation he agreed to accompany them. The three started from the house, and had proceeded a short distance, when Gates went back for something which he said he had forgotten, but, instead of returning, he raised a window through which he passed, and started off on a run through an orchard on the north side of the house. Sabin being at the corner of the house, discovered him escaping, and called to him twice to stop, and threatened to fire upon him in case he did not. Gates kept on running, and at a distance of 25 rods Sabin fired. The ball took effect above the hip and near the spine. He lingered 5 days and 5 hours, when he died. Political feeling ran high, and the opponents of the government and the war seemed

carried away by a spirit of fierce and vindictive wrath. They would have sacrificed Sabin at once, but the supporters of the administration and the war promptly rallied to his support and entered upon his defence. He was indicted for murder, and tried at the December term of the Supreme Court for 1813. There were present the Hon. Nathaniel Chipman, chief judge, the Hon. Daniel Farrand and Jonathan H. Hubbard, assistant judges, Ebenezer Marvin, jr., State's attorney, Aldis & Gadcomb and Cornelius P. Van Ness, attorneys for the defence. The jury did not agree, standing three for acquittal and nine for conviction of man-slaughter, and were soon discharged by the Court Jan. 3d, 1814. A second trial took place in December, 1814, before the same court, when the jury again were not agreed, standing nine for acquittal and three for conviction of man-slaughter. At the December term of the court in 1815, a *nolle prosequi* was entered by the State, and the case was ended. People of all parties, including the relatives of the deceased, came at length to the conclusion that Mr. Sabin should be acquitted of all blame. He was but 20 years of age at the time and of course had little or no experience of the life of a soldier. His prisoner was escaping and he supposed it to be his duty to fire. It was about 8 o'clock of a cloudy evening, and Gates was running through an orchard set thick with apple-trees. He hastily drew up his gun and fired. By one of those singular acts of Divine Providence which men call chance, the ball even at the distance of 25 rods took fatal effect. Probably no one ever regretted this melancholly affair more than Mr. Sabin. He after this became a Baptist preacher in the town of Georgia, from which he was elected for several years representative to the General Assembly of Vermont. He was afterwards elected state senator from Franklin Co., judge of the county court, secretary of state for Vermont, and finally had two elections to the House of Representatives of the United States.

Another tragic affair occurred a short time after the killing of Gates, which created a great excitement in the County of Grand Isle, as well as in the surrounding country. The occurrence to which we allude, took place in Isle La Motte, but as the offenders were committed to jail in St. Albans, and tried here, the affair may be considered as belonging to the

history of this town, and deserving a place in this sketch. During the war three sailors, from our fleet on the lake, went ashore with a subordinate officer, and visited the dwelling-house of Judge Hill who kept an Inn on the Island. After they had tarried in the house a short time, Judge Hill, for some reason which has not been fully explained, took up a musket and called on the men to surrender as his prisoners. The officer in command ordered his men to fire. They accordingly did so, and Judge Hill was killed on the spot. The sailors, with the officer, then left the house, and took refuge on board the vessel to which they belonged. The people of the town were highly excited, as Judge Hill was one of the most respectable men in the place.

The next day an officer and posse of men were sent on board the vessel to arrest the offenders. Commodore McDonough, who was in command of the fleet, surrendered the three sailors, but refused to give up the officer who had accompanied them. The sailors were committed to jail in St. Albans, and were indicted and tried for murder at the next term of the court. The charge of the presiding judge was unfavorable to the prisoners, and the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. The court sentenced them to the State prison for life. It was generally thought that, although the sailors were legally guilty, they were not morally so, as they were in that condition in life that required an unreserved obedience to the orders of their superiors. At the next session of the Legislature they were all unconditionally pardoned.

At the trial of the sailors there was evidence tending to show that sailors from the American vessels on the lake were in the habit of visiting Judge Hill's house, unaccompanied by an officer, and that at the time of the homicide in question, he knew the character of the men, and that they belonged to McDonough's Squadron. It was, however, conjectured by some that he supposed they were British sailors, and that he intended to make them prisoners; and for that purpose stepped into an adjacent room and got a musket, and in a threatening manner, as we have mentioned, demanded their surrender. If such were the facts, the conduct of Judge Hill on the occasion may be in a measure accounted for. But it did not appear that he had sufficient assistance at hand to carry such intentions into effect.

In 1814, occurred the invasion of the State of New York, by a British force under the command of Sir George Provost, numbering about 14,000 men, and the memorable battle of Plattsburgh. Only the part which the people of St. Albans took therein, will be here stated. That an expedition, having for its object the invasion of the territory of the United States, was in preparation at Montreal, was a fact well understood. Its destination was soon disclosed, and Sunday, Sept. 4th, hand-bills, containing a proclamation of Gov. Provost, reached St. Albans, and were circulated among the people. The proclamation was printed on narrow slips of paper—announced the invasion of the country, and promised protection to all who remained at their homes, and abstained from acts of hostility, and was signed R. Brisbane, Adjutant General. On Monday, Sept. 5th, the magistrates, composing the board of civil authority of the town, came together for deliberation, and as Gov. Chittenden (at that time governor of the State,) had declined to call out the militia to aid in repelling the invading force, they decided to call on the people to volunteer for that purpose. They also sent out influential citizens to rouse the neighboring towns to arms. On Tuesday the 6th, the annual State election was holden, and the freemen were very generally present. After the votes had been deposited, a fife and drum were heard, and all who were willing to go to the defense of their country at Plattsburgh, were requested to fall in after the music. Eighty men, mostly democrats, volunteered promptly, and after taking a few turns on the green, were paraded. It was decided to start immediately. A number of citizens who had teams, offered to convey the men to South Hero, and about sunset they left, to cross at the sand-bar. The wind was blowing fresh and Sanford Gadcomb, one of the most promising young lawyers of Vermont, who was on horseback, was swept off the bar and saved only by the extraordinary power and endurance of his horse, who swam with him a distance of two miles, and brought him safe to land.\* The men remained over Wednesday on South Hero, awaiting transportation to Plattsburgh. Here they organized as a military company and chose Samuel H. Farnsworth captain, and Daniel Dutcher, lieutenant. On Thursday they were ferried across the lake to Plattsburgh, where they reported to Gen. Macomb, and were by

\* See paper dictated by the late Jona. Blaisdell—in connection with his biography—after this paper.—Ed.

him ordered to Pike's cantonment on the Saranac. The company participated with honor in the fighting which followed, and particularly on Sunday, when they aided in repulsing a heavy attack by a column of the enemy, who had forded the river and were in full march upon the American forts. The only casualty, was the severe wounding of Mr. Robert Lovell, a hero of the Revolution. He persisted in facing the entire British column, retreating backward, and continuing to load and fire. His companions remonstrated with him unavailingly. Nothing could induce him to turn his back to the foe, and he was, at length, hit by a musket-ball, in the abdomen, lingered for months in a most critical condition, but at length recovered and lived to a great age. Very few able bodied men remained behind. There were individual members of the Federal party, who were so far controlled by partisan feeling, as not only to refrain from volunteering, but to withhold encouragement to others to do so. But very many of that party were among the most active and vigorous in procuring recruits, arms and stores. From most of the houses throughout the town, the fathers, the elder sons, and all capable of handling a gun, had gone. Those who remained were filled with most distressing anxiety. The week wore away with no tidings from the seat of war. The drift of travel set strongly towards Plattsburgh. At every hour of the day, and throughout the night, huge farm wagons were passing, filled with browned and stalwart men, armed with guns of various patterns. But none returned. On Thursday, a deserter from the British force came along and reported that their fleet lay at Ash island, ready for battle, and that, with the first change of wind to the north, it would sail up the lake to engage Mac Donough. Very great confidence was expressed by all in Com. Mac Donough, but it was well known that his fleet was inferior to that of the British. The name of every vessel in either fleet, with the number of guns she carried, was well known and repeated twenty times a day, even by the school boys. Could Mac Donough prevail against such disparity of force, was a question frequently put and one which occasioned grave foreboding.

On Sabbath morning, Sept. 11th, the wind blew fresh from the north. A little after 7 o'clock, the town was startled by a tremendous cannonade directly west, which shook the houses and caused every thing moveable to jar and rattle, as if an earthquake were in progress. This was conjectured to be a signal of the ap-

proach of the fleet, to the army at Plattsburgh, to commence the action. A general movement of the people to the hill tops then commenced. From these heights the British war-vessels were distinctly seen, proudly bearing on a southerly course, and at length, rounding Cumberland-head. Shortly after 9, a. m., the action commenced—Plattsburgh bay was covered with a dense canopy of smoke, the solid earth trembled under the thunder of the broadsides, and the progress of the distant battle was watched with most intense anxiety. Over 2 hours of terrific cannonading had passed when the thunder lulled and soon ceased altogether. The firing continued briskly upon the land, but for better or for worse, it was all over upon the water. The gallant Mac Donough if alive, was either a victor or a captive. The people slowly and silently returned to their homes, and it was not until after sunset, that a horseman rapidly passing, communicated the electrifying intelligence of the defeat and capture of the British fleet. The volunteers, for lack of transportation, did not return until the Wednesday after the battle. All parties now joined in doing them honor. A public dinner was given them soon after their return, to which was added a torch-light procession at evening, in which both political parties participated.

The summer of 1816 was long remembered as the cold season. There were frost and snow once at least, during each month. In July and August snow did not actually lie upon the earth, but minute descending flakes were plainly visible. On the 9th and 10th of June, quite a flurry fell and the surface of the ground was frozen. Corn was killed to the roots, but sprouted again, and attained a respectable growth. A heavy frost about Sept. 10th, just as the young ears were ready for roasting, destroyed the entire crop, and there was not a sound ear of corn harvested in the county of Franklin. In the spring of 1817, seed-corn was sold in St. Albans at \$4 per bushel. Ordinary flour was imported from Troy and Montreal, and sold at from \$15 to \$17 per barrel. A number of the inhabitants clubbed together, and sent Pierpont Brigham to Chambly in Canada, to purchase a sloop load of wheat. This was delivered at St. Albans bay at a cost of \$2.50 per bushel. The scarcity of bread-stuffs was so great, that the earliest ripe grain was at once cut, dried by artificial heat and ground to flour. The cold season gave a great impetus to the spirit of emigration to the milder climate of the West, and numbers removed to the, at that

time, new State of Ohio. To such an extent did emigration progress, that during the decade ending in 1820, the population increased but 27.

In the year of 1820, the first and only execution in the county of Franklin, took place in St. Albans. This was the hanging of Luther Virginia, for the murder of Rufus W. Jackson, in the town of Highgate, Nov. 14, 1819. Virginia was a younger colored man of intemperate and dishonest habits. He had worked for Mr. Herrick, an innkeeper at Highgate Falls, and was convicted of stealing money from the till of the bar, and was sentenced to a term in the State's prison. After the expiration of his sentence, he settled in Canada, near the line of Highgate. Sunday afternoon, November 14th, he came to Herricks', partially intoxicated, and demanded liquor. This being denied him, he became quarrelsome and had some angry words with Jackson, who was present. He was finally expelled from the house and started, as was supposed, for home. Jackson, at sunset, started on horseback to go to the north part of the town, crossed the bridge over Missisquoi river and ascended the hill beyond, when he was knocked from his horse by Virginia, with a stake taken from a fence near by, and beaten to death. Virginia drew the lifeless body out of the road, and the riderless horse returned to the tavern. This created alarm for the safety of Jackson, and a party started off to search for him. The body was soon found and Virginia was captured before morning, at his home in Canada, and lodged in the jail at St. Albans. Jackson's watch was found secreted in his bed. He was convicted of wilful murder at a special session of the Supreme Court, Dec. 13, 1819, and sentenced to be hung between the hours of 10 in the forenoon and 2 o'clock, P. M., Jan. 14, 1820. This sentence was carried into execution by Shiveric Holmes, the sheriff of the county of Franklin, in the field on the north side of Congress street, opposite Gov. Smith's stock-barn. Virginia attended his own funeral service at the Court House, which was conducted by Rev. Phineas Culver, who preached a sermon from Genesis IX, 6, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The execution was witnessed by an immense concourse of people.

In anticipation of the opening of the canal, connecting the waters of Lake Champlain with those of the Hudson, at Troy, two canal boats were built at St. Albans during the summer of 1823, viz. the *Gleaner*, by N. W. Kingman, Julius Hoyt and John Taylor, and the *Com-*

*merce*, by the brothers Hungerford of Highgate. The former of these was completed in September 1823, and under the command of Capt. Wm. Burton, with a cargo of wheat and potatoes, was the first boat which passed through the canal. The little vessel in consequence of this, attained no little celebrity and honor. A full account of her first trip to New York and her reception on the way, is given on page 681 of Vol. 1, of this work. The new facilities afforded to trade with the great cities of the country, by the completion of the canal, were of incalculable value to western Vermont. Business of all kinds, at St. Albans, improved, and the enterprise of its citizens received a new impulse. The steamer *Franklin* was built at St. Albans bay in the year 1827. A full account of this vessel will be found upon page 694 of the seventh number of this work.

Nov. 4, 1826 a charter for a steam-boat company by the legislature of the State, was granted to Julius Hoyt and others, under the name of the St. Albans steam-boat company. The company was organized during the winter following; and N. W. Kingman was appointed president, and L. L. Dutcher, clerk. This company built the steam-boat *Mac Donough*, to run as a ferry boat between St. Albans and Plattsburgh, touching at the islands of North and South Hero. This enterprise, although of small advantage to its projectors, was of great convenience to the community at large.

The rebellion of the French population of Canada, against the rule of the sovereign of England in 1837, was the cause of no ordinary excitement, among the people along the northern frontier. A history of that abortive attempt at revolution, does not properly come within the province of this publication, but so far as it was connected with our own history, it is entitled to notice. That the people of this country should have regarded with indifference the struggles of a conquered race, however unpromising, to throw off a foreign domination and establish a government and institutions of their own, was not for a moment to be expected. When the discomfited leaders sought safety by flight to the territory of the United States, they were received with the hospitality always awarded to unfortunate political adventurers, in common with all who seek an asylum among us. In the early days of the rebellion, several gentlemen, having become subjects of suspicion to the officers of the government and in danger of arrest, left their homes for a season and took up a temporary residence in St. Albans.

Among these were R. S. M. Bouchette, a young gentleman of high family connection, splendid abilities, and fine personal appearance; Doctor Cyril Cate, a young physician of influence and promise, and P. P. Demary, a respectable notary of St. Johns, with others of more or less distinction in their communities. A much larger number of refugees, located themselves at the neighboring village of Swanton. They were for the most part exceedingly quiet and undemonstrative, making no apparent effort to enlist sympathy for their cause, or to excite ill will against the British government. But they did not remain idle. They secured two small pieces of cannon, some muskets of various patterns, and a small quantity of ammunition and stores. These were mainly purchased with money, but it is probable that some portion of them were contributed by sympathizing friends. It was their plan to force their way through the loyal population of the border, to the French country beyond. Having been reinforced by the arrival of 70 habitants from L'Acadie, and numbering in all just 96 men, they left the village of Swanton Falls, December 6th at 2 o'clock, 30 m. P. M. The men from L'Acadie had marched during the whole of the preceding night, and were worn and fatigued. As soon as they had crossed the province line, they commenced enforcing levies, upon the loyal opponents, of horses and provisions. When the party left Swanton, and again when they reached the forks of the road at Saxe's mills and turned to the right, intelligence was sent forward to the British authorities of their movements. In a straggling and disorderly manner, they were proceeding slowly, entering the houses by the way, when at about 8 o'clock P. M. they were fired upon by a body of militia at Moore's corners. This militia force consisted of several hundred men, thoroughly armed and well supplied with ammunition. From a chosen position by the road side, on a steep, rocky hill, they kept up an irregular fire upon the invaders. The rebel party were rallied, as soon as it was possible, in the darkness and confusion, and proceeded to return the fire as well as they were able, by firing in the direction from whence the attack seemed to come, but without a living object against which to direct their aim. They stood the fire directed upon them for about 15 minutes when they broke and retreated back to Swanton, leaving one dead and two wounded men with most of their stores behind. The two iron pieces of cannon as well as the stores were lost, by reason of some of the horses which

were drawing them being shot. Among the wounded was M. Bouchette, who received a severe wound in the foot, from a musket ball just forward of the ankle joint. He had displayed undaunted bravery and coolness while under fire, and his unlucky adventure was very generally deplored. He was taken before P. P. Russel, a magistrate of Phillipsburgh, 2 miles from the scene of action, by whom he was sent under guard, to the military post of Isle Aux Noix. The hospitality extended to the refugees, and the aid and comfort which it was alleged, had been afforded them by the people of the States, greatly exasperated the loyal people of Canada. Bitter denunciation of sympathizers, and acrimonious strictures upon the course of the American population along the frontier, were the staple burden of the loyal journals. These were replied to with equal bitterness by the American press, and the war of words became severe. The Montreal Herald threatened the Editor of the Burlington Free Press, "with a noose," and was very rancorous in its attacks upon our citizens. Many public meetings were holden on this side of the line, at which exciting speeches were made, and resolutions of an inflammatory character passed. On the 19th of December, a meeting of the citizens of Franklin County was holden at St. Albans, at which 2000 people were present. A committee, through their chairman, the late Henry Adams, made report, that "the following facts are clearly established by the testimony of numbers of intelligent and credible witnesses, whose affidavits are hereto annexed, viz.

1. That frequent threats have been publicly made, by men of standing, both at St. Armand and Missisquoi Bay, to burn the villages of St. Albans and Swanton Falls, and the dwellings of citizens in other places.

2. That frequent threats have been made by men of standing in Canada, to cross the line and kidnap those Canadian patriots who have fled to our territory for protection from British tyranny.

3. That armed men acting as British guards, and under the command of a British officer, have often been seen at night on this side of the line; and on, one occasion, while in our own territory, made proposals for the kidnapping of one of our own citizens.

4. That a large number of our most worthy citizens in various parts of the country, have been threatened, as well by the armed guards stationed along the line, as from other quarters, with arrest, imprisonment and trial by court

martial, for acts done and opinions expressed within the jurisdiction of the United States—and that lists containing the names of our citizens have been given to the armed guards, with orders to arrest the persons therein named.

5. That several of our citizens have been arrested by the armed guards without any just cause, have been prevented from pursuing their lawful business, detained under arrest for several hours; stripped of their clothes and otherwise treated with abuse and insult.

6. That some of the leaders of the tory faction in Canada, relying on the forbearance of our fellow citizens, have come among us and disturbed the public peace, brandishing their pistols in places of public resort.

The affidavits alluded to in the report, were all read to the meeting, and fully sustained the assertions of the committee.

Feb. 14, 1838, some 200 or 300 of the rebel force crossed the line to Caldwell's manor, under the command of Doctors Nelson and Cote, and encamped for the night about 2 miles from the line. On mustering their party the next morning, it was ascertained that quite a proportion of the men had deserted during the night. A superior British force was marching to attack them and they drew back to the line, when they surrendered to Gen. John E. Wool, of the U. S. Army. This was the last attempt of the so-called patriots to enter Canada in this quarter, with an armed military force. From this time the excitement began to subside. A party of desperadoes, in the latter part of April, crossed the line from Canada in the night and burned several barns in the town of Highgate. Barns and other buildings were fired in several places in Canada. A militia force, under Gen. Nason, was stationed along the line in Highgate, to guard against the commission of hostile acts by either side. This measure was successful and after a few weeks the troops were recalled and discharged. It was several years before the angry feeling, which had been excited, disappeared, but it gave way at length and peace was fully restored. After the public mind had become tranquil, it was the general conviction that there had been a great deal of unnecessary and not very creditable excitement, and that the wrong was not confined to either side. If the people of Canada had indulged in rash and threatening language, it was known that throughout the entire winter

they had been kept in a state of constant agitation and alarm by reports that invasion from the United States, by an armed horde of rebels and sympathizers, was imminent. These reports were put in circulation by mischief-loving persons, who were amusing themselves by practicing upon the credulity of their neighbors. They did not hesitate to couple with this fictitious invasion the names of men of influence and standing; on this side of the line, as actively countenancing and abetting it. These idle reports being believed, was the principal cause of the intemperate utterances and threats to which allusion has been made.

#### MURDER CASE IN FAIRFIELD.

On Sunday, Oct. 16, 1842, Eugene Clifford, residing in the north part of Fairfield, murdered his wife and infant child, by drowning in Fairfield pond. He was a deserter from the British army and had come to Fairfield where he married Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmore, a widow who owned a farm of some 50 acres. He had been told, and, being an ignorant man probably believed, that if he outlived his wife and child, this farm would be his own, and it is supposed that he then formed the purpose of bringing about their death.\* He invited his wife to cross the pond with him in a log-canoe and she was never seen again alive. In the course of an hour or two, he came back to the neighborhood with the report that his wife, in the act of adjusting a shawl around her infant, had fallen out of the canoe and that both were drowned. Mrs. Clifford wore a silk shawl, a valuable one which she had brought over from Ireland, and the infant was wrapped in a woollen blanket shawl. The bodies were recovered the next day. That of the infant had floated quite a distance and that of the mother was hooked up in water about 10 feet deep. But the shawls were not upon the bodies nor could they be found. This increased the suspicion, already existing, that Clifford was the murderer. The agitation of the public mind became intense. People, for several miles around, came in, and a vigorous search was made for the missing shawls. They would not sink, and, unless carried off, must float to

\*In an unfinished account of this murder and trial by the late Col. Perley, among his papers for Fairfield, it is stated that Clifford was reputed guilty at the time, of an intimacy with a woman whom he thought he could marry if he could only remove his wife,—Ed.

the shore. Every foot of the shore and the entire surface of the pond was carefully examined, but no traces of the missing articles were found. Clifford was in the charge of keepers and the search, for the day, was given up. On the following night the wife of Mr. Stephen Marvin dreamed that she started to look for the shawls, that she crossed the road in front of her dwelling, got over the fence, then went through a field to a second fence athwart which a large hemlock tree had fallen; that she got over this fence, walked a short distance on the prostrate tree, and into a patch of woods where trees had been overturned by the wind; thence passed to ground, near the shore of the pond, covered by a thick growth of brush; and that there, in a shallow hole in the sand, and but partially covered, she found the shawls. On awaking, she made known the dream and expressed her entire confidence in being able to go directly to the spot and finding the shawls. She invited her husband to go with her, but he thought so lightly of the dream that he declined. A neighbor, by the name of Bailey, however, offered to go and they set out together. She had never been over the ground, but proceeded, finding everything precisely as she saw it in her dream, and, at the end of the search came upon the shawls still wet as when the murderer buried them two days before.—Clifford was tried at the April term of the Court, at St. Albans, where the above facts were fully given in evidence and he was convicted of murder. He was sentenced to be hanged after the expiration of one year from his sentence, April 21, 1843, and in the meantime, and until the punishment of death was inflicted on him, to be committed to solitary imprisonment in the State Prison at Windsor. The execution of the sentence was not ordered by the governor, and the prisoner became a raving maniac, and, in this condition, died.

Previous to the introduction of Railroads, this, and the other towns of the county were in a state of partial isolation. The islands composing the County of Grand Isle cut us off from the main channel of the lake, which was the great highway of travel. In early times, the merchants, and others who had occasion to visit New-York, proceeded on horse-back to Troy and from thence by sloop.—Goods were freighted from New-York to Troy by sloop, forwarded by wagons to Whitehall,

and, from thence, by sailing vessels to St. Albans Bay. When a line of steam-boats was established upon the lake, it was only of partial benefit to this part of the country. To reach them a land journey to Burlington was necessary, that being the nearest port at which they touched. The establishment of a steam-ferry to Plattsburg, in 1828, made a connection with the through passenger steam-boats at that point, but little was gained, however, since transshipment at either point, was unavoidable. The markets of Boston and the great manufacturing regions at the east, could hardly be said to be available to us at all. The trade with that section, which has since increased to such immense proportions, had no existence. The project of a rail-road, by which we could have easy and uninterrupted communication with all parts of the country, was received and entertained with universal favor. Several rail-road charters were granted by the legislature at the session of 1843, among which were charters for the Rutland & Burlington and Vermont Central Rail-Roads. The directors of the latter road claimed that their charter gave them the right to build their road across the sand-bar to South Hero, to connect with a road which had been located from Ogdensburgh to Plattsburgh, N. Y. To this the directors of the Rutland & Burlington objected. A movement was then made for a charter to an independent company, to build the road from Burlington northward to effect a connection with roads to the city of Montreal, and, also, with the one to be constructed from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburgh. In October, 1845, mainly through the efforts of the late Hon. John Smith, the charter of the Vermont & Canada Rail-Road was granted by the legislature. This was to run from some point upon the State line, in Highgate, thence southward to Burlington, with a branch passing across the sand-bar to South Hero. Books for receiving subscriptions to the stock of this company were opened June 8, 1847. At this time an attempt was made, by the president of the Rutland & Burlington Rail-Road company, to obtain the control of the new organization, by the employment of an agent to subscribe for a majority of the shares of its capital stock. The subscription was made, but in a clandestine manner, and was stricken off by the commissioners. The company was fully organized July 8, 1847,



by the appointment of seven directors and at a subsequent meeting of the latter, Hon. John Smith was appointed president, and Lawrence Brainerd, clerk. The project of a connection with the Ogdensburg road at Plattsburgh was, from the first, regarded as very unpromising, by those best acquainted with the locality. There were not wanting those, who advocated the erection of a bridge from South Hero to Cumberland Head, a distance of 4 or 5 miles, and in water of great depth. But the great majority of people understood well that the connection could be made only by a ferry and that, through the winter months, there could be no communication whatever, on account of ice. The Burlington papers demanded the abandonment of the project and that the connection of the Vermont roads with the Ogdensburg should be made at Burlington. The directors of the Ogdensburg road, at length, changed its location from Plattsburgh to Rouse's Point, where the channel of the lake is so narrow as to render bridging a matter of comparative ease. The attention of the public began to be strongly attracted to this new and apparently feasible route. The great capitalists of Boston and other places, whose funds had been hitherto the main support of the Vermont roads, hesitated to advance further aid, except on the condition that an unbroken line of railway could be secured to the great lakes of the West. The Vermont and Canada rail-road therefore, in compliance with the statute, gave legal notice that an application would be made to the legislature for changes in their charter, which would give them the right to locate their road to the west shore of Alburgh and to build and maintain a bridge from that point to the west line of the State. A bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, Oct. 27, 1847. A contest ensued, which has few parallels in the history of legislation in this State. All the other rail-road interests in the State, with the exception of the Central, and the transportation interests of Lake Champlain combined to oppose the measure. The idea of "bridging the lake" was ridiculed as one of the most preposterous, ever indulged by sane men. Remonstrances, with hundreds of signatures from Burlington and towns to the south, and from all the villages on the New-York side of the lake, flooded the legislature. Even some of the towns,

lying within a few miles of the projected road, sent in remonstrances signed by their principal men, embracing a large majority of their legal voters. They were also represented at the legislature by astute and busy lobbyists, who contributed to swell the clamor against the monstrous proposition. So fierce and vindictive was the onslaught, that one would have supposed, that the men who were endeavoring to furnish the last remaining link in the chain of rail-roads, binding the East and the West, had been guilty of some flagrant outrage against the peace and well-being of society. The brunt of this memorable contest was borne by St. Albans, and, to cripple her energies the more, a bill was introduced to remove the shire of the county to Sheldon. This was passed by the House but defeated in the Senate. To conciliate the opposition to the bridge, if possible, the friends of the bill offered several amendments to meet objections which had been made, and, at last, consented to a motion to strike out from the bill, everything relating to a bridge at Rouse's Point. But all concessions were in vain. The bill was still opposed with undiminished zeal, and, Nov. 10th, a motion to dismiss prevailed by a vote of 106 ayes to 80 noes. Two days afterward the Hon. George W. Foster, of the Senate, called up a bill which had been introduced, entitled an act in amendment of an act incorporating the Vermont & Canada Rail-Road Company, and the same was passed with but one dissenting voice. This bill was sent to the House of Representatives, and, on Nov. 15, was passed by a vote of 72 ayes to 70 noes. This act repealed "so much of the first section of the act incorporating said company as is expressed and contained in the words, *passing across the sand-bar to South Hero*." Thus terminated this severe and exciting struggle; and if, at the time, the decision arrived at was not acquiesced in by all the parties concerned, its justice and wisdom have since been abundantly vindicated. The charter, as amended, proving satisfactory to the company a preliminary survey was ordered by the directors, at a meeting in Boston, Dec. 1, 1847. Henry R. Campbell was appointed engineer and Phaon Jarrett assistant. The road was formally located in August, 1848, and work thereon commenced in the month of September following. It was completed to St. Albans, Oct. 17, 1850. The first train came upon the

evening of the 18th, having among its passengers the members of the legislature from this county. A crowd had collected at the Lake street crossing, who received the train, the first which ever entered the County of Franklin, with hearty and vociferous cheers. The Troy & Montreal telegraph line was opened to St. Albans, Feb. 8, 1848. The building of the rail-road was followed by a steady increase of the business and considerable addition to the population of the town. Numbers of forehanded people from different towns in the county, took up their residence here and erected neat and tasteful buildings. In 1860, the offices, machine and repair shops, of the rail-road were located at St. Albans, which caused the removal hither of many valuable families, and the building up of a number of streets which had been opened.

#### RAID OF '64.

The raid of Oct. 19, 1864, having given to the town a notoriety, greater than any event which ever occurred within its bounds before or since, an accurate and full account will be expected in this place. A band of armed and desperate ruffians, in the interest of the slave-holders' rebellion, 22 in number, succeeded, by a secret and well planned movement, in robbing our banks in open day-light, and in escaping to their base of operations in Canada with their plunder. That a robbery so daring could be accomplished by a force so small, in a village of the population of St. Albans, has appeared to those unacquainted with the circumstances as something unaccountable. To effect it, it was necessary to make it a complete surprise. Our people, like those of New England villages generally, were occupied upon the day in question with their private affairs, in their offices, shops and stores, with no suspicion of danger, and with scarcely a weapon of defence. The rebel plan was indeed a bold one, and is conceded to have been ably and skillfully carried out. An impression has gone abroad, that the raiders came into the town in a body and proceeded to make an open attack upon our citizens, intimidating them into a state of passive submission, while they were despoiling the banks of their treasure and our people of their property. This is not true. Bennett H. Young, who it appeared afterward was the leader, accompanied by two others, came to town from St. Johns in Canada, Oct. 10th, and put up at the Tremont-house. Two others, on the same

day, stopped at the American Hotel, and, on the next day, were followed by three others. These men were, (most of them at least) in and about the village up to the time of the raid, occupied in ascertaining the habits of the people, the situation of the banks and location of their safes—also the places where horses could be easiest obtained, when they should be ready to leave. They attracted no more attention than other strangers, who arrive more or less on every train, and put up at the hotels. One of those who stopped at the Tremont, was remarked as a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and was repeatedly heard reading aloud, an hour at a time. One of the charitable lady boarders, took him to be a student of theology. In order to ascertain to what extent fire-arms were possessed by the people, they made a fruitless endeavor to borrow guns for the alleged purpose of hunting. They called at the stores, making enquiries for trifling articles, entering into conversation freely with the proprietors and others. Young visited the residence of Gov. Smith, and politely desired the privilege of looking over the grounds and of inspecting the horses in the stables, which was accorded him. Oct. 18th two more came to breakfast at the Tremont, and were joined by four more at dinner. The greater part of these men were afterward identified, as those who had been boarding at the hotels in St. John's in Canada, for some days previous. On the 19th, the day of the raid, five came to dinner at the American, and six at the St. Albans House. Of these, it has been satisfactorily proven, that two came in a carriage from Burlington, and that the others alighted from the Montreal train which arrived at noon. They differed in nothing from ordinary travelers, except that they had side valises or satchels, depending from a strap over the right shoulder. They had learned that Tuesday, being market day, would be an unfavorable one for their purpose, but that the day following would be the duller of the week, when there would probably be but very few people in the streets. It so happened that on this particular Wednesday, nearly 40 of the active men of the town were in Montpelier, in attendance upon the legislature, then in session, and at Burlington, awaiting the progress of important cases before the supreme court.—The names of the raiders, so far as has been ascertained, were Bennett H. Young, Squire

Turner Teavis, Alamanda Pope Bruce, Samuel Eugene Lackey, Marcus Spurr, Charles Moore Swager, George Scott, Caleb McDowal Wallace, James Alexander Doty, Joseph McGroarty, Samuel Simpson Gregg, Dudley Moore, Thomas Bronson Collins, and Wm. H. Hutchinson. They were mostly young men of from 20 to 26 years, except McGroarty, who was 38. The afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 19th, was cloudy, threatening rain, and the streets were particularly quiet. By a preconceived understanding, immediately after the town clock had struck the hour of three, the banks were entered, simultaneously, by men with revolvers concealed upon their persons. Collins, Spurr and Teavis, with two others, entered the St. Albans Bank. C. N. Bishop, the teller, sat by a front window, counting and assorting bank-notes, when the men entered, and going to the counter to see what was wanted, two of them pointed two pistols, each of large size, at his head, upon which, he sprang into the director's room in the rear, in which was Martin I. Seymour, another clerk, engaged with the books. Bishop, with Seymour, endeavored to close the door, but it was forced open with violence by the robbers, who seized them by the throat, pointing pistols at their heads, and saying in a loud whisper, "Not a word—we are confederate soldiers—have come to take your town—have a large force—we shall take your money, and if you resist, will blow your brains out—we are going to do by you, as Sheridan has been doing by us in the Shenandoah valley." On being told that resistance would not be made, they relaxed their hold, but with pistols still pointed, they kept guard over their prisoners, while the others proceeded rapidly to gather up and stow away, in their pockets and valises, the bank-notes on Bishop's table, and in the safe. A drawer under the counter containing \$9,000 they failed to discover. Bags of silver containing \$1500 were hauled out, from which they took about \$400, saying, that the whole was "too heavy to take." While this was going on, the handle of the outside door was turned and one of the robbers admitted Samuel Breck, a merchant of the village, with \$293 in his hand, who had come in to pay a note. A robber presented a pistol at his breast and said, "I will take that money." Mr. Breck told them that this money was private property, but it was taken and he was ordered to the back-room with Seymour

and Bishop. Just after this, Morris Roach, a young lad, a clerk of Joseph Weeks, came with \$210 in a bank book, to deposit. This was taken and the astonished boy dragged into the director's room with the others.—Collins had the appearance of an educated man, and while keeping guard over the bank officers, discoursed about Gen. Sheridan's doings, and said that theirs was an act of retaliation. Mr. Seymour remarked, that if they took the property of the bank as an act of war, they ought to give time to take an inventory of it, that they might make claim upon the government for indemnification.—Collins replied sharply, "G-d d-n your government, hold up your hands." He then administered an oath, that they should do nothing to the injury of the confederate government—that they would not fire upon any of the soldiers of that government then in this town—and that they should not report their (the robbers) presence here, until 2 hours after they had left. The robbers had found but a few hundred dollars in United States bonds, and no gold.\* They knew that no bank would be doing business with so slender a basis, and were satisfied that, somewhere in the building, a large amount must be concealed. With the inevitable pistol pointed at his breast, Mr. Seymour was severely interrogated as to their United States bonds and gold. They failed, however, to intimidate him into any confession, that there were either bonds or gold in the bank. In the safe, through which they had nervously fumbled, was a large amount of U. S. bonds, in envelopes, belonging to private individuals and which had been deposited for safe keeping. The coolness and firmness of Mr. Seymour, saved these parties some \$50,000. The robbers also overlooked, in their great haste, a bundle of St. Albans bank notes in sheets, regularly signed, but which had not been cut apart for use, to the amount of \$50,000. It seems that they actually left behind, more money than they took from the bank. This happened probably from their being excited by liquor. They brought with them into the bank a rank atmosphere of alcoholic fumes, adding another to the many proofs already on record, of the intimate connection between ardent spirits and crime. The entire time

\* The securities of the bank were mostly deposited in the Park Bank in New York.

occupied in the robbery of this bank, did not exceed 12 minutes. Hearing a report of firearms in the street, three went out. Two staid a few moments and backed out, with pistols pointed at their prisoners. Hutchinson and four others were deputed to rifle the coffers of the Franklin County Bank. Marcus W. Beardsley, the cashier, sat by the stove conversing with James Saxe. Jackson Clark, a wood-sawyer, was also in the room. Hutchinson came in shortly after three, and Mr. Beardsley arose and went behind the counter to see what was wanted. He wished to know what was the price of gold. Mr. Beardsley replied that the bank did not deal in it. J. R. Armington then came in with money to deposit, and Hutchinson was referred to him. While Mr. Beardsley was counting the money left by Armington, Hutchinson sold the latter two gold pieces for greenbacks. Saxe and Armington then went out, leaving Hutchinson standing at the counter, keeping up a conversation with Beardsley. Immediately after this, four others came in and stood in a corner of the room a few moments, when one of them advanced a few steps, put his hand deep into a side pocket, and drew out a heavy navy revolver, which he pointed directly at Beardsley, looking him straight in the eye, but without saying a word. Mr. Beardsley thought he must be some insane man at large; and at first was inclined to fly, but did not, and stood returning his gaze, when two of the others stepped forward, drawing their revolvers and pointing like the first, without a word from either. Hutchinson, who had kept his place at the counter, then said, in a low but very decided tone, "We are Confederate soldiers. There are a hundred of us. We have come to rob your banks and burn your town." Clark, hearing this, made a dash for the door, but was ordered back with a threat of instant death if he moved. Hutchinson said, we want all your greenbacks, bills and property of every description. They came behind the counter and into the vault, taking possession of everything they supposed valuable. When they had secured their booty and were ready to leave, Hutchinson told Mr. Beardsley that he must go into the vault, where Clark had already been placed, for a second attempt to escape. Mr. Beardsley remonstrated against an act so inhuman, told him that the vault was air-tight, and that no man could live long in it, that he had

got all their money and that if left out he would make no alarm. This did not move the savage in the least. He seized his unresisting prisoner by the arm, led him into the vault, and fastened the door. Beardsley supposed that they would carry into execution their threat to burn the town, and had before his imagination the horrid prospect of being burned alive. Hearing voices in the room, he rattled the iron door of his prison, and soon heard his name called by Armington. He told him how the door could be opened and was then released, his confinement having lasted about 20 minutes. As he emerged from the bank he saw the robbers galloping off in a body to the north.

Four persons were engaged in the robbery of the First National Bank. The only persons present at the time were Albert Sowles, the cashier, and Gen. John Nason, an old man, then nearly 90 years of age, and very deaf. Wallace, with another closely following, approached the counter, drew a revolver, cocked it, pointed at Sowles, and said, "You are my prisoner." He had also a revolver in his left hand. His manner was unsteady and nervous, his hands trembling as he pointed both pistols at Sowles and said further, "If you offer any resistance I will shoot you dead."—The other robber then came up and drew a revolver a foot and a half long. Two others then entered the bank, one of whom, McGrorty, went behind the counter to the safe, from whence he took bank-bills, treasury notes, and United States bonds, cramming the former in his pockets and tossing the latter to his fellow ruffians across the counter. While this was doing, Bruce stood just within the door keeping guard. Having disposed of the funds of the bank upon their persons and in their valises, they passed out of the door. Wm. H. Blaisdell then came into the bank and enquired what was going forward, and what these men were doing. Being told that they had robbed the bank, he stepped to the door and meeting one who was coming up the steps with pistol in hand, seized and threw him down, falling heavily upon him. Wallace and another robber called out, shoot him, shoot him. This not being a matter of easy accomplishment for the prostrate wretch in the hands of a powerful man like Blaisdell, his two companions came to the rescue. They held their pistols at Blaisdell's head and told him to relinquish his hold, or that they would

blow his brains out. Gen. Nason, who stood upon the steps, mildly suggested that "two upon one was not fair play." Blaisdell seeing resistance to be useless, and that there was much more of the affair than he had supposed, released his antagonist and took post where they directed him upon the green.—Wallace, the robber who first entered the bank, is a nephew of Hon. John J. Crittenden, late Senator from Kentucky. Another of the band is a nephew of Ex-Vice-President Breckinridge. In the safe of the bank, McGrorty discovered 5 bags of coin and enquired of Mr. Sowles what they contained. He was told that they contained cents, but to make sure that the truth had been told him, he untied the string of one and scattered the cents about the floor. Having thus satisfied himself that there had been no deception practiced upon him, he desisted from further examination. Had he pursued it thoroughly, however, his exertions would have been well rewarded, as one of the bags was filled with gold. Gen. Nason, the old man already mentioned, sat during the entire transaction in the back part of the room reading a newspaper. After the robbers had gone out, he came forward and mildly inquired "What gentlemen were those?"

It has been shown that thirteen of the robbers had been engaged in rifling the banks. The others had been occupied in guarding the streets. The banks were all situated upon Main street, in a space not exceeding 45 rods. It was important not to allow any information to be carried out of this locality. At a short distance, down Lake street, were the machine-shops and depot buildings of the rail-road, where hundreds of men were at work, who if made aware of what was doing, would have quickly disposed of the entire rebel party. They therefore stopped all persons who essayed to pass out of Main street by threats of instant death, and ordered them to pass to the green in front of the American. Some six or eight had been sent to this place, when Collins H. Huntington, an old and highly respectable citizen, came along on the way to the academy for his children, having heard no alarm, nor seen any thing to excite suspicion. As he was passing the American carriage-way, a man touched his shoulder and told him to cross over to the green.

Mr. Huntington, supposing the man intoxicated, kept on, when the man spoke again saying, "if you don't go over I'll shoot you." Mr.

H. looking back over his shoulder, said "Oh no, I guess you won't shoot me." The robber then fired and Mr. H. was hit, the ball striking a rib on the left of the spine, following it 6½ inches, when it came out, leaving a flesh wound only. He took his place with the others on the green, and was soon liberated by the retreat of the robbers, and in a few days fully recovered of his wound.

Some of the robbers now commenced the seizure of horses, with which to effect an escape. Field's livery stable was first visited. Opposition to the appropriation of his horses being made by Mr. Field, a shot was instantly fired at him by Young, the ball passing through his hat. Mr. Shepard of Highgate, driving a pair of horses in a double-wagon was stopped opposite the Franklin County bank, and his horses taken. The harness was quickly stripped off and the robbers mounted without saddles, using the head-stalls for bridles. Leonard Bingham, hearing of the disturbance, came up Lake to Main street, and when near the American, saw Young about to mount his horse in front of Webster and Failey's store. Thinking he might be able to fall upon and seize him before getting seated and in a condition to use his pistol, he ran toward him, but was a trifle too late. He ran past him to near the front of Wheeler's store. Some dozen shots were fired at him, by one of which he was slightly wounded in the abdomen. Young rode up and down the street, directing the operations of his fellow-robbers, ordering people into their houses, or to take a stand upon the green. A man started off when Young called out, "What is that man running for? Where the h—l is he going to? Shoot the d—d cuss," and several shots were fired. L. A. Cross, a photographer, hearing the report of pistols, came to the door of his saloon, and seeing Young inquired what they were trying to celebrate. Young replied, "I will let you know," and instantly discharged his revolver at him, the ball of which came near his head and lodged in the door. E. H. Jones was ordered by Serager to stop, and on his not complying, both Serager and Young fired at him. Young frequently ordered his men to throw Greek fire upon the wooden buildings. This was a phosphoric compound in a liquid state. A bottle of it was thrown against the front of N. Atwood's store, but without much effect. The water closet of the American was besmeared with the same compound. It burned until the next day; but as the wood-work was kept wet, it did no damage. The robbers now began to move

towards the north, and halted near the corner of Main and Bank streets. Bedard's shop was rife of saddles, bridles and blankets. 7 horses were led out of Fuller's livery stable. E. D. Fuller, who had been out and was returning, having no knowledge of what had been done, inquired of his foreman what he was doing with the horses, and ordered him to take them back. The foreman said to him, "keep still, or they'll shoot you." He crossed the street and was ordered by Young to bring him a pair of spurs from Bedard's shop. Fuller, having a revolver in his pocket, sprang behind a post in front of Dutcher's store, and aiming at Young attempted to fire, but his pistol only snapped. Young at this laughed outright, and said, "now will you get me the spurs?" Fuller replied "yes but I thought you were joking. He passed through Bedard's shop and back to the Welden House, which was then in process of erection by Mr. Elias J. Morrison. He told Morrison that a strange set of men were making a visit and committing robbery in the street, whereupon Morrison ordered all the men at work upon the building to come down, and came round with Fuller to the front of the Messenger office. In front of Jaquez grocery-store, a horse was hitched belonging to a French Canadian named Boivin. A robber had mounted the horse, but Boivin attacked him vigorously and pulled him off. Another robber then entered upon the quarrel, and Boivin being advised to desist, relinquished his hold. The alarm now was becoming general, the robbers were mounted and were shooting in every direction. Fuller being warned by M. F. Wilson that Young was aiming at him, sprang behind an elm tree in front of B. Paul's shoe-shop. Morrison at the same moment undertook to escape into Miss Beattie's millinery store, and had his hand upon the door knob when Young fired. The ball struck Morrison, passing through the hand into the abdomen. He was taken into the drug-store of L. L. Dutcher & Son, laid upon a bed and cared for an hour or so, when he was taken to his lodgings at the American Hotel, at which place he died Oct. 21. He was not a resident of St. Albans, but was engaged as contractor in erecting the brick-work of the Welden House. His home was at Manchester, N. H., and to that place his remains were taken for interment. Several of our citizens now came up with guns, which they attempted to discharge, but from being in bad order, they failed to go off. Capt. George P. Conger came running up the street, calling upon all to rally with whatever weapon

they could lay hands upon. The robbers, finding the street rapidly filling formed in sections of four and galloped off to the north. As they were leaving, Wilder Gilson who had but just heard of the robbery, came up with his rifle, and when in front of Wm. N. Smith & Co.'s store, drew a careful and steady bead, and fired upon the hindmost of the gang, as he sat on his horse, nearly in front of H. Brainerd's store. He was seen to start quickly, and was evidently hit. As the party were leaving, a man apparently wounded was seen by several, supported on either side by two comrades. From a number of circumstances which have become known, it is thought by most people extremely probable, that this man died of his wound, in Canada, in the course of the winter following. The raiders took the road to Sheldon, making all the speed possible. At the village, they dashed across the bridge over the creek, and then attempted to set it on fire. They had intended to rob the bank at this place, but found it closed; and as they were apprehensive of a pursuit, they contented themselves with stealing a horse from Col. Keith, and passed on to Canada, crossing the Missisquoi at Enosburgh Falls. A party of our citizens started in pursuit as soon as horses and arms could be procured; but one half an hour went by, before they were ready to move. A laughable incident occurred on the way to Sheldon. Just this side of the village, in the woods, they met a farmer on a good substantial horse, which one of them wanted in exchange for the one he was riding, which was near giving out. Without words or ceremony they drew the astonished farmer from his horse, which one of them quickly mounted, leaving his own jaded, panting animal in its place, when they dashed off rapidly as before. In mute and puzzled amazement, the farmer remained standing in the road, until the St. Albans party, riding like the others at full speed, came in sight. He, supposing them to be another portion of the body by whom he had been robbed, ran for life across the field, and the St. Albans party, recognizing the horse mistaking him for one of the robbers, gave chase, firing repeatedly at him, and gave it up only when their further progress was checked by swampy ground. The robbers succeeded in getting across the line into Canada, but thirteen were arrested there, and held for trial. The money found upon them amounted to some \$80,000. The prisoners were brought before Justice Coursol, and after a long and tedious examination, at great expense to the banks

and the U. S. government, he, on the 13th of December arrived at the conclusion that he possessed no jurisdiction in the matter, ordered the men to be discharged, and the stolen money to be restored to them. Applause was manifested in the court-room at this decision, but the infamous judge had a sense of decency remaining, sufficient to order it to be suppressed. The murderous ruffians left the court-room in triumph, and were received in the street by their sympathizing Canadian friends with cheers. Lamothe, the Montreal chief of police, anticipating, or having been notified in advance of the judge's decision, had the money of which he was custodian, ready to deliver, and having received it, the party left immediately. Some four or five of the robbers who had not escaped were re-arrested, and an attempt was made to procure their extradition under the Ashburton treaty. They were brought before Mr. Justice Smith at Montreal and after long delays and much additional expense to the United States government, the judge decided that the transactions of the robbers in St. Albans were acts of war, and therefore they were not liable to extradition. The Canadian government, it is believed, did not sympathize with these magistrates in their decisions. The governor-general, Lord Monck, recommended to the Provincial Parliament, to appropriate \$50,000 in gold, to be paid to the banks as an equivalent for the money found upon the captured robbers, and which had been restored to them by the order of Justice Coursol. This was voted by the parliament and paid to the banks, and was equivalent to \$88,000 in currency. The entire amount taken by the robbers was \$208,000. The loss was therefore \$120,000. To this might be added a sum not less than \$20,000 which was expended in the arrest of the robbers, and in attempting to secure their extradition. The financial strength of the town was such, that no particular monetary disturbance was occasioned.

While the raid was in progress, the telegraph operator sent a dispatch over the lines, that a body of rebels were in St. Albans, plundering the banks, setting fire to the town and shooting down the citizens in the streets. This, as might be expected, created intense excitement wherever it was made known. At Burlington the bells were rung, hundreds of citizens were congregated in the bank, and a body of armed men were immediately made

ready and proceeded by train to St. Albans. From other towns came offers of assistance, but the retreat of the robbers rendered any further demonstration unnecessary. Two companies of the U. S. invalid veteran corps were ordered by the Governor, and arrived at 6 o'clock on the following morning, Col. P. C. Benton was placed here to direct measures of defence against any further incursions. A company of infantry home-guards was organized, of which Louis McDonald Smith was appointed captain, George H. Kittridge and L. P. Kimpton, lieutenants. A company of cavalry were also organized, the officers of which were John W. Newton, captain; F. Stewart Stranahan and Joseph W. Taylor, lieutenants.

For several weeks after the raid, strange lights were seen, which were supposed to be signals for some attempt to fire the town or other nefarious purpose. A barn in the outskirts of the village was one evening discovered to be on fire. It was at once conjectured to be an incendiary fire, set for the purpose of attracting the people from the village, when an attempt to burn it would be made. Both companies of U. S. troops, and the Home Guards were, in the course of 15 minutes assembled for duty. The streets were rigorously patrolled, and sentinels placed at all important points, with directions to stop any who failed to give a satisfactory account of themselves. A powerful rain came on, which would have baffled any intention of burning, even had it been entertained. The streets were patrolled after this, during most of the ensuing winter. On the 10th of Dec., Maj. Gen. Dix issued an important order, directing all military commanders, in case further acts of depredation were attempted, to shoot down the marauders if possible, while in the commission of their crimes, or, if necessary, with a view to their capture, to cross the boundary line between the United States and Canada. This order, although somewhat modified soon after by President Lincoln, was productive of good. The rebel sympathizers in Canada grew much more respectful, and manifested less disposition to encourage attacks from their side of the line upon the territory of the United States.

#### FENIANS.

St. Albans was again the scene of considerable interest and excitement, in June, 1866, by the concentration here "of the right wing

of the army of Ireland," more commonly known as the Fenian organization for the invasion of Canada. It has been supposed by many, that under our peculiar circumstances, a demonstration of this kind could not have been viewed by our citizens with special disfavor. This is not correct. It was true that the great majority of our people sympathized to some extent with Ireland, as a country which had been visited by the government of Great Britain with injustice and wrong. But that these wrongs could be redressed, by the indiscriminate murder and pillage of the unoffending people of Canada, they deemed neither reasonable nor just. Had we been influenced by a spirit of retaliation, for the encouragement and assistance afforded the robbers by many of the Canadian people, we still should not have wished to include the men of the townships along the border, with whom we had no controversy. They had not harbored our enemies, nor feted and cheered them when fresh from the murder and robbery of our citizens, but, on the contrary, had promptly assisted in their capture. To countenance the letting loose, upon such a community, of a horde of unprincipled marauders, would have been an outrage for which we were by no means prepared. June 1, 1866, eight car loads of Fenians, said to number about 300 men, very unexpectedly to our citizens, arrived in the morning train from the south. They were, for the most part, rough and unprepossessing in appearance. Every train which came from the south brought accessions to their numbers. They were unarmed and without organization, and after a few hours lounge about the streets, moved off to the east and N. E. Certain men, who seemed to have authority, supplied them with provisions from the shops of the town, and those who remained over night lodged in barns and unoccupied buildings, or lay down upon the green-sward of the park under the trees. On Wednesday, the 6th, the force concentrated at Franklin, in the midst of a pouring rain. At night, they found lodgings in barns and unoccupied sheds. On Thursday, the 7th, Gen. Spear, the commanding officer, ordered an advance. On crossing the boundary line, he made a speech, to his followers, of a hopeful character and enjoined upon them strict respect for the women and children. The column moved into Canada, a distance of about 70 rods, and established

the "Head-quarters of the army of Ireland" in an ordinary farm-house by the road-side. The entire force numbered about 1,200 men, one-half of whom were armed with tolerably good muskets. The remaining half were unarmed, except a small number who had revolvers, carbines and sabres. On Friday, the 8th, a party proceeded to the village of Freighsburg, some 6 miles, where a few shots were exchanged, stores plundered, and the British flag taken from the custom house. On the 4th of June, U. S. troops began to arrive at St. Albans, under the command of Major Gibson, and on the 7th, came Gen. Meade, sent hither by President Johnson to preserve neutrality. Signs of discontent began to be manifest among the Fenian adventurers. Expected reinforcements and supplies did not arrive. They had neither tents nor commissariat, were quartered in the fields and subsisted by pillage. For a week they had lived in mud and rain and had lived on very indifferent and uncertain rations. Some began to leave on Friday, but the greater part, being appealed to by Gen. Spear to wait still longer for the arrival of reinforcements, remained. Certain of the citizens of St. Albans strongly urged Gen. Spear to abandon his expedition, and Gen. Meade offered transportation to the men to their homes, in case they should return. On Saturday, the 9th, at 2 o'clock A. M., a council of war was holden, at which it was reluctantly acknowledged that the project must be abandoned. At 9 o'clock the men who had remained were drawn up in line when Gen. Spear expressed to them his inability to fulfil his promises, and their expectations, and desired as many men as would remain with him on British soil, to step from the ranks. Only 16 men responded to this call of their leader. Accepting this decision, he then dismissed his men and, without military order, they turned their backs upon Canada and took up their march for St. Albans. On reaching the northern limit of the corporation, they were met by a guard of U. S. troops, who took from them the guns they carried and allowed them to pass to the depot. The rail road officials had provided an extra number of cars for their transportation, in which, sad, tired and disheartened, they left for their homes. The U. S. troops, numbering nearly 1000, encamped on the green, and remained here for 2 weeks. They brought with them the splendid band of the 3d Artil-



lery, whose open air concerts and music, at the dress parades, were highly appreciated by our citizens.

SCENERY,—VILLAGE, &c.

St. Albans is supposed to contain at this time, January, 1869, about 6000 inhabitants, of whom, perhaps 4,300 are included in the village. The next census will probably show the town to be the third in population and commercial importance in the State. The village is situated 3 miles from the lake, at an altitude taken at the court-house, of 375 feet above it. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the opening chapter of *Norwood*, remarks as follows:

"The scenery of New-England is picturesque, rather than grand. Scarcely any other excursion could be planned which would so well fill a summer vacation, as one which, winding leisurely up through the western portions of Connecticut, of Massachusetts, and of Vermont, reached a climax at St. Albans, on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; a place in the midst of greater variety of scenic beauty than any other that I remember in America."

The village covers an area of nearly 2 miles square, and is situated on a gentle slope from east to west. The highest point is found at the residence of Gov. Smith, which is 215 feet above the depot. A street from north to south was laid out by the proprietors of the town of the generous width of 6 rods, and on this and portions of cross streets lying nearest, the principal business of the village is carried on. North of the public park, this is called North Main Street, and south of it, South Main Street. Other streets running parallel with this, and others crossing it, are devoted to dwelling-houses. These, it is believed, will compare favorably with the private residences of New England towns generally. There are, in the village, 61 stores and a large number of mechanic-shops. Aside from the machine-shops of the rail-road company, and an extensive foundry establishment, the manufacturing industry of St. Albans is not deserving of special mention. Probably there is no place in the country, where the manufacture of various articles in common use, could be as advantageously conducted as here. On Tuesdays, when the butter and cheese, from the surrounding country, is brought here for shipment, it is no unusual spectacle to see more than 300 teams in the streets, and the space around the depot and the streets leading to it, nearly impassable for the crowd.

The hotels, stores and shops are full, and the place presents all the appearances of a great market town. This is especially noticed by those who visit the place after an absence of 10 or 15 years. They find but few buildings which they can recognize as ever having been seen by them before, and new and unknown faces in all the public resorts of the town.

The pure air and delightful scenery of St. Albans have, within the past few years, come to be appreciated, and it has acquired considerable reputation as a place of summer resort. Numbers of refined and cultivated people have come among us to spend a portion of the sultry months of summer, and special attention has been given to the making of their stay enjoyable. We have 4 hotels, the oldest of which is the American, occupying a central position on the west side of the park. It is spacious in extent, having 90 rooms; and, for many years, has been a favorite stopping place for the business public. The St. Albans House is nearer the depot—not so large as the others, but well kept, and has an abundant patronage. The Tremont House is situated in North Main-street, and has a fine location. It is 3 stories in height, with a French roof and observatory, and has 68 eligible rooms. The Welden House is mainly supported by what is known as the "pleasure travel." It is 4 stories, and has 200 rooms—is the largest country hotel in New England, and is furnished with every thing in a scale corresponding with the large hotels of the cities. Its situation is high and airy; and during the hottest days of summer there will usually be found a delightful breeze circulating in its ample corridors. In front, upon the south, is the public park, 50 by 20 rods in extent, surrounded by a row of maples, which were planted in the year 1838, and have attained a good size for shade as well as ornament. Trees are scattered over the surface of the park, where, on bright sunny days, are seen groups of beautiful children playing at croquet, or gamboling upon the smooth green-sward. The stranger, visiting our village for the first time, receives a good impression as he alights from the cars, and finds himself in one of the most spacious and magnificent depot-buildings in the country. Nor will this impression be dissipated, when, housed in his comfortable hotel, he discovers nothing to remind him that he is not in one of the first-class hotels of our large cities. A series of beautiful and picturesque drives stretch out in every di-

recreation. One of the most popular is that along the Maquam shore, where the road runs some miles upon the bank of the lake, passing through a rich agricultural district. Another is at the end of St. Albans Point, where there is a pic-nic grove and good fishing-ground, with no want of boats. Then, there is the drive to Georgia-bay, to the mineral springs in Sheldon and Highgate, and to the village of Swanton. But by far the pleasantest excursions are those made to the hills in the rear. Bellevue, nearly 1300 feet above the level of the lake, is but 2 miles from the depot. This is conceded by all visitors, Mr. Beecher being among them, as affording one of the most delightful views to be found in this, or any other country. At the foot of the hill lies the village—beyond it stretches out a beautiful tract of highly cultivated farming country, from which rise, here and there, church-spires, with villages clustering round them. Then the broad, placid waters of Lake Champlain, with its numerous islands—the distant New York shore,—and, to the S. W. the Adirondacks, which, in the language of Mr. Beecher, rise “not in chains or single peaks, but in vast broods, a promiscuous multitude of forest clothed mountains. On the north is scooped out, in mighty lines, the valley of St. Lawrence; and, in clear days, the eye may spy the faint glimmer of Montreal.” On the east rise the successive masses of the Green Mountains, one of the loftiest peaks, Mount Mansfield, seemingly close at hand. Aldis hill, 500 feet in height, is within 20 minutes walk of the Welden House. This is of easy ascent for pedestrians, and its summit is visited a good deal through the summer months. Parties go up in the morning, and pass a good portion of the day in those lofty solitudes, contemplating the tranquil panorama which opens out on every side; or, lounging away the time in half-dreamy conversation, or looking over the pages of some favorite author.

#### DANIEL B. MEIGS

came to St. Albans in 1785, and, having selected a farm, brought his family the next year. He was the first constable of the town and an active, influential citizen for many years. His son, the late John Meigs, was the first child born of civilized parents in St. Albans. Mr. Meigs died some twenty five years ago.

#### JONATHAN HOIT

was here at the organization of the town, and first town clerk; filled many offices of trust afterward, among which was that of judge of probate. He united with the Congregational

church in 1808, and was always a reliable and influential man.

#### ABIJAH STONE,

for many years a magistrate and clerk of the town, died Sept. 29, 1840. One of his daughters married N. W. Kingman, a second the late Hon. Jacob Collamer U. S. Senator, a third the Hon. Philip H. Moore of St. Armand, in Canada.

#### CAPT. FREEBORN POTTER

moved into St. Albans in 1786, from Sunderland, Vt. and was an active influential man during his life, which closed August 9, 1845.

#### DAVID STEVENS

was born at Methuen, Mass., July 2, 1763. He came to St. Albans nearly 70 years since. He took a prominent part in town affairs, and died Aug. 31, 1844.

#### CAPT. JOHN GILMAN

was among the early settlers and lived half a mile south of the court-house on the farm still occupied by his descendants. He died Aug. 31, 1845, aged 76 years.

#### LEWIS WALKER

filled many town offices and was highly esteemed among the first settlers. He died Sept. 5, 1852, aged 82 years.

#### CAPT. JOHN GATES

died July 21, 1838. He raised a large family of children, who have been more than ordinarily successful in life. He was the father of Silas Gates whose death is noticed in the history of the town.

#### THE BROOKS FAMILY.

Hananiah came in 1788, Azariah and Eleazer in 1790, Adonijah and Asahel subsequently. They settled upon St. Albans Point—were a thrifty and industrious set of men, and have left many descendants.

#### DEA. DAVID CAMPBELL

was here as early as 1790; settled in the north part of the town; attended the meetings of the Baptist church, in Swanton, of which he was deacon.

#### ELEAZAR JEWETT

settled in the north part of the town and built a grist and saw-mill on a stream that is now nearly dry. He came in 1793, and has been dead many years.

#### ORVAN TULLAR

lived on the first farm south of Jewett. He came to town in 1796—was a prominent member of the Congregational church, and highly esteemed by his townsmen.

## DR. HIRAM FAIRCHILD STEVENS

was born in St. Albans, Aug 3, 1825. He was the eldest son of David and Rachel (Fairchild) Stevens, and received a good English education at the Franklin County Grammar School in St. Albans. At the age of 15 his father died and he became, by request of his parent, a private pupil of the Rev. Dr. Smith, at that time pastor of the Congregational church. In August, 1842, he was entered as a student of the University of Vermont, and became a member of the Sophomore class. His health was such, that he was frequently interrupted in his studies, and at the commencement of his senior year, much to his regret, he was obliged to abandon his collegiate course altogether. In 1849, he entered the office of Dr. John L. Chandler and commenced the study of medicine. During his course of study, he attended lectures at Pittsfield, Mass., Woodstock, Vt., and at the College of physicians and surgeons, in the city of New York, where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in March, 1850. His health failed again in 1852, and in the Fall of that year he went to Jacksonville in Florida, where he passed the following Winter. He came home in the Summer much improved, but fearing a recurrence of his disease (that of the lungs), he returned to the South, and passed the Winter following in Charleston, S. C. His health was now so well established that he returned in the Spring of 1854, and recommenced the practice of medicine in his native town. This he continued with remarkable success, until the time of his death, which occurred from typhoid fever, Jan. 15, 1866.

Dr. Stevens was a very decided Christian. He was admitted a member of the Congregational church, Dec. 5, 1847, and was always esteemed as one of its brightest ornaments. He was married Aug. 7, 1849, to Miss Louisa Johnson, of Georgia, who is still living. In October, 1857, he was elected president of the Vermont Medical Society, before which he delivered the annual address, a production which was received with much favor. In 1856 and '57, he was elected to represent the town of St. Albans in the General Assembly of the State, and was chosen to the State Senate by the county of Franklin, in the years 1862 and '63. From this brief record it will readily be seen that his standing was in all respects high. He was amiable and kind-spir-

ited to an eminent degree, and his deportment dignified and graceful. He secured the confidence of all classes, and few men have lived more respected, or died more lamented.

## BATES TURNER

was born in Canaan, Ct., in October, 1760, of respectable and pious parentage, from whose example and precepts he early imbibed those religious impressions, and that sacred regard for the rights of his fellow-men, which he never ceased to cherish through his after life. Deeply participating in the sense of wrong and oppression which pervaded the public mind at that period, he entered the army of the Revolution at the age of 16, and exposed himself to hardships and dangers, in defence of the liberties of his country. At the close of the war he entered on a course preparatory to the profession of law; to the duties of which his subsequent life was devoted. He attended the celebrated law-school at Litchfield, then in charge of Judges Reeve and Gould; and, after pursuing the usual course of study, was admitted to the bar, and soon after removed to Vermont. He married about this time, Mrs. Persis Humphrey, who lived near the city of Providence, R. I. He first settled in Fairfield, in the year 1796, which place it was then supposed would be made the shire-town of the county. In 1798 he removed to St. Albans, and in 1804, formed a copartnership with Asa Aldis, which continued but a few years; and Mr. Turner removed back to Fairfield. There he set up a law-school for the purpose of preparing young men for admission to the bar. He was reputed to have the faculty of fitting his students for admission and practice in much less time than was ordinarily spent in preparatory studies. Hence many young men resorted to him for the purpose of being fitted for admission to the bar in a shorter time than the rules of the court required.

Nearly 175 students at law were entered in his office; a number exceeding by far that of any office in the State, as well as most of the private law-schools of New England. In 1812, he moved to Middlebury, with the purpose of establishing a law-school in that place. Not receiving adequate encouragement, he returned to Fairfield. In 1814 his wife died; and, in 1815 he removed to St. Albans. Soon after this he married Mrs. Sarah Webb of North Hero, a lady of uncommon excellence, who died Aug., 1839. In the year 1827, and again in 1828, he was elected a judge of the supreme

court. At the expiration of the second term, he returned to his profession. As a sound lawyer, a fair minded and skillful practitioner, a companion at once amiable and facetious, he enjoyed, it is believed, the confidence and esteem of the bar in this county, with which he was for some 50 years connected, and to which he stood for a long time related as its senior member. Few men entertained so high respect for the profession. Indeed, while others cultivated it as a means of affluence and fame, Judge Turner—to whom no one ever imputed a sordid or covetous spirit—loved it for its own sake; and in the recollections it furnished he found an unfailing source of gratification, even after the infirmities of age had withdrawn him from active pursuits. His life is full of instruction to those who covet for themselves a cheerful and happy old age. He was preëminently a genial man, always in good spirits—courteous and kind to all around him. His conversation sparkled with witticisms and piquant sayings, which 40 years ago were quoted by almost every body. He was particularly noted for his powers of repartee. Once, when calling upon a lady acquaintance, with his bag of law papers in his hand, he was playfully reminded by her, that Judas carried a bag. "Yes," said he, "and he kept better company than I do, too." He would always get out his sleigh upon the first appearance of snow, whether there was sufficient for sleighing or not. Once he was grinding along on the gravel, the road-way being merely white from a recent flurry, when a neighbor met him and said, "Well, Judge, how does it go?" "Rather hard," he replied—"the fact is, you can't have right good sleighing without some snow." His social habits he cultivated to the last, receiving and returning the visits of his friends with the utmost cordiality and gust, till within a few days of his death. His interest in passing events, whether of a public or local nature, hardly suffered a decline—scarcely any abatement in his active habits was observed, till about the age of 80 years. Up to that period, no obstacle seemed sufficient to deter him from his out-door calls. At all seasons of the year, through the most inclement weather, and over roads deemed almost impassable to young and hardy men, he might be found, pursuing his cheerful way to his appointed object. As a Christian, his memory will be long cherished among his surviving acquaintances. He was an honored and influential member of the Congregational church in St. Albans from the time of his last settlement, in the year

1815. The last years of his active life were zealously employed in promoting the spiritual welfare of those around him; and the evening of his days devoted to pious meditation and prayer. With christian serenity of mind he contemplated the approach of death, and died, April 30, 1847, at peace with God, and in charity with all men.

#### NEHEMIAH WASHBURN KINGMAN.

BY HON. JAMES DAVIS.

Nehemiah W. Kingman, a native of Canaan, N. Y., came to St. Albans more than 60 years ago. He was a hatter by trade, and for a considerable time worked at his trade here. He subsequently enlarged his business, and kept a small retail store of groceries and dry-goods in connection with the hatting business. By degrees he gave up the hatting business, and limited his attention to dry goods and groceries, and such other matters as were usually kept in a country store. He was industrious and frugal in his manner and style of living, and by such means he was able, in the course of his residence in St. Albans, to acquire an ample fortune. Though living frugally, and avoiding all sorts of extravagance in his domestic management, he was liberal and public spirited in relation to what he considered to be beneficial to the town or to the community at large. He came to St. Albans a poor mechanic, and died worth more than \$100,000, a larger estate than that owned by any other man in Franklin county at that time, excepting, perhaps, one man. He died in 1845, at the age of about 65 years, after a long and lingering illness, which obliged him to relinquish business some two or three years before his death.

His first marriage was in 1805, with Miss Almira Humphrey, a step-daughter of Judge Turner, who died in 1816. He was married in 1820, to Miss Thankful Stone, who died in 1855. He represented the town of St. Albans in the general assembly of the State, for the year 1816; and, Dec. 31, 1815, made a profession of religion by uniting with the Congregational church. He was exceedingly reticent and undemonstrative. His diffidence was such that he never took part in public meetings, but enjoyed the entire confidence of the community. At his death, he left a provision for his pastor, Rev. Dr. Smith, of \$80 per annum, during his pastorate, which was paid by his administrator.

As a man of business and enterprise, the death of Mr. Kingman was considered as a pub-

lic loss. There is reason to believe that had his life and health been spared, he would have been among the first in this community to have assisted and carried forward to completion the important projects that have been planned and executed in this part of the county, which has added so materially to the wealth and prosperity of the village and adjacent country. For many years previous to his death he was president of the bank of St. Albans; and the stock-holders of that institution are much indebted to his prudent management of its concerns for the good standing it constantly maintained through all the difficulties it had to encounter, and for its successful termination at the expiration of its charter.

SETH WETMORE.

BY HON. JAMES DAVIS

Seth Wetmore came to St. Albans about the year 1800. He was a native of Mass., and had been unfortunate in his speculations in Georgia lands, or in the Yazoo claims, as they were called. He studied law in Middlebury, and came to St. Albans to commence practice. After he came here he married the daughter of Gen. Shepherd of Massachusetts, who died not long after, leaving one son, William Shepherd Wetmore, now a wealthy citizen of Newport, R. I. It does not appear that Mr. Wetmore possessed much property when he came to St. Albans, or afterwards acquired much by his practice as a lawyer. His second wife was the daughter of Deacon Smith, and the sister of the late Hon. John Smith. She died many years ago. He was two or three times elected a member of the General Assembly. Sometime previous to 1810, he was appointed sheriff of the county. At that time it was hazardous to be sheriff on account of the scarcity of money, the difficulty of collecting debts by process of law, and the general demoralization of the people. Such a state of things often occurs in a new county, where the settlers are made up of all grades of persons, coming from different places and for different reasons. Mr. Wetmore was unfortunate in his official or ministerial operations, trusting too much to the assurances and honesty of those with whom he had to deal. He was a defaulter on an execution for a large amount in favor of the Vermont State Bank, and was confined to the jail limits for some time. His bail was prosecuted on his bond, and their property sold on execution. This created a prejudice against

him of course, on the part of the sufferers, which they did not overlook or forget. He became embarrassed in his financial affairs, and remained so to the end of his life. He again turned his attention to the practice of law, and supported his family by that means. Subsequently he was judge of probate for the county, and held the office from his first appointment in 1817, till he died. He was also a member of the executive council for Franklin county for a number of years in succession. In the discharge of his duties under these appointments, he faithfully served the county and State to the entire satisfaction of the people generally. He was a useful citizen in all matters that concerned the welfare and prosperity of the community, and his opinion and advice was much relied on in all concerns of the village.

He was reputed to be a sound lawyer, though not an eloquent advocate; and he was honorable in his practice and business connections with his professional brethren. For a long time he was the principal magistrate in the town for the trial of causes, and in that capacity he officiated more than any other man in the town or county. An anecdote is related of him as an instance of absent-mindedness, or rather his want of skill in remarking the difference between horses that bore a slight resemblance to each other. In early times, before there was any regular line of stages between St. Albans and the place where the legislature was sitting, he borrowed a horse of a neighboring farmer to ride to the seat of the State government. At the end of the session he returned home, and sent the horse which he rode to the supposed owner, who, as soon as he saw the horse, declared it was not his, but an inferior animal. He refused to receive the horse. Mr. Wetmore was unable, after diligent search and inquiry, to discover any traces of the horse he had borrowed, and which he had somehow exchanged away for the very inferior one he rode home. The circumstance was the more singular, as one of the horses was a gelding and the other a mare. Mr. Wetmore, of course, was obliged to pay the difference of value between the two animals.

Mr. Wetmore was a respectable member of the Methodist church. His death occurred after a long and lingering illness of a pulmonary character. The members of the bar generally attended his funeral, and marched in

procession to the grave. His son, William Shepherd Wetmore, has since erected a handsome monument to his memory. His death took place in August, 1830, when he was about 65 years of age.

GEN. LEVI HOUSE.

BY HON. JAMES DAVIS.

Gen. House was probably the most conspicuous attorney, here, in those early times. He came into St. Albans about the time the county was organized; perhaps a little before. He first resided in Georgia, and there married the daughter of Nathaniel B. Torrey. After his removal to St. Albans he became quite noted as an advocate of the law. For a considerable time he was successful in business, and, before the year 1802 he was reputed to be the first attorney in the county. He seems to have been a man of brilliant talents, but not a learned lawyer. His legal qualifications were such as pleased the majority of the people of those times. He was bold, positive and abusive. He had a great run of business, and at one time was supposed to be quite wealthy. It has been said that he kept no books of account, but made his charges on loose strips of paper. He was negligent in collecting his debts, and consequently lost a considerable portion of his earnings. He built a house on the spot where now (1860) stands the dwelling of H. R. Beardsly, Esq. This house was the largest and most costly of any before erected in the county of Franklin. It was of wood, but elegant and showy. It was burned to ashes in 1821, while owned by Orange Ferris.

He was elected Brigadier General, and served for several years in that capacity. He was a man of independent feelings, fearing and caring for no one. He was profane and abusive in relation to those whom he considered hostile to him. He was a federalist in his politics, and deemed all those of the opposite party his political adversaries. The writer has in his possession a copy of a memorandum written by the late Seth Wetmore, detailing the conversation, or rather the language, held by House towards Judge Janes, at a public inn, in St. Albans, August 7, 1808. It was profane and abusive in the extreme. Janes was then chief judge of the county court, and requested Mr. Wetmore to note down the language used by House, with a view, probably of commencing an action of

slander against House. The language was undoubtedly actionable; but it does not appear that Janes ever brought an action of the kind against House for this slanderous language. He probably considered that House's abusive language was harmless, as to any injury to reputation. House by this time had become intemperate, and people had lost confidence in him as a lawyer, and as a man of business. He became involved in debt, and was unable to pay. He not long after—previous to 1810—removed to Canada, and, of course, did no more business in St. Albans. He afterward returned here, where he died in 1813. He left no property. The spacious house which he had built had sometime previous become the property of another proprietor.

SILAS HATHAWAY

came from Bennington county to St. Albans to look out for a place of settlement, in March 1788; and afterwards, in 1789, moved with his family to the farm on which Romeo H. Hoyt now lives. His first house was a log-house, a little south of where Mr. Hoyt's house now stands. All the boards that were used in the house were those which composed the sleigh-box in which the family rode from Bennington to their new residence. In 1793 he built the house in which Mr. Hoyt now lives. He occupied the house and farm till 1800, when he sold it to Asa Fuller, and moved to Swanton Falls, where he owned mills. He afterwards removed back to St. Albans, where he died in November, 1831, at the age of 67 years. Mr. Hathaway was a noted man in town, was influential, and had much to do in town matters. He was called Baron Hathaway, on account of the lands he owned or claimed in Swanton and St. Albans. Those lands had all slipped through his hands, before his death; and when he died there was very little left for his widow.

NATHANIEL B. ELDRIDGE.

BY THE HON. JAMES DAVIS

Mr. Nath'l Eldridge came to St. Albans in 1811, from Connecticut, which was his native State. He had been admitted to the bar then, but had not been in practice but little, if any. He made application for admission in this county, and after some preparatory study he was admitted in the winter of 1811-12. He commenced practice in St. Albans, and soon obtained a considerable run of business, par-

ticularly as a collecting attorney. He was quite popular with a considerable portion of the federal party by whom he was esteemed as a young man of talents, and deserving patronage; and they threw into his hands all the business they could. He was somewhat fond of military honors, and he was made colonel of the regiment which embraced the militia of the town. His health soon began to fail; and he was advised to take a voyage to a more genial clime. Accordingly, in the summer or autumn of 1819 he went to France. He staid in Bordeaux the following winter, and in the spring returned to St. Albans with improved health, as he supposed. He again commenced business in his profession. But the disease with which he was afflicted soon assumed a confirmed character, and he died of consumption in the summer of 1821.

Col. Eldridge was not reputed to be a great lawyer, not having arrived to that age at which the mental faculties are supposed to be fully developed or matured. His friends had full confidence that if his life had been spared he would have obtained a highly respectable standing as a lawyer and as a citizen. Some four or five years before his death he married Eliza Jones, daughter of Joseph Jones, one of the early settlers, who died several years before. Col. Eldridge's widow resided in St. Albans some considerable time after her husband's decease, but finally removed to Upper Canada to reside with her brother. She there married a Mr. Morris, and died several years since.

JOSHUA K. SMEDLEY.

BY THE HON. JAMES DAVIS.

Joshua K. Smedley was born in Georgia, in this county, about the year 1783 or '84. He studied law with Benjamin Swift, and was admitted to the bar in 1809. In the next winter, 1810 or '11, he formed a partnership with Gen. Elias Fasset of St. Albans, and removed to the village, where he and his partner continued in the practice of law for several years, until the connection was dissolved by the removal of Fasset into Chittenden county. Mr. Smedley continued his business afterwards in this place for a considerable time; first alone, and then in connection with Henry Adams, until the summer of 1823, when he was attacked with a violent fever of which he died. Fasset died in Burlington, some years before.

Mr. Smedley had not the advantage of a classical education, except what was attainable at the Franklin county Grammar School in St. Albans. But he was not an unlearned man. He made good use of the opportunities which had been afforded him, and treasured up a store of information which he turned to a good account in the practice of his profession. He was reputed to be a man of sound sense and strict integrity. He stood well at the bar as a sound lawyer; and though not highly distinguished as an advocate, there were few young men in this vicinity who had a better reputation for legal knowledge, or could be more safely consulted as an adviser or counsellor. He had many warm, devoted friends, and few, if any enemies. He was, what is called, a self-made man, not having had the advantages of powerful or influential friends to assist and patronize him in the commencement of his practice. For the reputation he acquired as a faithful and industrious lawyer, he was indebted to his own habits of industry and perseverance, and to those alone. He was never married, and left but few relatives to mourn his loss.

He was the representative of St. Albans, in the general assembly of the State, in 1817.

DEA. HORACE JAMES,

son of Judge Jonathan and Mrs. Martha James, was born at Brimfield, Mass., Sept. 18, 1781, and came to St. Albans early in the present century. He was post-master of the town from 1807 to 1829, and clerk of the courts from 1816 to the close of his life. He was elected one of the deacons of the Congregational church, Aug. 30, 1827, and was active and faithful in the discharge of his duties. He was a man of uncommonly decided christian character, and particularly distinguished for his liberality in the support of religious institutions. He was for many years the agent of the great benevolent societies of the country, to receive and forward the benefactions of the charitable. In him, the sick and afflicted ever found a helper and friend; the youth a guide and counsellor, and the cause of truth and righteousness a firm and consistent advocate. He died a truly Christian and peaceful death, March 15, 1834.

JOHN SMITH

was the youngest son of Dea. Samuel and Mrs. Patience Smith, and was born in Barre, Mass., Aug. 12, 1789. He came to St. Albans in the year 1800, with the family of his father, who purchased a farm upon which he settled, in the

S. E. part of the town. Titles to lands in northern Vermont became at this time exceedingly uncertain, and source of much vexatious and expensive litigation. Deacon Smith lost his farm, through a defective title, and removed to the village. With such preparation as the slender educational facilities of the town afforded at that time, he commenced the study of the law in the office of his brother-in-law, Roswell Hutchins. His legal studies, however, were mainly prosecuted in the office of the Hon. Benjamin Swift. He was admitted to the bar in 1810, and soon afterwards formed a copartnership with Mr. Swift, in the practice of the law. This firm was remarkably successful, having a very large and remunerative business, and ranking second to none in ability and integrity. The copartnership continued for 17 years, when Mr. Swift, having been elected a representative to Congress, retired. Mr. Smith was married Sept. 18, 1814, to Miss Maria W. Curtis, of Troy, N. Y., who still survives him.

Dec. 31, 1815, he made a profession of religion, by connecting himself with the Congregational church, and continued to the day of his death, an active and influential member. He held the office of state's attorney for the county of Franklin, from the year 1827 to '33, and was the representative of the town in the general assembly of Vermont, with the exception of 1 year, (1834) from 1827 to '38. He was elected speaker of the house in 1832 and '33. In '38 he was nominated by the democratic party as their candidate for representative in congress. The district was strongly whig; but the personal popularity of the candidate was such, that after three spirited trials he was elected.

In 1840, the great political storm that swept the country, carried away Mr. Smith with it, and his congressional career was terminated March 4, 1841. But one speech of his was ever published. This was in defence of the much abused Independent treasury bill, and was of ability: and, judged in the light of subsequent events, would be considered eminently wise and just. He continued the practice of law after his dissolution with Mr. Swift, having several partners at different times, until 1845; when, until his death, he gave his time and energies to the introduction of rail-roads into Vermont, the State in whose prosperity he took a very decided interest. Opportunities are sometimes afforded to men of doing much to benefit the communities among which they live, and to command the reverence and gratitude of the generations who succeed them. Enterprising

and far-seeing, they take advantage of circumstances, or inaugurate a course of measures, the result of which is to greatly advance the material wealth and prosperity of those with whom they are associated in interest. Thus it was that Mr. Smith, and other gentlemen in different parts of the State, in the perfection of our great lines of rail-way, were instrumental in conferring inestimable and lasting benefits upon the people. As a benefactor to the county of Franklin, and of St. Albans in particular, no one deserves to rank with Mr. Smith. The fruits of his sagacity, boldness and untiring energy are too abundant; the memory of his earnest struggles and ultimate triumph too fresh, to admit any questioning of this assumption. That his perplexing and exhaustive labors were the cause of his sudden death, Nov. 20, 1858, there is no reason to doubt. Mr. Smith, throughout his entire life, was eminently liberal and public-spirited. The estimation in which he was held by his townsmen, is shown by the many all but unanimous elections to offices of trust, which he received at their hands. To say that he was an exemplary and moral man, is to say nothing. He was much more. Conscientious and firm in his religious principles, he led the life of an earnest Christian man, "full of charity and good works, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

#### JOSEPH S. BRAINARD

came to St. Albans, from Troy, N. Y., in October, 1808. The Hon. Lawrence Brainard, who was brought up in this family, came in with them. The subject of this sketch was an active and influential man in town affairs, and for many years was deputy-sheriff and keeper of the jail. He died Jan. 1, 1817, leaving a widow who died Feb. 22, 1857.

#### JEREMIAH M'DANIEL,

a young man of extraordinary ability and piety, came to St. Albans in 1815, to study the classical languages at the academy. His parents then resided in the east part of Johnson. He was at this time but 17 years of age; but was licensed to preach by the Methodist Quarterly Conference. He may be said to have been a Christian all his days, so lovely was his character, and so humble and conscientious his daily walk, all through his boyhood and youth. At the request of the Methodist congregation in St. Albans, he was stationed here in 1816 and '17. His saintly life, and the almost angelic fervor and beauty of his ministrations, attracted the attention and regard of many outside his own



denomination. He gave great promise of eminence and usefulness, but his brilliant career was to be a short one. Severe pulmonary symptoms were apparent in the fall of 1817, which increased gradually, and toward spring he became partially insane. His reason was never regained. The disease continued to progress, and he died at the house of Daniel Dutcher, August 17, 1818, aged 20 years.

#### DR. JULIUS HOYT

was the son of Samuel Hoyt of Guilford, Ct., from which place he removed with his family temporarily during the Revolutionary war, to Sunderland, Vt., as a place of safety from the incursions of the enemy. The subject of this notice was born in Sunderland, Nov. 26, 1778. The family remained in Sunderland till the war was over, and then went back to Guilford. When he was about 17 years old he went to live with his brother Joseph, who had settled in Westford, Vt., in which place he taught school. From Westford he went to Arlington, where he studied medicine with Dr. Todd. While prosecuting his studies, he found it necessary to labor to procure the requisite means; and accordingly worked on the Hudson river at Lansingburgh, at a time when a great effort was making to render the river navigable to that place. The project failed, and the city of Troy was consequently built up, and Lansingburgh went down, or ceased to grow. After he had completed his studies he formed a partnership with his cousin, John Wilcox, in the druggist business, and removed to Vergennes. In July, 1802, he came to St. Albans, and established himself as a physician and druggist on the corner of South Main and Nason streets. He had a store afterwards on the ground now occupied by the American House. He subsequently purchased the brick store which he occupied until he died, part of the time as a store, and the latter part of the time as a dwelling-house, he having fitted it up for that purpose. The practice of medicine was soon relinquished, and his stock of goods was extended to the usual assortment of a country store. Sept. 15, 1805, he was united in marriage with Miss Jemima Taylor, daughter of Col. Holloway Taylor, who is still living. He connected himself by profession with the Congregational church, Dec. 1, 1811, and was, from that time to the day of his death, among its most honored and influential members. March 1, 1816, he was elected one of its dea-

cons, an office which he held during the remainder of his life. Dr. Hoyt was a man of great decision of character, strict in the performance of his religious duties, honest and straightforward in all his dealings. In the latter part of his life he became actively interested in the great slavery controversy, and by his influence and benefactions, sought to accomplish its overthrow. For some years previous to his death, he had retired from the prosecution of mercantile business, and employed his time in superintending the work upon a farm lying near his residence, on which his son, the Hon. Romeo H. Hoyt, now lives. He never had the slightest aspiration for office, and consequently, although possessed of every requisite qualification, he was never elected to any but town offices. As a decidedly religious man, he was known throughout the State; and his fluency and aptness in remark, are still remembered by the few of his contemporaries who survive him. He lived unostentatiously and prudently, and although his religious contributions were on a liberal scale, he acquired an ample estate, which fell to his widow and two children, who survive him. His last disease was cancer in the face. It had been for years in development, but at length became exceedingly painful and confined him to his room. He died Nov. 14, 1852. It need not be added that he bore his sufferings with Christian patience and resignation, or that he left the world with a tranquil, yet firm and abiding hope in a blessed immortality.

#### DR. EPHRAIM LITTLE

was born in Cummington, Mass., Dec. 7, 1779. He was educated at Deerfield Academy, and studied medicine in his native town with Dr. Peter Bryant, a physician of great eminence in his profession, and father of William Cullen Bryant, the poet. In 1802, he married Miss Elizabeth Norton, of Ashfield, Mass., and in the year following came with her to St. Albans, and commenced the practice of his profession. He lived, for about 12 years, one mile south of the village. After this, he owned and occupied until his death, the house which formerly stood where Dr. O. F. Fassett's house now stands, near the Welden House. He united by profession with the Congregational church, Jan. 7, 1814, and March 1, 1816, was chosen one of its deacons, and discharged the duties of his office until his death. He was a man on whom his pastor could always rely, as a steadfast friend

and helper, and his fervent love for the great truths of Christianity, together with his ability and zeal in discussing and defending them, were widely known. He soon came to be considered as an able and skillful physician, humane and assiduous in his care of the sick and distressed. He was believed by the people to be punctiliously honest and safe as a practitioner, and as a consequence, he soon attained a highly respectable practice, which he held through his life. He died of consumption Dec. 30, 1829, aged 50 years; leaving a large circle of warm and sincere friends to mourn his loss.

#### DR. BENJAMIN CHANDLER

was born in the State of Connecticut, in August, 1772. His father soon after settled in Vermont, and was killed in the battle of Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777, by a shot from one of the Tories, who had rallied under the standard of Col. Baum, the British commander. Dr. Chandler became a medical student in the office of Drs. Chipman, at Pawlet, and afterwards with Dr. Ebenezer Marvin, of Tinmouth. He settled in Fairfield, Vt., in 1792, and, being almost the only regular surgeon and physician in the county, his ride became very extensive. Having a large and increasing practice in St. Albans, he removed thither in 1807. Here he became the leading man in his profession, a position which he maintained throughout his life. His opportunities for the obtaining of an education were exceedingly slender, and yet, by the industrious use of such as were within his reach, he became a fair classical scholar. He pursued the study of the Latin language by the light of the kitchen-fire, and improved every advantage that offered to increase his stock of learning.

Dr. Chandler was not an office-seeker, and consequently was not an office-holder. Like most professional men of high standing, he devoted his principal attention to his profession, disregarding the honors and allurements of office as being of little value compared with the celebrity of a skillful and learned physician. He, however, did not ignore politics, but manifested a deep interest in the affairs of government. He was a federalist, in the stormy times preceding and during the war of 1812, and was consequently opposed to the measures adopted by the national government in relation to the war, and to the acts of Congress preceding the declaration of war against

Great Britain. His opposition to the acts of the dominant party, and the fearless expression of his opinion on public measures and public men, produced enemies who were not backward in manifesting their opposition to him. And this opposition was not confined to him as a politician, or as a citizen; but extended to his practice as a physician. But it did not detract from his high standing in the medical fraternity as a skillful surgeon and physician.

Dr. Chandler, as we are aware, never expressed any dissent to the leading doctrines of Christianity. But he was considered to be somewhat skeptical in matters appertaining to religion. But whatever his doubts were respecting the great truths of Christianity, they were removed a short time previous to his death; and he died an open and public professor of the doctrines appertaining to the Episcopal church.

In the year 1818, to recruit his health, which his active labors had seriously impaired, he visited the Springs at Saratoga, N. Y. Receiving no particular benefit, he started upon his return, and had reached the tavern of Gen. Jacob Davis, in Milton, where, from weakness, he was obliged to remain. In the course of a week, however, he rallied to such an extent as to bear the remainder of his journey home, where he died Dec. 13, 1818, aged 46 years.

#### HON. JONATHAN JANES.

BY HON. JAMES DAVIS.

Jonathan Janes emigrated from Hartford, Ct., soon after, if not before, the organization of the county of Franklin. He first settled in Richford as an agent for some person in Hartford who owned a large quantity of land in that town. He removed to St. Albans some years after, and was appointed a judge of the county court; was subsequently judge of probate and clerk of the county and supreme court. He died in the summer of 1824, at an advanced age. Judge Janes was a man of strong mind, considerably above the average of men in his situation. During the heat of party controversy between the Federalists and Republicans, he was a warm and zealous partizan, and took a decided stand in favor of the measures adopted by the general government, preceding and during the war of 1812 with Great Britain. By reason of his party politics he had political enemies, as almost every man had in those stormy times,

who was conspicuous in the ranks of either of the great political parties. But he had, however, a very respectable standing in society, and was held in honorable estimation by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

REV. WORTHINGTON SMITH, D. D.

Probably no man has ever lived in St. Albans, who made so decided and enduring an impression upon the public mind, as the Rev. Dr. Smith. His ministry covered a space of 27 years, during which time (with a few interruptions only,) he produced two finished sermons each week, which he delivered to his people. A memoir\* and selections from his sermons have been published, but as the work will be seen by a few only of the readers of this, the following brief sketch is given. He was the son of Dea. Seth and Mrs. Lydia Smith, and was born at Hadley, Mass., Oct. 11, 1795. His ancestors had lived upon the farm where he was born from the first settlement of the town in 1659, and the farm still remains in the possession of members of the family. His preparatory studies were pursued at the academy in his native town, and he entered the sophomore class in Williams College, in the year 1813. He graduated in 1816, and during the same year made a profession of religion by joining the Congregational church in Hadley. Having decided to become a preacher of the Gospel, he entered the Theological Seminary, at Andover, in the fall of 1816. His theological course was completed in 1819, and as he did not think it best to enter at once upon the duties of the ministry, he accepted the situation of principal of the academy at Hadley, in which he continued about a year. He received a call Feb. 17, 1821, from the church in Windsor, Vt., which he declined, for reasons which are unknown. In the month of August, 1822, he came to St. Albans on a short visit to the friend who was soon to be his faithful helpmate to the end of his life. Here, as will be seen in the history of the Congregational church, he was ordained pastor, June 4, 1823. He married Miss Mary Ann Little, eldest daughter of Dr. Ephraim Little, of St. Albans, July 1, 1823, and thus became settled and domiciliated on the spot which was thenceforth, and to the end of his life on earth, his fixed residence, and the home of his affections.

\* By the late Professor and President, Joseph Torrey, of the University of Vermont.

As early as 1835, he began to receive applications to exchange his field of labor. These came from wealthy and influential churches, and from literary institutions, but all which, he felt constrained to decline. A formal call in 1837 from the Washington street church in Beverly, Mass., he favored so far, as to submit the matter to a council. This council, of which Rev. Prof. Marsh was moderator, unanimously decided against his dismissal, and in this he acquiesced. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, in August, 1845. When the seat of President of the University of Vermont, was vacated by the resignation of Dr. Wheeler, in 1849, Dr. Smith was appointed to the vacant office. At first he declined. Afterwards, when it came to be represented to him, that unanimity in the choice of a presiding officer could not easily be secured in the case of any other nomination, he consented to reconsider the matter; and finally, to the general regret of the church and community with whom he had been so long connected, and who were now, as before, exceedingly unwilling to part with him, he accepted the appointment. The failure of his organs of speech, now worn and enfeebled by long and constant public speaking, was an argument, both to himself and his friends, in favor of his trying the experiment of a change of labor, in a vocation where there would be less occasion for a constant strain upon the voice. He entered upon the duties of the Presidency and was inaugurated in August, 1849. The 6 years which followed, were believed to be the most laborious of his life. In the autumn of 1853, an observable change in the state of his general health began to be remarked by his friends, and in August, 1854, he gave in his resignation to the corporation. At the earnest request of the board, he consented that their action upon his resignation might be postponed, but at the next commencement, in 1855, he requested that it be accepted, which was done. The interval was short between the termination of his connection with the college, and the termination of his mortal career. Feb. 4, 1856, he was obliged to take his bed, and on the 13th, he expired.

The following letter from the late Rev. Dr. Pease, the immediate successor of Dr. Smith in the office, well embodies what should be said in conclusion:

"Professor Torrey:

Dear Sir,—I can, without much difficulty, comply with your request, that I would give you my impressions of the 'general character' of President Smith. His character was marked by traits so distinct and positive as to make a distinct and positive impression on my mind. The word that best expresses my view of his character, as a whole, is *integrity*. His moral virtues were those which sprang out of, and illustrated that quality. There was a proportion in his sentiments, and, therefore an almost instinctive justice in his moral judgments. His approval or condemnation of measures and opinion was remarkably free from any apparent self-reference, and seemed to be affected very little, if at all, by their relation to other persons. I think the judgment of others coincides with my own, that his judgments were *impartial*.

"His intellectual character was marked by the like integrity and soundness. This appears to me to be true in two respects. In the first place, he investigated a subject with calmness, patience and comprehensiveness; making himself master of it in all its details and bearings. He was, therefore, seldom mistaken in matters of fact. Where he professed to know at all, his knowledge was accurate. In the second place, he had a liberal and fair appreciation of all departments of human knowledge and labor. This saved him from any improper bias arising from the careful interest with which he devoted his thoughts to particular subjects. I think his professional career affords a confirmation of this opinion. Nearly all his active life was spent in the discharge of the duties of a Christian pastor and preacher; and but few men were better versed in all the more fundamental questions of law and government and public policy. The methods and progress of the medical profession, we might suppose, judging from his conversation, had been made by him matters of special observation and study. He was widely conversant with general literature. He took a lively and intelligent interest in all the great questions of the day. He was acquainted not only with the general bearings and importance of agriculture and the arts, but also with their processes. He had always taken so practical an interest in education, that, when he was chosen to the presidency of the college, he seemed almost as familiar with its duties as if his life had been spent in the discharge of them. This comprehensive view which he took of all the great subjects of human interest, gave to his mind what I cannot better express than by calling it a *judicial character*. And I believe it is a fact, that, in the circle where he habitually moved, his opinions, although given with modesty and reserve, had the practical effect of decisions.

"Like traits belonged to his social character. There was a generous frankness in his social intercourse, which left on the mind a conviction of his sincerity and honesty. There was, however, at the same time, a dignity and reserve in his manner, which did not encour-

age very great familiarity. He awakened in his friends more the sentiments of confidence and respect, than any of a more tender character. His bearing towards others was always that of dignified kindness and courteous consideration. Here, also, he maintained the character of *impartiality*.

"His religious character was in harmony with the rest; giving to the rest, indeed, much of its beauty and excellence. Thorough, self-searching, and vigilant with reference to his own personal experience, he was not disposed to make that a matter of frequent conversation. His confidence with reference to himself, as well as to others, rested more on the habitual life, than on any transient emotions. He was decided, clear, and profound in his theological opinions, and was able to express them with great power, both in conversation and in the pulpit; but was tolerant to those who differed from him, not attributing their difference to unworthy motives or ends. The just balance of his intellectual character seemed to be in its proportions to his religious life; and the purity of his religious character communicated its own sincerity and clearness to his intellectual processes, and both together completed that combination of qualities which I have called *integrity*. I might illustrate what I have said, but perhaps nothing further is necessary, to the clear communication of what you desired of me,—my impression of President Smith's general character.

Yours truly,

CALVIN PHASE.

HON. JAMES DAVIS

was born at North Kingston, R. I., Aug. 8, 1783. His father, the late Joshua Davis, Esq., was a farmer, and the owner of a grist-mill. The son worked on the farm until he was 17 years of age, and then attended the mill some 3 years. In the latter occupation he found considerable time for reading, and imbibed a taste for composing. Feeling the want of a better education than the common school could supply, he became a student of Washington Academy, at the village of Wickford, in December, 1803. In November, 1805, he entered Union College, at Schenectady. To reach that place, he took passage in a sloop from Wickford to Albany, the voyage lasting 2 weeks. He was a hard student, working until after midnight and through the usual vacations. He graduated in 1809, and in November following, commenced teaching an academy in Lansingburgh, N. Y. He continued in this situation until November, 1810, when he came to St. Albans and commenced the study of law in the office of Asahel Langworthy, Esq. In March, 1811, he left the office of Mr. Langworthy, and continued the study of law with the Hon. Asa Aldis, and

his partner, Sanford Gadcomb. He was admitted to the bar in the winter of 1812, and not long after opened an office at North Hero, in the county of Grand Isle. In the Fall of 1813, he was appointed States' Attorney for the county, but declined the appointment and removed to Fairfield, where he became partner with Hon. Bates Turner, in the practice of law. This copartnership was broken by the removal of Judge Turner to St. Albans, in 1815; and in 1816, Judge Davis opened an office in Swanton. In the fall of 1818, Judge Aldis proposed to him a copartnership, which he accepted, and in January, 1819, took up his permanent residence in this town. He devoted himself with great assiduity to the business of his office, and was regarded as a sound and judicious lawyer. He never took upon himself, however, the duties of an advocate to any extent, but his preparation of causes for trial was always very full and complete. Feb. 15, 1829, he was married to Miss Esther Palmer, by whom he had two sons, James P., now in the customs department, and Wilbur P., editor and proprietor of the VERMONT TRANSCRIPT. In 1828 he was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention which met in June and in September, 1829, and in 1830 a member of the Executive Council of the State. In the Fall of 1843 he was elected associate Judge of Franklin County, and re-elected in 1844. In 1845 he was elected Judge of Probate, and re-elected in '46, '47, '49, '53, '55. In February, 1859, whilst attending the funeral of Mrs. Cynthia Penniman, as a pall-bearer, he was severely injured by the overturning of the carriage in which he was riding, and by a fall in about a year afterward, the neck of his left thigh-bone was fractured, by which accident he was mainly confined to the house for the remainder of his life. He passed his time in reading, writing and study.

One fruit of his writing was "Reminiscences of St. Albans, by an old inhabitant," published in the TRANSCRIPT in a series of numbers.

His last illness was short and painful. He at all times enjoyed the entire confidence of the people of St. Albans, and has left a large circle of friends and acquaintances who will deplore his loss.

His contributions to the public press were characterized by great purity and elegance of language, and were principally anonymous

essays, in the local newspapers. He was a man of rare modesty and integrity. The world has need of more such men as was our departed friend, the Hon. James Davis.

#### ASA ALDIS.

By far the most sagacious, influential and distinguished man in St. Albans, during the first 30 years of the present century, was Judge Asa Aldis. The following sketch is mostly from a paper prepared by the late Judge Davis, who was his copartner in the practice of law, and for several years an inmate of his family.

"Asa Aldis was born in the town of Franklin, Norfolk Co., Mass., in the year 1770. His father was a merchant in that town, and when the revolution commenced he was reputed to be a man of considerable wealth."

Unfortunately he was a Loyalist, and his social and business relations with the English party in Boston, whither he had removed some months before the Revolution, led his friends to suppose he would join the tories, in the coming struggle. But he died in Boston, in May, 1775, prior to the declaration of independence. His wife had died 2 years before. She was a Miss Metcalf, and was said to be a lady of superior intellectual endowments, was a parishioner and friend of the erudite and well known Dr. Emons, and well versed in the metaphysical subtleties of that age. She left to her son a library of theological works, among which the writings of Edwards were prominent. The subject of this sketch, an only child, was thus at the age of 5 years left an orphan, in the care of a sister of his mother, in whose family he lived until he was 14. His father's sudden death, and the suspicion of toryism under which he rested, led his relatives in the country to suppose his property would be confiscated. Much of it was sacrificed, but there was no confiscation. After the war was over and independence established, Judge Metcalf, the uncle and guardian of Asa, received information from a mercantile firm in Boston, that Mr. Aldis' books and papers were in their hands. Up to this time, all but the lands in Franklin was supposed to be lost. It was now discovered, that immediately after Mr. Aldis' death, his friend, Capt. Goldsburly, of the English army, had, unknown to the family, conveyed the papers to England, he said "to preserve the property for the boy." He had now returned them. Judge Metcalf now laid the case before the Massachusetts general court, by whom it was decided that there could be no confiscation, that the deceased was loyal to the only government existing at the time.

"A portion of this property consisted in a large farm, containing about 400 acres. He esteemed this to be choice property, as it was the homestead of his father. He retained a considerable portion of it to the day of his death."

Somewhat later in life than is usual for young men to begin to prepare for college, he commenced his preparatory studies under the direction of the noted grammarian and teacher, Mr. Alexander, who taught a school in that vicinity. He entered Rhode Island College, now called Brown University, in 1792, and was graduated in 1796. Tristram Burgess, the noted rhetorician, and some other distinguished men, were in the same class. He commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Howell of Providence, at that time the most distinguished lawyer in Rhode Island. After his admission to the bar in Providence, he established an office in the village of Chepachet, in the town of Gloucester, Providence Co. He resided in that place 2 or 3 years, and acquired a good run of business, and the reputation of an able lawyer. Here he married the daughter of Lieut. Governor Owen, then the widow of a Mr. Gadcomb, who had died some years before. At the time of her marriage with Mr. Aldis she had 4 children, 2 sons and 2 daughters, two of whom are now living. Not satisfied with the business prospects of the place in which he was located, he proposed to remove Westerly. And with that view made a journey to Ohio in quest of a more desirable location. He travelled through a considerable part of the State, and the western part of Pennsylvania, and returned home by the way of St. Albans.

The State of Ohio, and that part of Pennsylvania through which he passed, was new and not much settled; and the country did not appear to him to offer much attraction to an aspiring attorney, who was in pursuit of business. But he discovered in St. Albans such evidences of business in the legal profession, that after his return to Rhode Island, he made up his mind to settle there. Accordingly, after settling up his business in Chepachet, and arranging his affairs in Franklin, he removed here with his wife and her children, in 1802. Soon after his settlement in St. Albans, he formed a partnership with Bates Turner, who was then in business at this place. The partnership did not continue a great length of time, and Mr. Turner removed to Fairfield. The attorneys in practice in St. Albans when Aldis came into the place, were Levi House, Thaddeus Rice, Daniel Ben-

edict, Elias Fassett, Roswell Hutchins and Abner Morton. Soon afterwards, C. P. Van Ness came into the place, and, not many years after, Benjamin Swift. The county was then new, and the people, like all others who are the first settlers of a country, coming from different places, were somewhat dissipated, and prone to litigation. House, at that time, was on the wane, as we have before mentioned. When Van Ness came to St. Albans he was a very young man, and had not been but little in practice, if any. He had been admitted to the bar in the State of New York, and came to Vermont to commence business. It was soon discovered that he had powerful talents; and he immediately acquired a fair run of practice. He remained but a few years in St. Albans, but removed to Burlington previous to 1810.

Aldis, the subject of this sketch, never associated with the dissipated portion of the population which he found here when he first came among them. He confined his attention to his business, and soon became the first and most trustworthy attorney in the county; and this rank he held as long as he continued in practice, and his assistance was sought for more than that of any other lawyer in the county. He soon became a warm partizan, and united himself with the republican party which then supported Jefferson and Madison. He was an ardent supporter of the embargo and non-intercourse measures, which preceded the declaration of war against Great Britain. When war was declared by our government he was among the foremost of those who were prosecuting it with all the energy and power of the government. There were many opponents of the war in this vicinity, considerable smuggling with the enemy, which was the occasion of numerous lawsuits. Aldis readily took a decided stand against the violators of the laws, and was employed as counsel in most of the suits that originated in the county, in behalf of those who claimed the benefit and protection of the laws. He had great influence with the democratic or republican party, and he was consulted more in relation to their views and measures than any other man in this part of the State. In this county his opinion was considered as the law of his party, in everything that concerned coercive or restraining measures adopted by the general government, preceding and during the continuance of the war. Mr. Van Ness and he agreed as to the propriety of those measures, and they were equally popular with the war-party, and equally influential with the multi-

tude in their hatred of, and opposition to, the federal party.

In the year 1815, he was elected chief justice of the supreme court; an office which he did not seek and did not want. Previous to this time the court was in the hands of the federalists; and, in order to effect a change, it was deemed advisable to select popular and able men to fill the offices of judges in that court.

Aldis, Skinner and Fisk were put in nomination by the democrats, and they were elected by the general assembly. Judge Aldis declined a re-election and returned to the bar as a practicing attorney. Mr. Gadecomb, his former partner, soon after removed to Burlington, and for a while he was alone in business. In January 1819, he formed a partnership with the writer of this sketch. This partnership continued till September, 1832, when it was dissolved, and his son, Asa O. Aldis, who had now finished his preparatory studies, and had been admitted to the bar, became his partner. Judge Aldis gradually grew weary of the practice, and several years previous to his death, retired entirely from business, giving it over to his son. For some time before his death, his bodily infirmities, rendered him unfit for professional business, though his mental faculties remained unimpaired. He had never been a very healthy man, often subject to temporary fits of illness, and was afflicted with distressing attacks of hypochondria, or dejection of mind, for which he could not ascribe any adequate cause, other than a constitutional temperament. He had had, many years before his death, several severe attacks of fever, from which he barely recovered. He died October 16, 1847, after a somewhat lingering illness, in the 78th year of his age.

Judge Aldis possessed a powerful intellect, considerably above the majority of professional men. As a lawyer, his opinion and judgment in litigated questions always had great weight with his associate counsel, as well as with the litigant parties. In all important cases, when he had become acquainted with the facts and substantiating evidence, he thought long and intensely—considered how the case would strike the minds of a jury, under the charge of the court; and if he supposed that the chance was against his client, he advised a compromise.—He was not, perhaps, what is technically called a learned or book-lawyer, and seldom read a law-book, except in the preparation of the causes in which he was engaged. This remark is not applicable so much to the early part of his practice as to a later period of his life; and

even here an exception, perhaps, should be made in relation to the law of real estate. Few lawyers were so well acquainted with the law relating to *real actions* as he. When he first came into Vermont, actions of ejectment constituted a considerable portion of the litigation in the courts, and his knowledge of the law in relation to such actions was superior to most of the attorneys in this part of the State, and was much relied on by all concerned. When he first commenced practice in St. Albans, there does not seem to have been much use for books and book-learning. More reliance was placed on the skill of the advocate, and the ignorance or bias of the court, than on precedents and legal lore produced from books.

While at college he devoted considerable attention to metaphysics and to mathematics, and was probably more interested in those sciences than in the classic literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The theory of Locke, Reid and Stewart had more attractions for him than that of Plato and Aristotle; and the problems of Euclid and Achimides, and the *principia* of Newton received more of his attention than the stately epics of Homer and Virgil, or the dramatic works of Sophocles or Terrence, or Aeschylus, or Euripides. His standing in his class at college was among the first. His oration, delivered on his graduation at commencement, was published in pamphlet form. Later in his life he was not a great reader. Like most other lawyers, who are pressed with professional business, his attention was too much engrossed by his profession to employ much of his time in miscellaneous reading: but he made himself acquainted with the important political and theological questions of the day, and, indeed, with all other topics which deeply engaged the attention of the public mind, and was ready to express an opinion on all questions which admitted of different interpretations.

Although he had been regularly educated at a university, he seems to have entirely neglected the ancient classics after leaving college, not viewing them practically of any importance.—But however little he may have regarded the benefit of a classic education in regard to himself, he spared no pains nor expence in the education of his children, not only in those branches of learning that intimately concern the practical business of life, but also in those sciences and arts which are called accomplishments, and serve to embellish character rather than prepare the recipient for the proper and skillful perform-

ance of professional services, and the practical duties and requirements of domestic life.

We have said that after Judge Aldis was somewhat advanced in years, he was not a great reader. He seemed to prefer working out results by the force of his own powerful intellect, to the easier process of reaching them through the learning and reasoning of other men. His vigorous mind was seldom inactive. He was inclined often to retirement and seclusion from society, that he might ponder without molestation on the subjects which mostly interested him. He adopted no conclusions without thorough investigation. His opinions were not the mere echo of those of other men. They were formed from a different and more elevated point of view than that from which men in general form their opinions. Hence his views were often original and different from those of other men, owing their peculiarity to deep thought and serious and earnest reflection. In the investigation of legal questions, in which he was concerned he seldom failed to come to right conclusions, and to convince his opposite counsel of the correctness of his views. He had little relish for the common newspaper topics of the day, which interest the generality of common readers, and are forgotten almost as soon as read. He was strongly inclined to investigate the general effect of great principles,—principles which influence the actions of great men—which control the affairs of nations, and effect the welfare of mankind through successive generations.

He seldom read for mere pastime, and had little taste for novels and light literature; viewing such matters as illy calculated to prepare one for the great duties of life, or to qualify a man for success in the arduous services which devolve on the jurist, the statesman and the politician. He seemed to be of the opinion, that deep thought and reflection were indispensable to enable one to make a proper application of one's reading to the common concerns of life, and that serious and intense meditation is as necessary for the acquirement of useful knowledge as continuous miscellaneous reading.

Such men are solid rather than brilliant. In addresses to the jury, and in discussions of legal questions to the court, no one was more listened to, or was more efficacious in convincing the triers.

He was considered as the oracle of the law, and was dreaded as an opponent more than any other attorney at the bar. It appeared to be the opinion of many clients, that if they could have

Aldis on their side, they would be pretty sure of victory.

He was never desirous of extending his business, and was strongly inclined to confine it to his own county. But as the county of Grand Isle was contiguous to Franklin, and the shire town of that county was near St. Albans, he was accustomed to attend the courts there, 'till near the time of his retirement from business.

He was sometimes accused of a want of liberality in regard to subscriptions for public purposes. But this charge should be understood with considerable qualification, and applicable only to matters which he considered not promotive of the public good. In regard to things which he deemed necessary for public convenience, or conducive to the prosperity of the village, he did his part to the satisfaction of the people generally. With respect to the public schools, and contributions for the religious societies, he was one of the most liberal in the village, and was looked up to as the friend and benefactor of them all. As regards his family arrangements, his liberality might be considered by persons parsimoniously disposed as bordering on extravagance. He was a very plain man, caring little about his apparel, or gay and fashionable furniture; but as to these matters he submitted to the wishes and opinions of his family. It is very much to the credit of this and other families of St. Albans at that time, that they set a good example of frugality and economy to the community.

As to his religious views it may be said that, in the early part of his life he attended the Rev. Dr. Emmons' church, in his native town, who was a decided Hopkensian, and carried out the doctrines of Calvin to their utmost extent.—And, apparently, he believed in the logical deductions and conclusions of his learned and talented pastor. Speculatively he was a Calvinist; but was thought to be somewhat sceptical in his opinions relating to religious concerns, though he never expressed any dissent to the leading doctrines of Christianity.

His appreciation of his old pastor, Dr. Emmons, is shown by the fact that, up to the death of this venerable man, he paid regularly an annual subscription for his support.

For many years after his removal to St. Albans, he attended public worship at the Congregational church, where much the same doctrines were taught as he had listened to in the preaching of Dr. Emmons. But after the Episcopal church and society had been organized in St. Albans, and a portion of his family had become



regular members of that church, he seems to have retained his partiality to the strong doctrines of Calvinism, and, by degrees, became partial to the principles and ceremonies of Episcopacy: and in a little time subsequently, he became a regular attendant in the Sanctuary at the Episcopal church, and was ever afterwards one of its principal supporters. What influence individuals of his family may have produced in his religious views, we present not to know. All circumstances, however, concur in producing a belief that his opinions in regard to Christian doctrine suffered material change in the latter part of his life. His opinions, if he had any, in respect to the leading doctrines of the gospel, were unaltered, and he died in full communion with the Episcopal church.

#### BENJAMIN SWIFT

IN NOV. 1. A. 1791.

BENJAMIN SWIFT was born at Andover, N. Y., Apr. 3, 1750. He was the sixth child and third son of Rev. John Swift, D. D. whose jurisdiction was upon jurisdiction in Bennington. His father part in Andover, and died while on a missionary visit at Freetown, in the year 1786. Mr. Swift received his professional education at the eminent law-school of Kew-Forest, Long Island, Ct.: began the practice of his profession in Bennington County removed to St. Albans in 1800. His natural ability and worth of character, together with the advantages derived from his superior legal education, qualified him to be a successful practitioner.

Applying himself with diligence to his calling, he soon secured a large amount of business and gained an enviable position as counsellor and advocate at the Franklin County Bar.

His early political preferences were with the "Federalists," who were eventually distinguished as opponents of the revolutionary tendencies and war-policy of the Jackson administration: but although not favorable to the war with Great Britain, which was inaugurated during the administration of James Madison, he never allowed his opposition to the measures of the government to deter him from giving his prompt aid in defense of the country and the government; and when the report came, of a probable engagement with the enemy in the vicinity of Plattsburgh, he was one of the first to shoulder his musket and proceed to the scene of

active campaign. By reason of certain illness, he failed to reach the battle-field in time for actual engagement.

Mr. S. represented the town of St. Albans, in the State Legislature, two or three terms, and it was while he was holding this office, and by his original efforts a charter was obtained for the "Bank of St. Albans," in 1825, of which he was the first president.

Soon after this he was put in nomination for representative in Congress and had his first election at the Fall election of 1827, which brought him into the 30th Congress, under the administration of John Quincy Adams.

Thomas H. Benton, in his "Thirty years' view" speaks of this Congress as "presenting an immense array of talent," and it was during this period, just before the election of Gen. Jackson to the presidency that the question of the protective tariff began to be agitated, securing the favor of such men as Clay, Adams and Webster, and opposed by Benton, Hayne &c. Mr. S. was elected the second time, 1829, and having well maintained his reputation and met the highest expectations of his constituents was brought forward as a candidate for re-election the third term, but the opposition being somewhat respectable in numbers and force, he withdrew, after two or three ballottings, in favor of Hon. Herman Allen, of Burlington. He was not left to retirement, however, but his name was brought forward by the legislature in 1832, as a candidate for the U. S. Senate. Politics at this time in this region, had assumed the forms of "Mason and Anti-Mason;" but Mr. S. was not a decided partisan, and so received the support of men who were not governed so much by partisan preference and prejudice, as by the sense of the need of good men in important positions. His six years' term of senatorial service was completed to the high credit of the incumbent of that important office, as well as to the satisfaction of those who placed him in it.

It is an interesting fact, notwithstanding the diverting tendency of his business engagements connected with his profession, and the distracting cares of public office, he made his Christian profession in mature life, and his religious character partook of the steadfast earnestness, so natural to him as a man.

It is said he was among the few Congressmen in Washington who regularly attended the meetings of prayer and conference com-

nected with the churches there, and even in the very face of an opposite tendency, persisted in observing Saturday evening as sacred time.

In his public life and in his domestic retirement, his steady devotion to the cause of Christ generally, and his Christian religious duties especially, were never allowed any serious or protracted interruption. His attendance on the public services of God's house was as constant and regular as the weekly return of the Sabbath itself, and his systematic observance of the hour of weekly prayer was almost proverbial. The erect posture he always took in prayer and remark, and the solemn earnestness with which he uttered his thoughts are things not easily forgotten by those accustomed to witness them. And it was his almost invariable practice to attend these meetings, taking one or more of his family with him. His very great exactness in religious duties did, it is true, at times, especially to strangers, incur a little of the appearance of excessive strictness, but those who knew him best would never judge him as a bigot, or formalist.

He seemed to have acquired with his conversion a very high toned reverence for divine things, such as the Scriptures, the sanctity of the Sabbath and Sabbath worship. With mind intent upon holy things he listened with the closest attention to the words of the preacher, never yielding to sleep or indifference, and, in attempting to train his children after the same rule, he would never allow one of his family, if he could prevent it, to drop the head during prayer or preaching, for fear they would fall asleep; in order to detect any such misdemeanor, he would carefully question them on the text and heads of the discourse, on their return home.

So strict was he in the regular observance of family worship that he would not allow the transient calls of visitors even, to interrupt him in these devotions.

The story is told of him, once, on his return from Washington to St. Albans, after a long and tedious journey principally by stage, nearly a week in length and through the mud of early spring, being disappointed in not reaching home as he expected at the close of the week, he with the rest found himself at the hotel at Burlington, at a very early hour Sabbath morning. His first thought was that he would remain where he was, spend

the Sabbath in his usual way, and go home on Monday morning. But on being strongly urged by his traveling companions to continue the journey which would then bring him to his home at an early hour, considering also the woful plight he was in, riding day and night for so long a time and over such bad roads, he concluded to follow the advice of his friends. The matter however was of too grave a character to be hushed in silence, and so was soon noised abroad. Instead, however, of attempting to justify himself in the course he had taken, he quietly and promptly submitted to the regimen of the church, without complaint.

Mr. S.'s theology was Calvinistic, but not dogmatic or extreme, and when circumstances required the employment of special means to promote the spiritual interests of men, he readily acquiesced.

His support of the Christian benevolent objects of the day was regular and liberal, taking pains in his will to leave a portion to each in the order in which he had been in the habit of contributing to them, during his life. This apparent love of well-doing encouraged many to urge the claims of other causes upon his attention; these he was sure to treat with proper respect even if he did not give them his full support.

No one was ever more liberal towards religious denominations other than his own. He was decidedly companionable, but during the latter part of his life, owing to a serious defect in his hearing, so that it was with difficulty he could understand ordinary conversation, he seemed inclined to retirement. However, so far as his restricted hearing would permit, he would enter into the sociabilities of life with rather more than ordinary zest. When thrown into the company of those agreeable to him, and especially gentlemen of his own age, he would engage in their pleasantries with occasional loud and hearty outbursts of pure merriment, or when circumstances seemed to require sobriety he was first to frown on anything like trifling. Of a naturally impulsive temperament and of quick motion, whatever kind of labor he undertook he always threw his whole energy into it, and if things did not move sometimes to his expectation, he would manifest a momentary irritability which would last perhaps during the excitement, and then would follow his usual calmness. But as for harboring

malicious feelings towards any one, he was far from it, and ready to settle difficulties where it was in his power. And when in the heat and strife of political agitation, he was rarely, if ever, tempted to use acrimony or retaliation. Of course his political preferences were strong, as could be plainly inferred from his speeches and remarks, but he was by no means a violent partizan: neither did promotion tend to make him aristocratic or proud, but maintaining a firm integrity under all circumstances, he gained the decided attachment of his friends, and the respect of all.

His term of office at Washington occurred at a time when questions were introduced which enlisted the genius and talent of the nation: Messrs. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Adams, Randolph, Frelinghuysen, &c., were the leading spirits of the day. These were bright lights, and as men of rare excellence, they received the warm admiration of the subject of this sketch; and so when Mr. Clay received the nomination for the presidency, Mr. S. was prompt and enthusiastic in his support, having full confidence in his ability as a statesman, and his skillful management of the important affairs of State. He was strictly identified with the Whig party while that had an existence, although it flourished principally after he had retired from public service. But notwithstanding all the advantages he had for a long time in public life, he still retained that timid reserve so natural to him, by which he was rather reluctant than forward to take posts of responsibility and trust, and yet in clearness and depth of judgment he was not behind the foremost.

In the discharge of the duties of his profession, he was especially considerate of the wants and wishes of those in moderate circumstances, and no doubt many who received favor from him, will at the last day rise up and call him blessed.

With strong convictions of right and wrong, and straight forward himself, he wished to see others the same, and the opposite course failed to receive any favor from his hands. Naturally simple in his tastes, he had but little inclination for the forms of the fashionable world, and after he had forsaken the cares of public life, he devoted himself very closely to his farm—most of the land he owned, lying just east of the village of St. Albans, known now as the O'Neil farm—although never assuming

the sole care of this property, he still gave much thought and labor to it, and his mode of out-door work was hard and rough toil, early and late, ending oftentimes in severe fatigue. It was while employed in the field with his laborers, that his earthly career was so suddenly terminated.

It was while he was at Washington, he determined to take decided ground on the subject of Temperance, and was among the first to move in the great Washingtonian Temperance reform.

As has been already remarked, in all the pressure of worldly care he never forgot his relation to God and another world. The last words he uttered in the hearing of his family on that fatal day when he left in the morning in health, to be brought back in death, were "We know not what a day will bring forth," and this was the abiding conviction of his mind, and with this impression he did not, as some do, carelessly defer till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, but while he had soundness of mind and judgment, he carefully arranged all his business affairs, acquainting his son, then at home, with the general run of them, calmly making provision, so that when the summons should come, he might lie down as one who "wrapping the mantle of his couch about him, lies down to gentle dreams." And then he passed away, breathing his last on the field of toil, apparently without the pain of dissolution, but with the quietness of gentle sleep.

#### THE VERMONT CENTRAL, AND VERMONT AND CANADA RAIL-ROADS.

In addition to the account already given of the introduction of rail-road facilities into this part of the State, some facts which have never been published, and which are not known except by a comparatively small number of individuals, will be given. The privilege granted the Vermont and Canada Rail Road company by the legislature of 1847, of abandoning their line across the Sand-bar to South Hero, and building their road to the west shore of Alburgh, was vital to its success. It passed the house by a majority of two only, and it was claimed by some, that had the matter been understood, the privilege would not have been accorded at all. The opponents of the road were not without hope that the next legislature would take back the boon, or render it of no avail by unfriendly legislation. There would be some reason for doing it, if, when the legis-

lature assembled, it should be found that nothing had been done towards the building of the road. Stock to the amount of \$100,000, barely sufficient to organize the company, had been taken; but so much distrust of the Vermont rail-roads was beginning to be felt, that the great capitalists hesitated. As this was the last link in the chain which was to connect New England with the great lakes of the West, they conceded that it must be built; but this did not meet the emergency. It was of the most vital importance that the road should be put under contract, and work commenced at once. Several wealthy rail-road gentlemen of Boston had been placed on the board of directors; but they were not disposed to advance any great amount of funds, or to assume individual responsibility in the matter. It was then that John Smith and Lawrence Brainerd, of St. Albans, and Joseph Clark, of Milton, decided upon a course, as bold as it was ultimately successful. They proceeded to let the contract for grading and mason work to Messrs. Balch, Kearney and Hinch, for the expense of which they became personally responsible. In prosecuting the work, they were obliged to borrow some \$350,000, upon their own credit, before money was realized from subscriptions to the stock of the company. Ground was broken early in September, 1848, in the north part of Georgia, and a force of *seven men* was set to shovelling. When the legislature assembled in October, it was apparent that the hostility of the old enemies of the road had suffered no abatement. They were at their post, industriously proclaiming the weakness of the project, and its inevitable failure. One of the most active of them stated, that he had been over the entire line to see if any thing was being done, and that positively, there were but *seven men* at work between Essex and Rouses Point. The contractors had been building roads in New Hampshire, and some little delay occurred before they were ready to move. But it was not very long, before the streets of Montpelier were enlivened by a long procession of horses and carts, loaded with implements of road-making, and the families of the workmen, going on to build the Vermont and Canada rail-road. The display attracted considerable attention, and few remained who expressed any doubt of the ultimate completion of the work. Grading was commenced at several points on the line, and the work vigorously carried forward. The individual credit of the three gentlemen already named was sufficient to float the project, until

by an arrangement with the Vermont Central company, the stock was taken, and the gentlemen relieved from the hazard they had incurred. The entire line was opened early in the summer of 1851. These roads are now operated by five trustees, viz: John Gregory Smith, Lawrence Brainerd, Joseph Clark, Robert F. Taylor and Benjamin P. Cheeny.

Total length of main line,	182½ miles.
Of other roads leased or owned and operated by the Vt. Central and Vt. and Canada rail-roads,	98 "
Length of branches,	2 "
" " side track, (about)	34 "

*Equipment of the Road.*

Locomotives:—Passenger,	19
Freight,	36
Employed on gravel and wood trains, and for shifting in yard,	9
Total,	64

Passenger and sleeping cars,	42
Baggage, Express and mail do,	16
Freight and Platform, do,	1306

*Statistics of business of road during the year ending Nov. 30, 1868.*

Mileage of Passenger Trains,	426,913 miles.
" " Freight "	760,300 "
" " Service "	78,733 "
	1,265,946

Freight traffic during the year,	\$1,220,401.37
Passenger " " "	536,677.17
No. tons of "Through" Freight,	235,000
" " Way or local, "	249,604
No. of "Through" Passengers, carried in cars,	139,156
No. of Way or local passengers carried in cars,	221,038

*Principal rail-way buildings at St. Albans.*

Passenger depot of brick, with general offices. General office building, 120 feet long, and 70 feet wide, 2 stories in height, and Mansard roof.

Passenger depot, (proper,) length 350 feet, 87 feet in width, with four tracks running through it.

Addition thereto, of same material and finish, 263 feet long and 27 feet wide, containing restaurant; waiting and baggage rooms; ticket, express and telegraph offices. The entire building covering a surface of about 46,000 square feet, or over one acre.

Car Factory of brick—main building 200 feet long, and 70 feet wide; with two wings, each 200 feet long and 62 feet wide.

Machine and Blacksmith shop :—main building, 200 feet long and 78 feet wide, with two wings each 200 feet long and 62 feet wide.

Two Engine houses of brick ; one 350 feet in length, the other 250 feet, each 62 feet in width, with capacity for 38 engines.

Freight depot of wood, main building 232 feet in length and 30 feet in width ; wing 120 feet long and 30 feet wide.

Paint-shop of wood, 132 feet long and 50 feet wide. Passenger car-house 400 feet long and 29 feet wide.

Average number of persons employed by the Rail-road, 1400

Average number employed in the R. R. shops at St. Albans, 350

Shipments from St. Albans station, during the year ending Dec. 31, 1868, of the following articles, viz : butter, 2,606,880 lbs ; cheese, 948,276 lbs ; mineral water, 14,102 cases.

Shipments of 1851, the first after opening of road ; butter, 119,967 lbs ; cheese, 550,258 lbs.

Shipments of 1865, previous to the termination of the Reciprocity treaty : butter, 3,035,357 lbs ; cheese, 1,174,261 lbs.

The Vt. Central Rail Road Library association, was organized at Northfield, Jan. 1, 1856. Capital stock, 200 shares at \$3.00 each. On the completion of the new depot-building at St. Albans, in 1867, the trustees and managers of the road fitted up a fine room for the purposes of the library, and it was removed soon after. The capital stock was increased to 2000 shares at \$5.00 each, and the number of books increased from 900 to more than 1500. These have been selected with great care, and embrace works of history, biography, travels, poetry and miscellaneous literature. It is believed that no library in the State, of the same size, contains a more interesting collection, and certainly none has a more constant use and circulation. The employees of the road very generally avail themselves of its privileges. It was originally designed to be exclusively for their benefit. An arrangement now exists, by which residents of the town are allowed the use of the books, on payment of a yearly stipend. Connected with the library, and under the same management, is a fine reading-room, which is supplied with the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day. This is opened every evening except the Sabbath, for the benefit of the Rail-road employees. The association is under the management of seven directors, who are elected annually. The present president of the association is Mr. A. Tinker.

#### THE ST. ALBANS FREE LIBRARY,

for this town, is mainly indebted to the late Henry J. Hunt, of Boston, once a resident of St. Albans, and son of the late Hon. Luther P. Hunt. He bequeathed by his last will and testament, to the town of St. Albans, the sum of \$1000 for the establishment of a public library, provided an equal sum should be raised, for the same purpose by the people of the town. Mr. Hunt died Oct. 4, 1861. His executor, the condition having been complied with, paid over the amount of the bequest to the selectmen, and the greater part of the entire sum of \$2,000.00 has been expended in the purchase of books. These number about 1200, and their use is free to all inhabitants of the town, under the customary restrictions and regulations.

The citizens of St. Albans owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hunt, for his very liberal bequest in making provisions for the nucleus of an institution which will add greatly to the credit and respectability of the town, as well as to the memory of the donor. Perhaps there is no way in which such a sum could be more successfully employed to memorize the name of the donor, and give a respectable character to the town in which he was educated, than has been done by Mr. Hunt in his last will. The present librarian is Mr. Amos M. Wardwell.

#### NEWSPAPERS.

In the year 1807, Rufus Allen opened a printing office in St. Albans, and commenced the publication for about a year, of a small sheet which he called the "St. Albans Adviser." The enterprise did not succeed, and the paper was suspended. In May, 1809, the "Champlain Reporter" was issued from the office of Ambrose Willard, "in the new brick store on the S. W. corner of court-house square." This sheet measured 24 by 19 inches ; was roughly printed on coarse, dingy paper ; and, a copy now before the writer, compares very unfavorably with the newspapers of the present time. It was edited, however, with considerable ability, by Abner Merton, a lawyer of some eminence, and a leading politician of the Federal party. He was elected representative to the general assembly, from St. Albans, and to other offices of trust, among which was that of judge of probate for the county. He removed to Michigan many years ago, and died there in September, 1863, aged 90 years. The paper was continued until the spring of 1811, when it was discontinued for want of patronage. The county of Franklin for the next 12 years, was unsup-

plied with a paper of its own. The Burlington and Middlebury papers, during that time, were those mostly relied upon for information by the people. In the winter of 1823 an energetic movement for the establishment of a newspaper in St. Albans was made, and Col. Jeduthan Spooner who had commenced the publication of "The Repository" at Burlington, Sept. 2, 1821, was invited by the citizens to remove his paper to St. Albans. After a visit to the town, and a conference with the leading business men, he decided to comply with the request, and in May, 1823, the publication of "The Repository" was commenced in St. Albans. The paper started with a very large circulation, but as a large proportion of this was through the agency of post-riders, most of whom proved to be irresponsible men, the publication was less remunerative than it should have been. The Repository was one of the ablest papers of the State, and its old files furnish good reading, even now. The anti-masonic excitement operated against the paper; and its proprietor, having determined to emigrate to the west, closed its publication, April 26, 1836. He spent some time in Wisconsin in 1837, and removed his family thither in the year 1838. Here he remained on a most beautiful and productive farm in the township of Sugar Creek, until the year 1854, when he sold his property and removed to Waterville in Iowa, where he purchased lands, and became interested in a flouring-mill and store. The death of an only son occasioned his selling his property at Waterville, and his removal to Wakon, Iowa, in 1864, where he died suddenly, of heart-disease, March 9, 1867.

"The Franklin Journal" was started as an Anti-masonic paper, May 1, 1833, and was edited a short time by Samuel N. Sweet. After this, it was conducted by Joseph H. Brainerd until Dec. 7, 1837, when it was sold to Enoch B. Whiting, who changed the name to the "St. Albans Messenger." The publication of the paper under this name was commenced Dec. 14, 1837, and is continued under the proprietorship of Mr. Whiting to the present time. Mr. Whiting commenced the publication of the daily Messenger in 1863, and it is continued at this time.

"The Vermont Republican," published by C. G. Eldridge, was commenced July 16, 1839. Some time afterwards Mr. Eldridge left, and D. A. Danforth became the editor and publisher. He continued to publish the paper until April, 1846, when it was suspended.

"The Democrat," by M. F. Wilson, was start-

ed in August, 1852. In the spring of 1853, Darwin Mott became the proprietor, and continued the paper for more than 2 years. The paper was then discontinued until August 1858, when it was revived by M. F. Wilson and George Church, who continued the publication until the fall of 1861.

"The Vermont Tribune" was commenced by Sampson & Somerby, Jan. 5, 1854. In September following Q. K. Pangborn became the editor. The paper was discontinued in 1855.

"The Transcript" was established in March, 1864, by Henry A. Cutler. May 20, 1866, it became the property of Wilbur P. Davis, its present proprietor, Mr. Cutler still being the printer. The publication of the Daily Transcript commenced May 13, 1868. This paper, as well as the Messenger, is a supporter of republican principles, and both have met with very fair success.

"Le Protecteur Canadainne," a paper published in the French language, was commenced in May, 1869, and is edited by Rev. Q. Druon and A. Moussette.

#### TOWN CLERKS.

Jonathan Hoyt, 1788-'98; Seth Pomeroy, 1799-1806; Francis Davis, 1807; Seth Wetmore, 1808, '09; Abijah Stone, 1810-'13, '16, '27, '28; Abner Horton, 1814, '15; Elihu L. Jones, 1825-'28; John Gates, jr., 1829-'35; William Bridges, 1836-'61; Cassius D. Farrar, 1862.

#### REPRESENTATIVES.

Nathan Green, 1806, '10; Asa Fuller, 1808, '21; Carter Hickok, 1809; Jonathan Hoyt, 1811, '14; Abner Horton, 1812, '15; Benjamin Swift, 1813, '25, '26; N. W. Kingman, 1816; J. K. Smedley, 1817; None, 1818; Samuel Barlow, 1819; Silas Hathaway, 1820; Stephen Royce, 1822, '23, '24; John Smith, 1827-'38, except '34; Lawrence Brainard, 1834; Albert G. Tarleton, 1838; Stephen S. Brown, 1839; Josiah Newton, 1840; Cornelius Stilphen, 1841, '42; John Gates, jr., 1843; None, 1844; Orlando Stevens, 1845; William Bridges, 1846, '47, '50, '51; Herman R. Beardsley, 1848; Benj. B. Newton, 1849; Chauncey H. Hayden, 1852, '53; Theodore Smith, 1854, '55; Hiram F. Stevens, 1856, '57; Albert G. Soule, 1858, '59; J. Gregory Smith, 1860-'62; Worthington C. Smith, 1863; Bradley Barlow, 1864, '65; Charles Wyman, 1866; E. F. Perkins, 1867; George G. Hunt, 1868.

## RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES AND CHURCHES.

There are in the village four churches, where the stranger who recognizes God, and desires to attend upon his worship, is always welcome. The early history of St. Albans is marked by frequent movements of the town in its corporate capacity, to provide for the religious instruction of the people, by tax upon the grand list.

The population, which was but 256 in 1790, and 901 in 1800, were, like the pioneers of all new countries, busily engaged in opening and clearing land from which to obtain a subsistence. Once or twice in the year, some missionary penetrated those wilds, and preached to such as could be assembled. The first minister, who came to remain any time, was the Rev. Ebenezer Hibbard, in the year 1794. He was here more than 2 years, teaching a school through the week, and preaching in private houses on the Sabbath. He was a Congregational minister of very respectable standing, and the settlers generally attended his meetings.

The means of conveyance at that time were extremely limited. Those who lived remote from the place of worship made use of the ox-led. Around the house, where the services were holden, were gathered—not the convenient or elegant vehicles which we see in front of our churches upon the Sabbath now. Teams of quiet and demure looking oxen, attached to sleds—each with its cushion of hay arranged for the comfort of its passengers, stood ranged around, gravely awaiting the time for “meeting to be out.” They came from all quarters of the town. Mr. John H. Burton, at that time an athletic young man, living with his brother, Mr. Nathaniel Burton, at the Bay, was particularly attentive to the meetings, and would drive up Sabbath after Sabbath, a superb ox-team, with a full freight of women and children.

After this, Mr. Zephaniah Ross, an illiterate but well-meaning man, who lived somewhat like a hermit near the summit of Bellevue, attempted to collect the people together for religious worship on the Sabbath. He held meetings through the summer months in the Court House, but the number of men and boys engaged in playing ball upon the green usually exceeded that of his congregation.

In the year 1802, the Rev. Joel Foster came, and remained for sometime, preaching to the people upon the Sabbath, and performing the duties appertaining to a Christian minister. He became quite popular with all classes, and on the 9th of May, 1803, it was voted in town-

meeting, to give him a call to settle as a minister of the gospel, on a salary of \$500 per annum, to be raised by a tax upon the grand list. He responded to this in a very neat and appropriate letter, which is spread upon the record-book of the town. The matter was dropped, and no settlement perfected.

## THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

was organized Jan. 2, 1803, and consisted of the following persons, viz: Samuel Smith, Patience Smith, Paul Brigham, Fanny Brigham, Antipas Brigham, John Hastings, Samuel Sumner, Lucy Farrar and Noah Ripley.

The first pastor, the Rev. Jonathan Nye, was ordained March 5, 1805. He was but 22 years of age, but maintained great dignity and propriety of deportment, and was a preacher of considerable ability. He resigned his pastorate in 1809. Feb. 11, 1810, a call was extended to Rev. Daniel Haskel to become the pastor, which was declined. Rev. Mr. Hazen was next engaged to preach 6 months, and in December Rev. William Dunlap was engaged. March 5, 1811, the church invited him to settle with them as their pastor; but acting upon the advice of his presbytery in the State of New Jersey, the call was declined.

In Nov., 1811, the Rev. Willard Preston, a young licentiate, came to Milton on a visit to a sister, and was engaged by the Society to preach six Sabbaths. His very first sermons produced a very favorable impression upon all who heard them, and at the end of the time for which he was engaged, he was unanimously invited by the church and society to become their pastor and spiritual teacher. He accepted the invitation in a letter which stands upon the record-book of the church, and which is a model for all similar communications. The ordination exercises took place Jan. 8, 1812.

Mr. Preston labored with success for 3 years, when his health became much impaired. This he attributed to the severity of our northern winters, and became at last fully of the opinion that he would not survive another. He was dismissed Aug. 2, 1815. A biographical sketch of Dr. Preston is given upon page 526 of Vol. I. of this work. The Rev. Benjamin Wooster, of Fairfield, spent a portion of his time for several months with the church, during which an extensive revival was enjoyed, and nearly 100 added to the membership.

Rev. Henry P. Strong was installed pastor, Jan. 22, 1817, and dismissed Oct. 3, 1821. He was a preacher of great excellence and ability, and after leaving St. Albans was settled over

the Presbyterian church at Phelps, N. Y., at which place he died.

Rev. Worthington Smith commenced preaching in August, 1822, received a call to settle as pastor, Feb. 7, 1823, and was ordained the 4th of June following. The church had suffered considerably from divisions during the pastorate of Mr. Strong, but came together as a unit upon Mr. Smith. A revival of some interest occurred during the winter of 1825 and '26, and a number of influential and promising young people were added to the church. In the summer of 1831, a still greater interest prevailed, and the church received large accessions to its membership. Additions were made throughout the whole course of the ministry of Dr. Smith, amounting in the aggregate to 145 by profession and 106 by letter. On receiving the appointment of President of the University of Vermont, he resigned his pastorate, and was dismissed Dec. 11, 1849.

Rev. Ebenezer Outler, the fifth pastor, was ordained March 6, 1850, and on receiving a call to the Union Congregational church in the city of Worcester, Mass., resigned his pastorate and was dismissed July 10, 1855.

Rev. David Dobie, who had in consequence of impaired health closed a highly successful ministry at Plattsburgh, N. Y., was the next pastor. After a partial recovery, as he thought, he preached with much acceptance here for 8 weeks, and was installed Oct. 1, 1856. The Sabbath following he preached with great fervency and power, on the relative duties of pastor and people, and on the Wednesday succeeding, suffered a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. Other discharges followed, and his earnest Christian life was brought to a close, Feb. 18, 1857. He was the author of a book entitled "A key to the Bible."

The seventh pastor was the Rev. J. Eames Rankin, who was installed June 24, 1857. During the winter following, an extensive revival was enjoyed by the church; and during the ministry of Mr. Rankin, 72 by profession, and 48 by letters, were received as members. He received and accepted a call to the Appleton street Congregational church of Lowell, Mass., and was dismissed Aug. 7, 1862.

The next pastor was Rev. John Q. Bittinger, who was installed Dec. 29, 1864. His health failed during the summer following; but he so far recovered as to be able to preach once on the sabbath while seated in a chair, and after a time, to go through with two services. Having no hope of recovery while the duties of a large

parish rested upon him, he resigned his pastorate, and was dismissed Sept. 4, 1867.

Rev. Herman C. Riggs was engaged to preach early in Dec., 1867, to the first of April following. A revival commenced shortly after the week of prayer in Jan., 1868, and continued through the Winter and Spring. Rev. Mr. Riggs was called to the pastorate April 4th, with the understanding that the church would not press him for an immediate answer. He commenced his labors again Nov. 1st, and was installed Feb. 25, 1869, and is now the pastor.

#### METHODISM IN ST. ALBANS.

BY REV. J. D. LUCE.

During the year 1799, the Essex circuit, New York Conference, was formed, and reported at the succeeding annual conference, held in New York, June 19, 1799, a membership of 110. At that time the Essex circuit comprised the whole territory now included in the St. Albans district, with the exception of Grand Isle county; and also extended beyond the Missisquoi bay into Canada. At the conference of June 1799, the eccentric Lorenzo Dow was appointed to the Essex circuit. The quarterly conference records show that Nehemiah Sabine was his colleague. During this conference year, at the second quarterly meeting, a collection is reported from St. Albans of *forty-two cents*, indicating that during the year St. Albans was included in the plan of the circuit, being represented in the quarterly conference. Between the second and third quarterly meetings, Dow left the circuit to prosecute his visionary mission in Ireland; and Elijah Hedding, who had but recently been converted and licensed as an exhorter, was sent by the presiding elder to fill the vacancy. Hedding received for his services, according to the record, about \$13. Peter Van Nest and Nehemiah Sabine travelled the circuit, during the conference year 1800-'01. September 21, 1800, Jesse Lee, the great apostle of New England Methodism, on his way from Canada to New York, preached at the house of Azel Church, which still stands about 1 mile from the village green, on the road leading to Highgate. The house is now occupied by H. P. Seymour. The text for the occasion was Titus 2, 12. In his journal, referring to the occasion, he says "I had a sweet time in preaching to the strange people, and they were remarkably attentive, and heard as though it was for their lives. Then bro. Van Nest exhorted



with some life, we had a crowded house." The church records show that on the next day, September 22, the Rev. Jesse Lee baptised Mary, daughter of Richard and Mary Whitmore, of this place. Mary Whitmore, the child who was baptised, was late the wife of Amos Clarke.

At the Annual Conference held in New York, June, 1801, the name of this circuit was changed from Essex to Fletcher, and James Coleman and Laben Clarke were appointed to the circuit. During this year a class was formed on St. Albans Point, by Laben Clarke. The circumstances as related by him were as follows:

"Our second quarterly meeting was in Essex, (the minutes say Westford.) On Saturday evening the Presiding Elder asked me if I had my things with me. I told him I had left them at Missisquoi Bay in Canada. He said the preachers ought always to be ready, at the second quarterly meeting, to change, and I must go in two weeks to Brandon circuit. My Vergennes (it should be Fletcher,) appointments being already given out in the north part of the circuit to the Bay, where I must be the next Sabbath, he directed me to take that route; and, after the sabbath, to come right on to Brandon. But I had an appointment for Tuesday following the Sabbath at St. Albans Point, a new place, where I had been once, and where several persons had been awakened. I went on and filled all the appointments, till I came to this one, on the Point. We had the house full, and I preached with great freedom, and many were weeping. After preaching I proposed to have class meeting. A number staid, and several found peace in believing. I formed them into a class, and we had a melting time."

This was the first class formed in this town, and also the first religious society formed in St. Albans. Henry Ryan and Elijah Hedding were appointed to the circuit the succeeding year. During the year the following adults were baptised by Henry Ryan: Samuel Crippler, George Martin, Sally Cleavland, and David Crippen.—and in the year 1807, Azariah Brooks, Lydia Brooks, Sarah Harrington and Sarah Waters, were baptized by Reuben Harris, all of St. Albans.

Until the year 1809, Methodism was mostly confined to the Point; but their peculiarity of worship and earnestness brought them into notice with the people on this side of the Bay. Among the first to go from this side to attend methodist meetings on the Point, was Mr. Nathan Green. He was prepossessed in their favor by hearing a sermon preached by a Methodist minister at the

house of David Nichols, which was the first Methodist sermon preached in town. When he returned home from the meeting he remarked to his wife; "Now I know what I am—I am a Methodist; that man preached just what I believe." I think the first time he attended meeting on the Point he was converted; and, very soon after, with his wife joined the class. He was appointed class-leader, and formed a class in his neighborhood near Georgia Bay, which for some time after was a preaching-place. The appointment was afterward removed to Job Congers, which for many years was the itinerant's home and chapel. The meeting was holden in the barn during the summer, and in the house in the winter. The house is still standing about 1 mile west of the village, and owned by Philip W. Dudos. Many still living remember that old battle-ground of Methodism in St. Albans.

At a quarterly meeting held in Stowe, Sept. 28 and 29, 1811, Nathan Green and J. F. Chamberlain received license to preach. The former whose memory is intimately linked with the early history of St. Albans Methodism, has gone to his rest.

John B. Stratton traveled this circuit in 1812, it being the second year of his travelling ministry. About this time one of the large rooms on the lower floor of the old academy-building was fitted up by the Methodist society for preaching and prayer-meeting. The quarterly meetings were held in the court house, which, at other times, was occupied by the Congregational society for sabbath worship.

At the conference of 1813, St. Albans gave its name to the circuit. Jacob Beeman and Almond Dunbar were the circuit preachers.

During the fall of 1815, a camp-meeting was held between St. Albans village and the Bay, under the supervision of Henry Stead, presiding Elder, and Almond Dunbar, preacher in charge—the result of which was a general awakening throughout the town. As a fruit of this awakening the Methodist society received 75 on probation. At the succeeding quarterly conference, held September 14, 1815, the official board voted to purchase land on St. Albans street, on which to build a meeting-house. On the 30th of the same month, 7 trustees were elected by the society to purchase the ground and superintend the building of said meeting-house. The land

where the church now stands was then purchased, and preparations made for the erection of the house. It was not completed, however, until about 1820 or '21.

In 1815 the St. Albans circuit was divided, and the Stowe circuit formed of the eastern part. St. Albans circuit at that time included the towns of St. Albans, Swanton, Highgate, Sheldon, Westford, Milton, Georgia, Colchester, and, I think, several adjacent towns; but can speak positively of the above only.

David Nichols lived in a log-house, a few rods north of the gate of the old cemetery. His wife was a devoted Methodist, and the preachers made this their stopping-place when in town. Mr. Daniel Ryan, a wealthy merchant, seemed to cherish a particular antipathy to the ministers, and threatened to horse-whip them, if they continued their visits. He was a large, powerful man, and, although by no means quarrelsome, his ill-will was not to be desired. On a certain evening, a little congregation had assembled in the humble cabin of Mr. Nichols to hear Dow preach, when Mr. Ryan came in and insulted him by wringing his nose. The men present did not interfere; but Mrs. Nichols and a grown up daughter, each took an arm of Mr. Ryan, and he allowed himself to be led out of the house.

The Methodist church in St. Albans was not only the first church built in town, but the first Methodist church built on what is now comprised by the St. Albans district. The Methodist church at Waterbury Centre, and the old chapel at Highgate, were built immediately after. In the year 1824 the St. Albans circuit was again dismembered by the formation of Sheldon charge. In 1828 the Highgate circuit was severed from the St. Albans circuit; and again, in 1830, Milton circuit was formed from the St. Albans. In 1832, the Fairfield circuit was formed, in part from Sheldon, and part from St. Albans. From this date until 1844, St. Albans was a station. In 1844, the St. Albans station was united with the Highgate circuit, which union existed only one year. B. M. Hall was the preacher in charge of St. Albans, and John Leage of Highgate. From this until 1853, St. Albans was returned as a station and served respectively by William M. Chipp, Orren Gregg, Peter R. Stiner and C. F. Burdick, who each remained 2 years on the

charge. In 1853 the circuit was again united to the Highgate circuit, employing W. A. Miller, H. Warner and A. Carroll, as circuit preachers. 1854, St. Albans was returned as a station, with N. G. Artell as preacher in charge. 1855, M. Witherell and Simeon Gardner were appointed to this charge, the former serving the village society, the latter the society formed at the Bay.

The following year the Bay society became a distinct organization; thus confining the limits of St. Albans charge to the village and immediate vicinity; since which the following preachers have been respectively appointed to the charge: A. Witherspoon, M. White, V. M. Simons and I. Lucq.

The church edifice erected in 1820 has passed through two remodellings, and is the same building in which we now worship. The first design was according to the old style of church architecture, with high box pulpit and galleries on three sides. The attic was afterwards finished off into prayer and class rooms. In 1854 the church edifice was remodelled into the style in which we now behold it. Until the year 1828, this was the only church edifice in town. Rev. Dr. Smith, for 16 years a pastor of the Congregational society in this village, was ordained in this building June 4, 1823, and was probably the only person ever ordained in this church edifice.

#### PROT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN ST. ALBANS.

*Taken mainly from a Historical Discourse by the Rev. Charles Fay, D. D.*

BY REV. J. I. BLISS.

As early as the year 1812 there were residing in St. Albans, a few Episcopal families. Five persons (females) of these families were, at that time, communicants; but no religious privileges were enjoyed by them, in this place, till the beginning of the year 1816, at which time the Rev. Stephen Beach, then a missionary sent to officiate in this county, first visited St. Albans, and performed the service of the church, and preached in the court-house. The preaching in the court-house was by invitation from the Congregational society, who occupied the house exclusively. That society having the preceding summer dismissed their minister, the Rev. Mr. Preston invited Mr. Beach to perform the service of the church, and to preach in that building when it was his turn to officiate in St. Albans. This invitation was accepted; and, for several succeeding appointments, the

members of the Episcopal church united with those of the Congregational society. But this arrangement soon became unsatisfactory to the Congregationalists, and the Episcopalians withdrew and sought another place of worship. Until the following spring Mr. Beach continued to preach every fifth Sunday gratuitously; when the sum of \$80.00 was raised by subscription to compensate him for his services, the same proportion of time for the year then ensuing; and, August 26th the numbers of those who were disposed to favor the organization of a parish having become somewhat increased, the following compact was made and subscribed:

"We, the subscribers, do voluntarily associate and form ourselves into a society, by the name of the Episcopal society in St. Albans, and by that name do organize ourselves under the first section of an act, entitled 'An act for the support of the Gospel.'

St. Albans, Vermont, Aug. 26, 1816.

Ashbel Smith, Benj. Chandler, Abijah Stone, Abner Morton, Samuel Barlow, Orange Ferris, Joshua Brooks, B. B. Downs, Joseph Carter, jr., Hubbard Barlow, John Nason, Bingham Lasell, Abijah Hubbell, Augustin Bryan, John Wood."

At this time there was no regular place for public worship belonging to the parish, and their meetings were sometimes holden in private houses, and sometimes in the upper room in the academy. It may be here remarked, that the first, and, at this time, the only male communicant was Mr. Ashbel Smith, who with his wife, had shortly before united with the church. Nothing of importance occurred in the affairs of the church, unless we mention the addition of a few members to the communion, and the removal of others, until the winter of 1818.

Sometime in the month of February this year, several of the members of the church, being anxious for a more constant attendance on and enjoyment of the worship of the church, formed a resolution to meet every Sunday; and, when there was no clergyman present, that the service should be performed and a sermon read, by a lay member. The first of these meetings was held at the house of Mr. Ashbel Smith, where about 12 members of the church, piously disposed, were assembled. This little number felt most deeply their destitute condition, and earnestly implored the great Head of the church for his blessing upon their infant exertions. These meetings continued every Sunday through

the winter, principally at Mr. Smith's in the day time, and, in the evening, prayer-meetings were held at Mr. Ferris'. Although the church was much spoken against by those who were not of her communion, she was not without her due proportion of increase.

In the spring of 1818 the number of communicants was 15. Services on Sundays were now held principally in an upper room in the academy; and although the number that usually attended was small, the prospects, on the whole, were rather encouraging. The affairs of the parish were now in a settled condition, apparently, and nothing seemed to obstruct a gradual increase of its members.

But things were not to continue long in this situation. A few years of uninterrupted quietness passed swiftly away. Unhappily, in the summer of 1821, difficulties which arose in connection with the Rev. Mr. Beach, who had been settled in the fall of 1818, rector of the church in Fairfield, and had also performed clerical duties in Sheldon and in this place, checked the onward movement. Mr. Beach, in the Spring of 1822, voluntarily suspended himself from the exercise of his ministry until the troubles into which he had fallen should be settled. The parish, of course, became destitute of the services of any clergyman; and, at a time, too, when it was laboring under special embarrassments. But the Rev. Jordan Gray, a very pious and devoted minister in Berkshire, visited the parish several times during this summer, and proved to them a comforter in the midst of their afflictions.

In the winter following Mr. Beach removed from this part of the State, and the Rev. Mr. Gray was soon after drowned. In the death of Mr. Gray, the church in this vicinity lost a zealous and able advocate of the Church, and a pious, consistent and affectionate instructor in the way of righteousness.

Late in the fall of 1822 the Rev. Elijah Brainerd, who had been preaching to the congregational society in St. Albans, became an Episcopalian, and received deacon's orders in the church, and returned to St. Albans to officiate as a minister. Mr. Brainerd remained in this vicinity about 9 months, during which time about half of his services were devoted to this parish.

In September, 1823, the parish was again without a clergyman: but in November following it was visited by the Rev. Nathan B. Burgess, from the diocese of Connecticut, who

resigned his parochial charge into the hands of the Rev. Josiah Perry. During the rectorship of Mr. Hoyt, 62 persons were confirmed, and 88 communicants added.

The Rev. Mr. Perry continued his services into the second year, and then resigned his charge. While he was rector, 12 persons were confirmed, and 16 communicants added.

In August, 1848, the Rev. Charles Fay assumed the rectorship. He remained in charge of the parish for the long period of 15 years. A gentleman of scholarship, refinement and high social culture, he possessed unusual gentleness and kindness of feeling. In his thoughtfulness and sympathy for the poor he was remarkable. Though more or less interrupted, during a large share of the time, by duties connected with a school, the parish developed so much under his care, that the number of communicants increased, during his rectorship, from 85 to 172, and 143 persons were confirmed.

In April, 1860, the foundations of a new stone church were laid; and, July 25th, the beautiful structure was consecrated to the service of Almighty God, by the Rt. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, bishop of the diocese. The cost of the church when completed was \$14,000.

In April, 1863, the Rev. J. Isham Bliss became associated with Dr. Fay in the rectorship. Aug. 11th of the same year, Dr. Fay resigned his connection with the parish, and Mr. Bliss took the sole charge, which he continues to retain up to the present date, (April, 1869.) During his rectorship the church has been upholstered and carpeted, and some slight alterations made in the interior. Recently a lot of land has been purchased near the church for \$2,300, with the purpose of erecting thereon a Sunday-school chapel and rectory. The parish is now in a vigorous and prosperous condition. There are 142 families and 207 communicants connected with it—158 having been baptised, and 96 confirmed, during the present rectorship.

#### CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ST. ALBANS.

BY MRS. B. H. SMALLEY.

As early as the year 1825, there were no Roman Catholics in St. Albans, with the exception of a few scattered descendants of French Catholics, who were visited at intervals by French priests from Canada. When Rev. J. O. Callaghan came as missionary to Vermont, and established his residence at Burlington, in 1830, he found a few families

of Irish and Canadian Catholics in St. Albans and vicinity, to whom he ministered at stated intervals until Rev. Wm. Ivers undertook the charge some time in 1841. At this period the numbers of those professing this faith had increased to such an extent, through immigration from Ireland and Canada, that the congregation assembling at St. Albans, and gathered partly from the neighboring towns, amounted to 1000; while there were several other congregations, more or less numerous, in different parts of Franklin County, for whose wants the most diligent ministrations of one missionary were scarcely adequate. In 1842 an effort was made, under the suggestion of Mr. Ivers, to purchase land and build a church in some central location in, or near the village of St. Albans, for the accommodation of that rapidly increasing congregation. The means of the people were found to be wholly inadequate, however, to the accomplishment of that undertaking, and it was abandoned. Not long after that time Mr. Ivers left, and this mission was again dependant upon the occasional visits of Rev. Father O'Callaghan, whose faithful services in Vermont have caused his memory to be held in veneration by every Catholic within her borders.

In July, 1846, Mr. Wm. H. Hoyt and his family embraced the Catholic faith. He had been for some years the Protestant Episcopal clergyman of St. Albans and was very much respected and beloved.

In June, 1847, Rev. George A. Hamilton came to St. Albans and remained in charge of the Catholic congregation there until January, 1850, when he was removed to Milford, Mass., and subsequently to Charlestown, Mass., where he has since erected, on the summit of Bunker Hill, one of the finest church edifices in New England. He was a native of Missouri, and received his theological education at Rome, where he passed some years in the prosecution of his studies. During the period of his residence at St. Albans, his flock was largely increased by the immigration of many from other parts of the State, and from foreign lands, and by the conversion of a number of Protestants to the Catholic faith; among whom may be mentioned, the late G. G. Smith and his family; Hon. L. B. Hunt, with his first wife, and, at a later period, his second wife, with her daughter; B. H. Smalley, Esq., a well known lawyer of

Franklin County, with his sister, Miss Laura P. Smalley, and his whole family, as well as his mother-in-law, Mrs. Cynthia Penniman, widow of the late Dr. Jabez Penniman, of Colchester, and whose first husband was E. Marvin, son of Dr. Ebenezer Marvin, of Franklin.

In May, 1848, Rev. Henry Leunou, (then a recent graduate of All-Hallows College, near Dublin, Ireland, and but just ordained to the priesthood, came to St. Albans and remained a few months, assisting Mr. Hamilton. The climate of Vermont proving prejudicial to his health, he returned to Boston, and was soon after stationed at Newburyport, Mass., where his labors have been eminently successful. He was a young clergyman of extraordinary acquirements and eloquence.

In 1848, a lot of land, with a dwelling-house, barn and orchard upon it, was procured for the Catholics of St. Albans as a site for the church edifice, which they had in contemplation to erect. The dwelling-house stood where the church is now located; it was removed to the present location of the priest's residence, and fitted up to serve as a temporary church, while the new one was in the course of erection, and afterwards changed to a dwelling-house again, after which time it was occupied as the residence of the priest, until the present building was erected in its stead. The corner-stone of the proposed new church was laid in August, 1849, by Bishop McClosky then of Albany N. Y. now Archbishop of New York.

In January 1850, Rev. Mr. Hamilton left Vermont, and was succeeded by Rev. T. Shahan, who had been admitted to the priesthood but a short time previously, and who left in August of the same year, Rev. E. McGowan taking his place at St. Albans.

In 1853, Vermont was taken from the Diocese of Boston, and erected into a separate See, under the title of the "Diocese of Burlington", and Rt. Rev. L. DeGoesbriand was appointed to its bishopric.

In 1855, Mr. McGowan left the diocese, and Rev. T. Riordan was placed in charge of St. Albans. His ordination took place in Cleveland, Ohio, the previous year, and he was the first priest who was ordained expressly for the service of the new diocese of Burlington. In the same year, (1855) Rev. S. Danielou came from France to Vermont. He was a young priest, and was appointed to take

charge of the French portion of the congregation at St. Albans. In 1856, Mr. Danielou was removed, and Rev. F. Clavier sent in his place. In the spring of 1858, Mr. Riordan was transferred to the pastoral charge of Fairfield, and Mr. Clavier succeeded him as pastor of the whole congregation at St. Albans. While he was at St. Albans the church-edifice in that place was completed. It is a very large building, the plan is a fine one, and the work of construction and completion has been very thoroughly accomplished, with the exception of the altar, which is not yet completed. Although it was not too large for the wants of the congregation of St. Albans, they were not able to finish the inside for some years. In the summer of 1863, the work was resumed which had been so long suspended, on account of limited means, and the severe pressure of many unfavorable circumstances from without, which had operated to discourage and retard them in the work. In the spring of 1864, it was brought to its present stage of completion. In August, 1864, the edifice was solemnly dedicated by the Bishop of Burlington, assisted by the Bishop of Hartford, and a great number of priests. The Rt. Rev. Bishop McFarland of Hartford, delivered a very eloquent discourse upon the occasion. One of the best choirs in Boston, accompanied by Mr. Wilcox, of that city, as organist, performed the music of the sacred offices appropriate to the ceremonial, in the most effective manner.

In the latter part of the year 1865, Very Rev. Z. Druon took the place of Rev. F. Clavier, as pastor of St. Albans.

As to the numbers of this congregation, it is extremely difficult to give any certain report. Owing to the migratory habits of some of the French Canadians, a portion of that part of the congregation is transient and shifting, and the statistical records consequently vary more or less from year to year. The past 20 years have, however, witnessed a constant and surprising increase in the number of Catholics belonging to this place. So great indeed has this accession been, that Mr. Druon found it necessary, soon after his arrival, to divide the congregation, and celebrate Mass on Sundays for the French by themselves, and for the English-speaking portion by themselves, in order to furnish seats for the whole within the church. It is now in contemplation to erect a church for the French congregation

of this village, and this will probably be accomplished within a few years. A large proportion of the Catholic congregation which assembles in this place, is composed of young people, (descendants of foreign Catholics,) who were born and brought up on the soil, and who will compare very favorably with any class descended from Americans, for native intelligence, education, industry, morality, and piety; while in physical power and endurance, they are greatly superior. The bitter prejudices, created and fostered by the rancorous partisans of the most *un-American* of all our parties, which styled itself *par excellence*, the American party, have been proved to be cruelly unjust; and the experience of the country during the past war has abundantly demonstrated that the foreign Catholic population, and their descendants, so far from forming a dangerous element in our society, are in fact among its best and most reliable safeguards. Instructed by a clergy who abstain from all interference in political matters, except to admonish their people diligently of their duty to be subject to their rulers in all obedience;—taught by the bitter experiences of oppression abroad, the value of free and liberal institutions here, and unbiased by the temptations of ambition,—which unfortunately lure too many of our fellow-citizens from the paths of rectitude and duty, in quest of office,—they are not to be outdone by any class in the practice of the social and domestic virtues, or in the exercise of true patriotism.

#### BAPTIST CHURCH.

BY REV. WM. G. WALKER.

For several years previous to the organization of the Baptist church, there had been a number of Baptist families resident in town. The most of them were accustomed to worship with the Congregational society, by whom they were held in high esteem. In the latter part of the year 1865, Rev. J. F. Bigelow, D.D., came into town, and collecting the Baptist members together, organized a Baptist church. On Dec. 17, 1865, the church met in Academy Hall for worship, when Dr. Bigelow preached to them the first independent Baptist sermon ever preached in town.

The church was organized with 26 members, and elected as their first officers, Rev. J. F. Bigelow, pastor; D. M. Walker and Marshall Mason, deacons; L. J. Swett, clerk; S. S. Robinson, treasurer. The church enjoyed

the services of Dr. Bigelow till May, 1867, when he left for another field of labor. Dr. Bigelow was an able preacher, and was held in high esteem by the several denominations. From the time that Dr. B. left, the church was without a pastor till November, 1868. During this interval, the church sustained the regular services of the church, with preaching every Sabbath.

Nov. 15, 1868, Rev. Wm. G. Walker, of New York, a recent graduate of Hamilton Theological Seminary, accepted the call of the church, and began his labors with them. Jan. 27, 1869, a council was convened, by which he was publicly ordained and installed as pastor. Since he began his labors the church has received several additions; the congregation and Sabbath-school have nearly doubled, and everything is in a flourishing condition. The church has organized and sustains a fine mission S. School at the Western Reserve. The church at present worships in the court-house, but intend to build in a few months.

#### MAJOR AMOS MORRILL.

BY MISS H. A. BLAISDELL.

Major Morrill, in 1793, with his wife, whose maiden name was Peggy Day, 2 daughters and 4 sons, moved from Epsom, N. H., to St. Albans. His daughter Mary, wife of Capt. John Gilman, settled at the village, and Hannah, wife of James Brackett, at the Bay. They were intelligent, worthy helpmates,—meaning something more than helpless, expensive weights, when the loom and spinning-wheel, were the fashionable instruments of music. The names of the sons were Theophilus, Amos, William and Jeremiah. The last lived and died at St. Albans Point, while the others went to different parts of the country, where they settled, lived and died. Major Morrill bought quite a tract of land for their benefit, some of which is still retained in the hands of the heirs, having previously admired the location when on his way to Canada, in Gen. Sullivan's army. He served in the Revolutionary war with the rank of Major. Unfortunately his papers, which might probably have furnished material for history, have been destroyed. One incident is related of him which illustrates something of his character: Once being pursued by the Indians, who told him to stop, or they would cut him into inch pieces, he replied, "You will have to catch me first," and putting spurs to his

norse leaped over a wall beyond their reach. Before leaving Canada he had the small-pox, when they considered him so near death, they held a consultation to know what it was best to do with him. They finally said he was a good officer, and they would take him along, and if he died they could easily put him overboard. They took him along, and he recovered. He built a substantial stone-house at the Bay where he lived, which is owned and occupied now by Nelson Buck. He buried his wife September, 1800, and died at St. Albans village, in January, 1810.

CAPT. JOHN GILMAN.

BY MISS H. A. BLAISDELL.

Capt. Gilman, in 1793, with his wife and young daughter, accompanied his father-in-law, Major Morrill, from Epsom, N. H., to St. Albans. Margaret Morrill was his second wife, by whom he had one son. He had had 3 daughters and 3 sons by a previous marriage. Capt. Gilman was appointed to the militia before 1812. He was honest, industrious, frugal, temperate and religious. In his house the needy and the stranger found a home. He was a well-to-do farmer, and also carried on blacksmithing for some time. In politics he was a Democrat of the old school.

He built a large house, which took several days to raise, and the settlers came from the adjoining towns to assist. This house, finely situated on the north of Main street, is now occupied by the third generation of the family—the Blaisdells, endeared by association, and where 3 heads of the family breathed their last, Major Morrill, Capt. John Gilman, and J. M. Blaisdell. Capt. John Gilman died Aug. 31, 1845, in his 76th year.

JONATHAN M. BLAISDELL.

BY MISS H. A. BLAISDELL.

Jonathan M., son of Harvey and Elizabeth Blaisdell, was born March 30, 1789, in London, N. H., being the 11th child of a family of 13. His father was a farmer, in comfortable circumstances, but he, possessing a mechanical turn of mind, learned the carpenter and joiner's trade, and having bought a year of his time, came to St. Albans at the age of 20, in company with a friend, Mr. Smith Morrill, and was soon engaged in building houses. He was occupied in the lumbering business 1 year, which, owing to losses, did not prove lucrative. He was a volunteer in 1812, and went to Plattsburg, and being anxious, with some others, to cross the sand-bar

to the island, attempted to do so before the moon was up and came near being drowned.

At the age of 33 years, he married Margaret Gilman, youngest daughter of Capt. John Gilman. He built several houses for himself and to rent, but subsequently carried on the wheel-wright business and farming. In politics, he was an old-fashioned Democrat, when democracy meant opposition to slavery, and equality of rights. He always took a deep interest in the welfare of the country, and lived to see the rebellion crushed. His disposition was cheerful and social. He possessed a strong mind and will, and was a peaceable citizen, but when unjustly assailed could defend himself vigorously. His religious sentiments were liberal. He died of lung-fever, in his 77th year, leaving a widow, two daughters and two sons.

[I have the following account in his own words, which I took down from his lips, as he narrated it to me some years since.—*Ed.*]

September 14, 1814.—“The day of the election at St. Albans, after the election, Sanford Gadcomb, Solomon Walbridge, son of the old sheriff of St. Albans, and myself, started to go to Plattsburgh, as soldiers, on horse-back, through Georgia and Milton. At the sand-bar there (at Milton) we attempted to cross over, having stopped a few moments at Fox's tavern, this side of the lake. It was a mile across the bar, dark—or only star-light, and I told Gadcomb it looked too much like going to sea horse-back in the night, and I did not like to cross. The wind blew strong from the north, but Gadcomb thought he could cross without difficulty, though the swells ran so high and dashed so upon the shore. We urged our horses in with difficulty, but we proceeded till we saw a light upon the opposite shore, which we supposed had been lighted to pilot us across, and we advanced till about half way over, when the water began to deepen, the swells from the north rolling hard against us, till our horses drifting off the north side of the bar, were afloat. Gadcomb was forward, I in the middle, Walbridge behind, each about 3 rods distant. Gadcomb undertook to swim his horse forward to shore, Walbridge behind, said his horse wanted to turn round and go back. My horse stood right up and down—in no swimming condition. In about two minutes Walbridge cried out, ‘My horse touches bottom,’ and my horse at once righted in a swimming condition and pursued his horse. Meantime I had climbed upon the saddle from which I slid when my horse lost bottom, and we were soon back on the bar again where the water was not more than knee-deep to our horses. Gadcomb was out of sight and I cried out, ‘We are on good ground,’ but he understood us to cry we were in trouble. Walbridge and I came out on shore where we entered, when we

repeatedly hallooed, and receiving no answer from any quarter, supposed Gadcomb was drowned and started to go back to Fox's tavern, but on our way through the swamp, moving along slowly near the shore, we heard somebody halloo, and answered. The halloo was kept up back and forth till we found it was Gadcomb, who had swam ashore, on the Point, north, below us, and landed on the most dismal part of the swamp. We waited till he came up to us, when we all returned to the tavern wet as water could make us, and remained about two hours, till the moon was up, and about a hundred had collected to cross; so that when we crossed, which at length was nicely done, the line of them reached clear across the bar. After we got over the bar, we went up to the old landlord's who kept tavern on South Island, where we stayed the remainder of the night. While here, the landlord stated that he hoped we should get whipped by the British, and that all would get off from the bar who attempted to cross. This raised my ideas, and I told him we should hear no such talk on our route, that we were going to Plattsburgh to fight for our country, and we could fight before we got there, if necessary, and the effect was sufficient to stop that tory's noise.

We went down the next morning and waited for a sloop to take us across. About 2 o'clock, P. M., the sloop arrived and took us over to Plattsburgh. This was Wednesday. We remained there 'in battle' till Sunday night. Sunday, the last day of the battle, the British forded the river against what is called Pike's old encampment, with their whole force, 13,000 strong. They forded the river, and advanced into the pine plains, where the Vermont and New York volunteers were distant about 80 or 100 rods. The woods were full of Vermont and New York volunteers, every man fighting for himself, all on the Irishman's own hook, and we were so hard upon them that they were compelled to retreat, and we pursued them like a band of blood-hounds back to the river, their dead and wounded scattered along the way. In crossing the river they lost many guns and some of the men floated down stream,—retreating up the river, the enemy were soon, however, out of our sight. That night they retreated back to Canada, leaving a good many deserters in the village of Plattsburgh. On their camp-ground their supplies were many of them left. On Sunday, the winding up battle-day, about 200 of us went down from Pike's encampment toward our fort, and when we could see a picket guard on the other side of the river, we would fire at him, and when we could not see a redcoat to fire at, still we would all fire, so as to have the enemy understand the woods were all full of soldiers for two miles in length along the shore, and when we got opposite Plattsburgh village and attempted to cross the bridge, the British poured in a volley upon us. Only one was wounded, the bullets passing directly over our heads, one bullet passing within 12 inch-

es of me, cutting off a little twig so I could see where the little fellow had tripped along. We returned up the river the same way as we came down."

#### THE BLACK SNAKE.

A notorious smuggling boat, in the time of the embargo of 1808, was called "The Black Snake." Its seizure, during this year, resulted in the murder of Elias Drake, Jonathan Ormsby and Asa Marsh, and the execution, by hanging, of Cyrus B. Dean—the particulars of which are given in this paper.

The embargo which was laid upon the foreign trade of the United States by act of Congress, passed Dec. 22, 1807, was productive of wide-spread ruin and distress. This measure was deemed indispensable by the President, Mr. Jefferson, as a just retaliation for the course pursued by Great Britain, in the seizure of our vessels, the plunder of our commerce, and the impressment of our seamen. This total annihilation of commerce, threatening bankruptcy and ruin to so many of the merchants, and checking at once the flow of produce from the interior to the seaboard, bore with peculiar hardship upon the people, and tried their patriotism to the utmost.

Its effect was to greatly increase the price of foreign commodities, and render our own nearly valueless. There being no outlet to the latter, they accumulated in the market, and often could not be sold for a sum sufficient to pay for the cost of transportation. Foreign goods, particularly the staples which the people had come to consider as among the necessities of life, being shut out entirely, prices soon rose to such a height that those in moderate circumstances found themselves obliged to dispense with them altogether. As might be expected, there arose a tempestuous opposition to the embargo in all parts of the country. A portion of the people, at least, seemed to overlook and palliate the gross insults of England, which caused the enactment of the law. They seemed to forget the loss of one thousand merchant ships, and the impressment of six thousand of our seamen. Under the tremendous pressure with which the embargo bore upon the people, the opposition to president Jefferson's policy became in New England exceedingly bold and fierce. The federal newspapers teemed with articles most inflammatory in their character, and Mr. Jefferson and his cabinet were denounced in ac-



rimonious editorials, and lampooned in dog-gal verse. A specimen of the latter, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, commenced as follows:

"Brother Nathan's nation mad—  
I think as how he's right, sirs—  
Mamma's sick, and sister's sad,  
And I's right hot to fight, sirs."

Further on we are let into the cause of the difficulty:

"For I've no 'lasses for to eat  
Along with pumpkin pie, sirs."

The verses close with some very flippant advice to president Jefferson:

"Now, Tom, take off the embargo soon,  
And Nate and I will thank ye."

Among the interests of the country which were called to their full share of suffering was that of the manufacture of ashes. This was, indeed, a humble and limited branch of industry, but one of great importance to the newly settled timber-region of northern Vermont. Many of the towns might fairly be said to be receiving only their first population. The settlers, like the pioneers of all new countries, brought but little with them. Their own strong arms were their main reliance. As soon as a cabin had been erected to shelter their families, they commenced the clearing away of the forest, and the opening up of the fields from which to obtain a subsistence. The tall and stately trees fell before the repeated strokes of the axe—they were cut into convenient lengths, rolled into heaps, and consumed to ashes. These were carefully saved, conveyed to the nearest store, and exchanged for provisions and necessary articles. Many settlers, in remote places, far into the wilderness, found it expedient to work their ashes into black salts—thus lightening the labor of transportation. In this form they were conveyed distances of from 10 to 20 miles, to a market. In some instances, where settlers were too poor to own a team, they have been known to take a bag of salts upon their back to the nearest store. It was fortunate for these hardy pioneers, that pot-ashes, during all this time, brought a remunerating price in the not remote market of Montreal. While awaiting the growth of their first crops, serious inconvenience, and probably much actual suffering would have ensued, but for this. The little stores in the country towns each had its ashery, and all were eager to purchase. Upon the sales of

their pot and pearl ashes in Montreal, they depended almost entirely for the means of remittance to their creditors in the American cities. So important was this traffic, that in most of the interior towns of Vermont, during the greater portion of the year, not a dollar in money could be raised, except from the sale of ashes. Without this, goods or provisions could not have been imported—taxes could not have been collected, and the country must have been greatly impeded in its advance and prosperity. The embargo, therefore, inflicted upon this interest a destructive blow. The merchants had large stocks of ashes on hand, and more or less amount due from the settlers which was payable in that commodity. With ruin staring them in the face, the temptation to run their ashes across the line to Montreal was too great for the patriotism of the most of them, and smuggling was commenced on an extensive scale. To counteract and repress this a numerous force of revenue officials was posted along the frontier, to which were shortly added guards at different points, from the militia. The extent to which party spirit was at that time carried greatly favored the smuggler. The federalists were his friends. In their utter abhorrence of president Jefferson's administration of the embargo, the most of them were ready to notify the smuggler of the advent of the custom-house officer—to guide him to a place of safety, or to secrete his goods upon their own premises. No informer ever arose from the ranks of the federalists; so much was certain, and where direct aid might not be obtained, the smuggler knew that he was safe from betrayal. But, on the other hand, the democrats, the supporters of Mr. Jefferson, favored the enforcement of the law. They sided with the revenue officials, and many of them were active in giving information of the places where smuggled goods or property were concealed. Loads of pot-ash, or droves of cattle, would sometimes be accompanied with a force sufficient to overawe the custom-house officers, and prevent all attempts at seizure. At other times the officers of the government would rally their democratic friends in sufficient numbers to bear down all opposition, and to seize and carry away the property. Collisions of this kind were not unfrequent, in several of which serious wounds were received, and in one case the result was death. Large quantities of ashes were

brought to the ports of Lake Champlain, and sold at a small price to speculating smugglers, who stood ready to purchase. This beautiful lake, with its secluded bays, shady nooks and uninhabited islands, offered a convenient highway to the smuggling boat, which moved only at night, and remained quiet by day.—Major Charles K. Williams, of Rutland, since chief justice and governor of the State, was stationed with a militia force, at the important post of Windmill-point, on the western shore of Alburgh.

The late Doct. Jabez Penniman, of Colchester, was collector of the customs. A twelve-oared cutter, called the Fly, belonging to the custom-house department, cruized about the outlet of the Lake, and smuggling in that direction became uncertain and dangerous.—Peerless among the boats engaged in smuggling was the terrible "Black Snake." With a crew of powerful and desperate men, thoroughly armed, she had for months defied the government officials. Either by stealthily eluding their vigilance, or by overawing them by a display of hostile force, she had continued to freight large quantities of pot-ashes across the line to Canada. They had had, at no time, a force at their command sufficient to render prudent an attempt to seize the audacious craft.

Doctor John Stoddard, of St. Albans, a merchant and well-known smuggler employed the Black Snake to transport ashes from St. Albans Bay into Canada. Their course lay around the end of St. Albans Point, thence along the eastern shore of the Lake to Maquam creek—upon this, one and a half miles, to a narrow strait connecting with Charcoal creek. Here they were obliged to lighten their boat by removing a portion of her loading to smaller ones. They then floated into Charcoal creek—down this into Missisquoi river—thence, down the river to its mouth—across Missisquoi bay to Cook's bay in Canada, to a place now called Hilliker's Landing, about 1 mile north of the village of Alburgh Springs. The boat had made several trips with complete success, but was at length encountered by officer Joseph Stannard, who commanded the crew, in the name of the United States, to surrender. Stoddard was on board, and persuaded the men to exert themselves at their oars. Stannard, being without force to back his demand, was compelled to witness their safe escape across the line into

Canada. But the officers of the government were now fully determined upon her capture. The Black Snake was built to run as a ferry-boat between Charlotte, Vt. and Essex, N. Y., and was used some time for this purpose.—Her length was 40 feet—width 14 feet—sides straight and high—depth  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet. She had 7 oars on a side, sharp bow and square stern—a forecastle, but no cabin. She had a mast and 1 sail; was steered by a rudder, was never painted, but besmeared with tar, which gave her a black appearance. John and Ezekiel Taylor, of Caldwell's Manor in Canada, purchased her to run as a smuggling boat; but when the trips became dangerous, they employed a man by the name of William Mudgett to navigate her. As she could carry nearly 100 barrels of pot-ashes, at a freight of 5 or 6 dollars per barrel, the enterprise was a paying one, and justified some risk. But her audacious career was drawing to a close. The collector, Doct. Penniman, applied to major Williams for a detachment of men to proceed in the revenue cutter called the Fly, to find and capture her. Aug. 1, 1808, Lieut. Daniel Farrington, of Brandon, a discreet and competent officer, Serg't David B. Johnson, and 12 infantry privates, were detailed for the service.

The Black Snake had crossed the line from Canada the previous night, and had gone up the Lake. Her crew consisted of Truman Mudgett, captain; Samuel L. Mott, William Nokes, Elkanah Perkins, Slocum Clark, Joshua Day, Josiah Pease and Cyrus B. Dean.—The men were to be paid by the Captain \$8, to \$10, per trip. Each man had a gun, and they were provided with spike-poles to keep off the revenue boats—several clubs 3 feet in length—a basket of stones of the size of a man's fist. They had, also, a large gun, called a wall-piece, or blunderbuss, the barrel of which was 8 feet and 2 inches long, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$ th diameter in the bore, which carried 15 bullets.

On coming from Canada they avowed their determination to fight their way back. They were not very well supplied with ammunition, but had a jug containing 2 gallons of rum. Under cover of the night, they proceeded to Martin's Bay, on the eastern shore of North Hero, where they lay in seclusion through the day, and during the night went to the mouth of Onion river, where they arrived at sun-rise. They kept on up the river, and reached a place called Joy's Landing, 3

miles or so from Burlington, about noon.—They drew their boat on shore some 60 rods above this. Mudgett ordered the men to clean and oil their guns, and to put in new flints, where they were needed. He then proceeded in quest of provisions and ammunition, and returned with a supply toward evening. They shortly after this received tidings that the revenue boat was coming. Two men from Burlington, whose names were not given, came to the landing and informed the smugglers that they would not give the boat a load, as they were informed the revenue cutter was coming to take her. Mott showed them the big gun, when one of them said he would give the crew 10 gallons of rum if they would go down the river and take the revenue boat. Day and Perkins objected, when the men took Mudgett aside and conferred with him, after which several of the crew were set to work running bullets, at which they worked all night. The smuggling party were here joined by Francis Ledgard and David Sheffield, increasing their number to ten.

On Monday evening the Fly proceeded to the southerly end of Hog Island, where they remained until morning. On Tuesday they proceeded along the easterly shore of North Hero, after passing which, and when opposite Middle Hero, a man upon the shore waved his handkerchief. They came to, and were informed by him that the Black Snake had gone up Onion River. He also gave them the names of those on board. On Wednesday morning the Fly went up the river to Joy's Landing, where the Lieutenant was informed by Asa Rice, that the Black Snake lay some 60 rods above. They then rowed up the river, and, turning a small bend in the beach, came to the place where she lay: one end of her was on shore, fastened to some bushes.—Mudgett stood upon the beach, a few feet from her, with a gun in his hand. He called to the revenue boat not to land; but they, disregarding his attempt to intimidate them, ran in immediately along-side, between the Black Snake and the shore. Mudgett retreated a few steps, but kept on threatening, and said: "Don't lay hands on that boat. I swear by G—d I will blow the first man's brains out who lays hands on her." Lieut. Farrington, who seems to have been a brave and prudent man, with several men then stepped on board the Black Snake, when Mott came forward with the big gun, and resting

it in the crotch of a small tree, pointed to where the Lieutenant was standing. As the two boats were about to cast off, Mudgett came to the bank and cried to his men: "Come on, boys! parade yourselves! you are all cowards! they are going to carry the boat off!" Ledgard came and called, in what was denominated, in the testimony given in the trial, a Methodist tone of voice: "Lieutenant, prepare to meet your God! Your blood shall be spilt before you get out of the river!" The smuggling crew, with the exception of Day and Perkins, walked along the bank, using defiant and threatening language, as the boats were going down the river. The Fly came up to Joy's Landing to receive Mr. Rice, and take him across the river. Before they had landed upon the opposite side, there was a gun fired, the ball of which passed between the boats. Just as the Fly struck the shore, a second gun was fired, the ball of which passed through the stern, six inches from the Lieutenant's legs. Several guns were fired at the Black Snake, on board of which was Sergeant Johnson and 6 men. On the Fly, as Ellis Drake, of Clarendon, one of the soldiers of Lieut. Farrington, was stepping aft to take the helm, he was struck in the head by two balls, and killed instantly. The crews of the two boats were about to fire, when the Lieutenant said: "Do not fire! run to the south shore!" This done, they landed, and were met by Capt. Jonathan Ormsby, a citizen of that part of Burlington, who inquired "why he did not arrest these men, who were violating the laws of their country?" The party ascended the bank, and had passed a few rods up the road, when the large gun was discharged, with its load of 15 bullets, slugs and buck-shot. Capt. Ormsby fell, pierced by 5 balls, exclaiming: "Lord, have mercy on me! I am a dead man!" and instantly expired. Asa Marsh, one of the soldiers of Lieut. Farrington, a resident of Rutland, received 2 balls in his breast, a buck-shot in his right shoulder, and gasped once or twice, and died. Lieut. Farrington, who had refrained with so much patience from ordering his men to fire, was severely wounded. A shot went through the left arm, just above the elbow—another through the right shoulder, and a bullet wounded him in the forehead, and lodged in his hat.

Sergeant Johnson, upon this, made a dash upon the smugglers, and they were all taken

into custody, with the exception of Mott and Pease, and guarded until the arrival of the States Attorney, when they were taken to the village of Burlington and committed to prison. There was no resistance offered except by Dean, who threw Mr. Rice when he attempted to apprehend him; and, although tied with cords, he afterward contrived to get loose and escape through a window—but was secured. Pease was apprehended on Hog Island, by Capt. Harmon, and Mott by the agency of Asa Buckley, Esq., of Sheldon, at Hatley, C. E., and imprisoned at Burlington.

The greatest excitement now prevailed throughout the entire region. The people were horror-stricken at crimes like these, in the hitherto quiet and peaceable State of Vermont. They called upon the authorities of the State to maintain, inviolate, the dignity of the outraged law, and to let its tremendous penalties follow speedily and sure. The funeral of the three murdered men took place at the village of Burlington on Thursday, Aug. 4th. The remains were escorted by the militia company of Burlington, under the command of Capt. Justus Warner, to the court-house, where religious services were conducted, and an able and impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. Samuel Williams, LL. D., the historian of Vermont. A crowd of people from Burlington and the adjacent towns was in attendance. The rancor of political feeling was greatly increased by the events which have been detailed. The annual State election being near at hand, the democratic papers charged upon the federal party in and about Burlington, an indifference to the great crimes which had been committed, if they did not even sympathize with the murderers. A flaming hand-bill, headed by three coffins, was scattered over the State, and copied into the democratic papers, in which "respectable federalists" were charged with attempting "to screen the assassins, and throw the whole weight of guilt upon the government." That some had said that "Penniman had sent a military force to capture an empty boat, that they were glad at what had been done"—others, that "the officers of the government alone were to blame," and that "old Penniman ought to be hanged"—that "some of the principal merchants of Burlington furnished the insurgents with powder and ball for the express purpose of performing this bloody work." This was indignantly denied by the

federalists; nor is it at all probable that it was to any extent true. The rash expressions of heated and violent men are never to be regarded as the sober conviction of the great mass, with which, for the time, they may be associated.

The authorities of the State acted with promptness and celerity. On Tuesday, Aug. 23d, less than three weeks from the time of the affray, the supreme court was convened in special session at Burlington. There were present Hon. Royal Tyler, chief judge, Hon. Theophilus Harrington and Hon. Jonas Galusha, assistant judges; William Chase Harrington, Esq., States attorney; David Fay and Cornelius P. Van Ness, Esqrs., associate counsel for the prosecution: Bates Turner and Amos Marsh, Esqrs., were counsel for the prisoners.

In his charge to the grand jury Chief justice Tyler alluded to the general dismay—the "agitation of the public mind that prevailed"—"that some were ready to condemn the accused unheard, while others, perhaps, were disposed to excuse, and if not to excuse, to palliate." He said to the jury, that "if, in some moments of levity, any of you have thought that the primary laws of society, made for the preservation of human life, ought on this occasion to be relaxed, and to be accommodated to certain supposed exigencies of the times, purify yourselves from these prejudices."

On Friday, August 26th, the grand jury returned a bill of indictment against Samuel I. Mott, of Alburgh, Wm. Noaks, Slocum Clark and Truman Mudgett, of Highgate, Cyrus B. Dean and Josiah Pease, of Swanton, David Sheffield, of Colchester, and Francis Ledgard, of Milton. The trial of Samuel I. Mott commenced on Monday, Aug. 29th, and closed on Thursday evening, with a verdict of guilty of murder. On Friday, Sept. 2d, Cyrus B. Dean was put to the bar for trial; but the challenges peremptory, and for favor, were so numerous, that after an ineffectual attempt to fill up the panel, the court ordered a new venire for petit jurors, and adjourned until Saturday morning, when the trial commenced, and was closed on Monday, with a verdict of guilty of murder. Wednesday and Thursday the court were occupied with the trial of David Sheffield. Jireh Isham and Ethan Allen, jr., being called as talesmen, both declared that they had formed an opinion, that

these men ought not to be punished. A verdict of guilty of murder was returned on Friday morning. Mr. States attorney Harrington, in his remarks to the jury on the trial of Dean, said: "It is painful to find that party spirit, in this part of the United States, has already assumed an alarming attitude. Have we not seen, in the commencement of this present trial, measures taken and pursued by the prisoners' counsel to sweep every republican juror from the panel by peremptory challenge? Have we not repeatedly heard this question asked: 'Is such a juror a republican or a federalist? If the former he must not sit—if the latter he will answer our purpose.'" On Friday afternoon a motion in arrest of judgment, and for a new trial in the case of Mott, was argued; and on the following day a similar motion in the case of Dean and Sheffield. New trials were granted to Mott and Sheffield, and Dean was sentenced to be hung on Friday, October 28th. A respite, however, of two weeks, was given to the wretched man, by the governor. On Friday, Nov. 11th, at 12 o'clock, he was conducted to the court-house, where a solemn and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Truman Baldwin, of Charlotte. After the religious services, he was conveyed to the place of execution, which was situated a few rods west of the present burial-ground in Burlington, and, at 3 o'clock, p. m., was swung off. He exhibited to the last a degree of hardihood and careless unconcern, perhaps never equalled in this part of the country, and sadly contrasting with the mournful solemnity of the occasion. It was estimated that there were 10,000 spectators present. No more trials took place at the special term of the court.

At the regular term in January, 1809, Mudgett was tried; but the jury, in his case, did not agree. He was remanded to prison, and at the term of the court in January, 1810, a *nolle prosequi* was entered in his case by the State, and he was discharged. Mott, Sheffield and Ledgard, at the January term in 1809, were convicted of manslaughter. Mott and Sheffield were sentenced to stand 1 hour in the pillory, to receive 50 lashes each on his bare back, to be confined 10 years in the State prison, and to pay all costs of prosecution. Ledgard's sentence was the same, with the exception of the 50 stripes. These convicts were all received at the Vermont State prison on the 1st day of June, 1809, it being

the 2d day after the prison was opened for the reception of prisoners. Ledgard was pardoned by the governor, Nov. 12, 1811; Sheffield, Nov. 4, 1815; and Mott, Oct. 15, 1817.

Thus closes the account of the career of these lawless and desperate men. No one of them is known to have regained, to any extent, the reputation lost by this bloody crime. They removed either to Canada, or to distant portions of this country, and most, if not all, died as they deserved, in obscurity, neglect and poverty.

#### JUNE TRAINING IN VERMONT.

A SERIO-COMIC HISTORY BY L. L. DUTCHER.

A distinguished Scottish writer has said, that "nothing is trivial which throws light upon history." I quote this remark for the reason, that some may be wondering what can be made of a subject so trite and common as the one which I have chosen; while others may go so far as to deem it hardly equal to the dignity of a discussion. I will say further, that history is not always occupied in the narrative of great events. It is not a mere catalogue of mighty deeds and illustrious achievements. History does not walk upon stilts, communing alone with demi-gods and heroes. Her mission lies with the humble as well as with the lofty, and regards the social status, no less than the national polity. That history of a commonwealth which should refrain from portraying the home-life of its people, would fall far short of all just expectation, and would be accounted altogether unsatisfactory and incomplete. There are many things which influence a state in its progress and contribute to shape its destinies, which, isolated by themselves, appear to be of little importance. Of this character are the manners, habits, customs—the songs, sports and pastimes of a people, which, whatever we may think of them, are nevertheless legitimate and indispensable subjects of historic record.

June training—what shall I say of it. Venerable old humbug—admirable burlesque of every thing military. Apotheosis of the cocked hat and the peacock's feather, the gorgeous epaulette and the gay cockade. Holiday of holidays, with its fumes of burnt gunpowder, root-beer and gingerbread; with the shrieking of the wry-necked fife and the pounding of the old tub-drum. Saturnalia of

fun, frolic and roystering good humor, jovial, grotesque, obstreperous, grand carnival of fizz-pop-BANG! Such was June training in the olden time. The first Tuesday in June was the day fixed by the laws of the State, for the annual inspection and drill. Its coming has been anxiously awaited. With the earliest streak of dawn, squads of the younger and more ardent soldiery assembled in front of the dwellings of their principal officers, to fire a morning salute. The report of the heavily loaded guns rung out upon the still, clear air of morning, roaring down the vallies, and awakening a thousand echoes along the hill-sides, rousing whole neighborhoods prematurely, to the glories and the fatigues of the day. The officer thus honored appeared in his door-way in dishabille, and invited his comrades in arms to enter and partake of refreshments which had been provided over right, in anticipation of the visit. The staple refreshment was whisky, and under its influence, a continued popping of fire-arms was kept up, until some time after sunrise. But at length, there is a movement toward the village where the training is to be holden. People of all ages, many with arms and more without, in wagons, on horseback and on foot, are passing along the highways and coming in across-lots. In they come excited and mirthful. The village is soon alive with men and boys. The taverns, stores and shops are full. The bar-keepers in their shirt-sleeves are doing a lively business, and the music of the toddy-stick is incessant. Among the drinks of the old time was blackstrap, a compound of rum and molasses, which was quite too popular with the young men and boys, many of whom were, by its use, started upon a career of intemperance and ruin. The street shows a motley crowd, swaying hither and thither as some new object of excitement turns up. Flags flutter, drums rattle, and arms glisten in the sun-beams. In the parlor of the hotel sit the commissioned officers, stiff and stately in their unaccustomed toggerly. In a corner near by stands a table, spread with the inevitable decanters, at which the guests are invited to help themselves. The white-haired old soldiers of the Revolution come round, and are among those who require no second invitation. At length the long roll sounds from the drums, the orderly serjeant comes upon the scene armed with a spontoon, and calls on every man to fall in. The squad marches up and

down the street, rapidly augmenting in numbers, and is finally paraded upon the green. A sergeant, with the music and a detachment of men, is then sent to the hotel to escort the officers to the ground. They soon appear upon the piazza, the observed of all observers. On they come, keeping step to the strains of soul-stirring music, and with a heavy fringe of *tatter-de-malion* boys upon either flank and rear. The rank and file receive them with presented arms, and the captain assumes the command. The orderly sergeant is summoned to the front and calls the roll. On one occasion, a serjeant commenced calling out his own name, but was stopped by the captain who said to him, what do you do that for—didn't you know that you are here? Roll call being over, the musket drill, or as it was called, the manual exercise commences. A veteran of the Revolution stands in front acting as fogleman, and the men are taught to imitate his motions. The line exhibits a terrific array of guns, clubs, umbrellas and pitchfork handles. Of the former, the most common is the old French gun of the Revolution, a serviceable piece with bands and trimmings of iron. Next comes the British gun, or as they were called, the *king's arms*, a handsome article with brass mountings.—Then come hunting guns, rifles, shot-guns and sporting-pieces, no two of which are alike. Occasionally might be seen a gun nearly 7 feet in length, used by hunters, and highly prized, for bringing down game at long distances. Dr. John Warner, of St. Albans, had a famous gun of this description. This was the weapon with which he fought in the memorable battle of Bennington, and which, by repeated firing, became so hot that it could no longer be holden. He had captured, early in the day, seven Hessian prisoners with their guns. One of these he took, and with it fought the battle to its bloody close. The Doctor's old gun was carried to the trainings by one of his sons, the late Mr. Isaac Warner.

On one of the regimental muster days, while the inspection of arms and equipments was progressing, the officers in their turn came to young Warner. The inspecting general took his gun in hand, examined it and said, "This looks like a good gun, it has a good lock and it is a mighty long one too,—can you kill anything with it?" "Yes," said young Warner "I can kill a deer at 40 rods, and a tory twice as far." Dr. Warner was

among the most noted hunters of his day. Not one of those, however, who waste powder and ball upon birds and squirrels; this, for him, would have been small business, except when they were wanted to supply his table. But let a marauding bear, or prowling wolf, venture into the settlement, and Dr. Warner was the man to take to the track, and lucky indeed was the animal that escaped the contents of the famed *seven footer*. A catamount invaded his premises one night, and purloined from its pen the fatting calf. In the morning on discovering his loss, the Doctor took down his gun, and accompanied by his valorous and trusty dog, started in pursuit. He came upon the animal quietly making a breakfast upon the calf. A shot, badly wounded but did not disable him. The Doctor loaded and came up a second time, fired, and drove a charge of lead clean through his body,—yet the animal with the tenacity of life characteristic of his species, although writhing in agony and bleeding profusely, was still able to make off. The dog now pressed him closely and he went up into a tree. A third shot inflicted a terrible wound in the side of his head, destroying an eye and rendering him frantic with rage and desperation. He came rapidly down the tree, and set upon the Doctor with the energy of despair. The fight was exciting, but with the aid of the dog, who diverted the attention of the catamount by a prompt attack upon his rear, the Doctor was enabled to break his skull with a club.

In the season of deer-hunting, the Doctor, with his boys, would frequently take to the woods in the morning, and return at evening with the carcasses of five deer.

The Doctor was a firm democrat, and his vote for the regularly nominated ticket, except upon a great emergency, could always be relied upon. The democratic party had become a majority in the state, and had elected their entire ticket with the exception of the governor. The Hon. Isaac Tichenor, the federal candidate, was a formidable antagonist. By his great personal popularity and adroitness in managing the canvass, he continued to detach democratic votes sufficient to insure a re-election. The democratic leaders were greatly chagrined at this, and redoubled their efforts for his defeat. A great training was holden at St. Albans which was attended by Gov. Tichenor, who reviewed the

troops and made them a speech. No man could do this better. He was a polished gentleman of the old school, and had the rare gift of knowing just what to say, whatever might be the occasion. The hotel where he stopped was filled with people, among whom he circulated blandly, with a grasp of the hand and a kind word for each. The leading democrats were watching closely and growing uneasy and nervous. They were exceedingly disturbed on seeing Dr. Warner, that redoubtable old democrat, taken into the governor's private room. The Doctor's stop there was not very long, but when he came out, he was accosted at once by the late Gov. Van Ness, at that time a brilliant and rising young lawyer at St. Albans, who somewhat imprudently asserted, that the Doctor had been electioneered by Gov. Tichenor. The sturdy old Doctor, with a sincerity which nobody could question, replied, "it's a lie; the governor never said a word about politics. I'll tell you every word he said." Said he, "Dr. Warner, I want you to tell me the greatest distance at which you ever shot and killed a deer. I wish you to be particular in remembering, as I have a reason for asking the question." "I told him that I had shot and killed a deer at a distance of 50 rods." He then said, "Doctor, you've beat me. I killed a deer not many weeks since at a distance of 47 rods, and I really supposed that I had beaten every man in Vermont. I was sure I had, unless it was you; but I give it up—you've beat me; I shall have to try again." "And that," said the old Doctor, "was every word that passed between us." On election day, the Doctor, with his boys and a following of hunters and trappers who always voted as he did, went straight for Gov. Tichenor and he was re-elected.

But we will return to the company which we left paraded upon the green, and going through the manual exercise. Elections of officers frequently took place on June training days, and we will suppose that a corporal has been chosen. He steps to the front, faces the company and doffing the chapeau, addresses them as follows. "Gentlemen officers and fellow-soldiers: I return you my sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me, in choosing me for your corporal, and I will endeavor to serve you according to the best of my abilities." This was the regular form of speech, adopted by captain,

lieutenant, ensign, sergeant and corporal. I never knew of its being departed from but once. A smart, resolute young man had been elected a lieutenant, and being determined to break loose from the stereotype form, assured his comrades, that for years his bosom had burned with a desire for military glory, and should the occasion ever arrive, he would be ready to lead them to victory or death.

The settlers of Vermont were mostly good marksmen and expert hunters, and the proper handling of the musket was not a very difficult thing to learn. The gun was almost as indispensable as the axe, and not to be a good shot, was near to being in dishonor. They had moreover picked up from the old soldiers of the Revolution, considerable knowledge of the musket drill, and hence, became rapid learners when once afforded an opportunity for practice. The various evolutions in marching were a much more difficult matter. There existed but little knowledge of this, either among officers or men, and as a consequence, the most ordinary movements were very unskillfully performed. Captain Freeborn Potter, commanded the indomitable flood-wood company of St. Albans, some 66 years ago, and was a fine specimen of the kind of men by whom this State was settled. He was a man of strong mind, but deficient education. Two months of schooling was all that he ever enjoyed, and during that time, he did the chores of a large family, including the cutting of the wood for the winter fires, and the foddering of a large stock of cattle. When he took command of his company, it had never been drilled, nor was he, in military knowledge, much ahead of his men. But having accepted office, he felt bound to do all he could to improve his command. Accordingly, he procured for himself a new and handsome uniform, and exerted himself to get up a military spirit among his men. Yankee-like, he had picked up education sufficient to transact ordinary business, but when he came upon the language of the books, upon technical terms and set forms of expression, he generally ignored them altogether, and took the first word that came up, which would answer his purpose. On the first Tuesday in June, his company were called out for the annual inspection and drill. He was trying to wheel by platoons. It was easy to give the word of command, but the platoons did not come round exactly like a gate upon its

hinges—on the contrary, the men showed a strange proclivity to get mixed up, and the company began to present the appearance of a confused huddle. Capt. Potter, seeing the disorder, forgot in his confusion, all military jargon, and shouted, "hallo, hallo there, what are ye about—now stop right where you be." When the attempted march was arrested, said he, "why don't you mind your bunch," and passing in among them, pushing the misplaced men back into the platoons from which they had straggled, he said, "there, darn ye—get into your partin." Now said he, "when we try this again, every one of you must be sure and mind your bunch, and keep in your partin." Capt. Potter was not to be daunted by this unfavorable beginning, but persevered until he brought his company up to a respectable militia standard, and handed over to his successor a very different one from that which he found. Capt. Taplin, of Montpelier, was less successful. His company was deficient in that *esprit du corps*, which is so essential to all improvement. The men considered military duty a thing to be gotten rid of when it could be, and when it could not, then to be endured and got along with in the easiest manner possible. On a certain June training-day, they were marching about the streets of Montpelier. The captain, tall, erect and bony enthusiastic, and filled with martial fire to his very fingers' ends, was marshaling his command with an energy which won the admiration of all beholders. A fine brass-band which he had hired for the occasion, filled the air with spirit-stirring music, and Capt. Taplin was the proudest and the happiest of men. As they went "marching along," he turned into a different street without giving an order to wheel. Going on with head erect and lofty military stride, he all at once wheeled suddenly about, to execute some brilliantly conceived movement for the gratification of the crowd, when to his utter consternation, he saw his company, plodding complacently along the street he had just abandoned, leaving him with the band, alone in his glory.

Capt. John Gates had an experience in some respects similar. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and had served with credit in the army of the immortal Washington. But many years had elapsed since the duties of the camp and parade had been exchanged for the peaceful pursuits of life. In the seclu-



sion of his hill-side farm, he had become accustomed to the driving of cattle, rather than the marshaling of men. It is not singular, therefore, that in a moment of thoughtlessness, he should substitute for the military word of command, the less sonorous, but more familiar dialect of the farm. His company were marching on a certain training-day, and instead of an order to halt he said *whoa*. The men kept on, some of them looking back and saying, "We aint *oxen*." No, said the old captain, "I should not think you were; you act more like *steers*." At noon there came a recess for dinner. Scenes, which the pencil of a Hogarth alone could picture, followed. This was especially to be observed on general training or regimental muster days. Arms were stacked and guards set, when the troops, noisy and gleeful, scatter in all directions. The officers repair to the hotels where extensive preparations have been made for dinner, and a corps of fresh waiters extemporized for the occasion. The booths and shanties around the green where refreshments were sold, were well stocked and eager for business. They hold out various inducements to purchasers. In one, they exhibit a tame deer; in another, the cub of a black bear, or perhaps a full grown bruin. In another, a fiddler draws his bow vehemently, throwing out sounds rasping and loud, which are nearly drowned in the din and hurly-burly without. At another, the proprietor stands vociferating to the passing throng, "walk up, call up, roll up, tumble up, any way to get up."

The refreshments having been disposed of, the green is covered with straggling masses, where there is wrestling, jumping and other trials of strength. Peddlers mount their carts, and by loud shouting and wild gesticulation, attract an eager throng, to whom they vend cheap wares at auction. The inevitable soap-man is here too with his jokes and songs, plying his vocation with the *Johnny-Raws* of the vicinity. The liberated soldiers are gay and frolicsome. A mischievous youngster with heavily loaded gun, creeps cautiously near to some unsuspecting comrade, and fires, in close proximity to his ear. The start of surprise and alarm of the latter, causes a yell of delight from the surrounding multitude. The recess ends, and the drum-major, in scarlet coat and with official baton, draws up his corps of fifes and drums, and the long roll sounds. Officers and men hurry back to their places,

and the afternoon exercises commence. The troops march through the streets, and the town is enlivened with the shrill notes of the fifes and the *rub-a-dub* of the drums. After this comes the inspection, when the arms and equipments of each individual soldier are carefully examined and noted upon the orderly book. Such as are fully equipped according to law, were exempted from payment of a poll-tax. Regimental reviews were attended by the brigadier general and his staff, all mounted and in full military costume. The general with uncovered head rode slowly along the front and rear of the battalion, while the troops stood with presented arms. After this, he took position in front, and the troops, marching in platoons, passed in review before him. General trainings were often closed by a mock battle, or (as it was called) a sham-fight. They never became very popular. In one of these bloodless contests, an ambush had been laid for a party approaching. The men in ambush, seemed to be opposed to the taking of any unchivalrous advantage over their opponents. There they lay, concealed to be sure, but with fifes and drums playing their loudest strains. The old militia officers however ignorant they might have been of military tactics, were nevertheless, mostly, men of great personal courage, as any one who crossed their track readily ascertained. They were the successors and representatives of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, and their indomitable associates. Many of them were the sons of those hardy, intrepid, lion hearted-men, to whom the old Vermont song makes its stirring appeal:

"Ho! all to the borders, Vermonters come down,  
With your breeches of deer-skin and jackets of brown,  
With your red woolen caps and your moccasins, come  
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.  
Come down with your rifles, let gray wolf and fox  
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks,  
Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall,  
Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball.  
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows;  
And the reaping of wheat to the reaping of foes,  
Our vow is r corded, our banner unfurled,  
In the name of Vermont, we defy all the world."

Rough and uncultivated as were the most of these brawny old militia-men, yet for valor and true bravery, they have never been exceeded in the history of the world. A more splendid stock of fighting men, we very well know, never existed, than has been furnished by our own gallant State.

How they assisted in rolling back the tide of invasion which threatened Plattsburgh is well known, when, in the language of the old song:

"The Vermontese  
As thick as bees,  
Came swarming o'er the lake, Sirs."

Their valor was acknowledged by the commanding General (Macomb), and by Gov. Tompkins of New York. There was another song which was sung, shortly after the battle, by everybody, in all parts of the country. I will rescue this old ditty from oblivion, by giving it a place here:

#### THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH.

*Sung in the character of a black sailor, — TUNE, "The Battle of the Boyne."*

Back side Albany, stan' Lake Champlain,  
One little pond half full o' water;  
Plat-te-bug he dare too close 'pon de main,  
Town small, he grow bigger do' here-arter.  
On Lake Champlain Uncle Sam sot he boat,  
And Massa McDonough he sail 'em;  
And General Macomb makee Plattebug he home,  
Wid de army whom courage nebber fall 'em.

On de leventh day of September,  
In eighteen hundred and fourteen,  
Gubbener Probosc and he British sojer  
Cum to Plattebug, a tea-party courtin',  
And he boat cum too, arter Uncle Sam boat;  
Massa 'Donough he look sharp out de winder,  
And General Macomb—ah, he always at home,  
Catchee fire too, jis like a tinder.

Den bang, bang, bang, de cannon 'gin to roar,  
In Plattebug and all about dat quarter,  
Gubbenor Probosc try he hand upon de shore,  
While he boat take de luck upon de water.  
But Massa MacDonough knock he boat on de head,  
Brake he heart, brake he shin, stave he cabin in,  
And General Macomb he scare ole Probosc a home,  
'Tot me soul den I mus die a laffin'.

Ole Probosc scare so, he lef' all behind,  
Powder, ball, cannon, teapot and kittel;  
Some say he cotch a cole, muchee trouble in hemind,  
Cos he eat so much raw and cold vittal;  
Uncle Sam berry sorry to be sure for he pain,  
Wish he nurse up heself well and hearty,  
For General Macomb and Massa Donough be at home.  
When he notion for a nudder tea-party.

It certainly was no fault of the sturdy old officers, that our militia system failed to accomplish all that was expected from it. Some of the more enterprising and persevering of the old captains, did succeed in getting up something like military order among the men of their commands. Capt. Levi Hungerford, who commanded the militia company of Highgate during the early years of the present century, was a fine specimen of this class. He was a man of great energy, liberality and

public spirit, and when once set upon an object, rarely gave back. It was his determination that his company should be the best in the regiment. Highgate was in part settled by Dutch emigrants from the neighborhood of the Hudson river, and they proved to be singularly unmilitary in their habits and taste. At some of the earlier June trainings, numbers of the young Dutchmen came to the ground and took their places in the ranks barefooted. The Captain had a fund of quiet humor upon which he sometimes drew with effect. He said nothing about the nude feet, but commenced marching his company among thistles, over which he passed again and again, until the lesson intended had taken full effect. To encourage his men in the performance of their duty, he provided each man at his own expense with a neat and becoming uniform. This consisted of a rifle, frock and trousers, with a worsted fringe of green. As this company was the first uniformed body in the county of Franklin, its appearance commanded general admiration. The general trainings were holden every year at St. Albans, and were attended by great crowds of people. The governor was occasionally present and harangued the troops, the general and his staff were always there, and these gatherings became the great occasion of the year. To make an imposing display in entering the village of St. Albans upon the morning of general training-day, was the great object of Capt. Hungerford's ambition. His company were halted upon the outskirts of the village near the residence of Judge Hoyt, when the men brushed the dust from off their uniforms and equipments, and every thing was put in the best possible condition. The company was then formed in order for marching, when the Captain passed along their ranks, scrutinizing closely the appearance of each individual soldier, and rejecting such as he judged unfit for the ordeal they were to pass. When all was completed and they were in readiness to move, he took his place at their head, and tremulous with emotion, addressed to them a short and pithy speech. This, upon one occasion, ran substantially as follows. "Attention company. I want you all to hear what I am going to say. We're going to march right through St. Albans, straight to the parade-ground, and there'll be a thousand eyes upon us. The governor is there, and the general, and

I don't know how many more. They'll watch us close, you may depend. Now let's show 'em what Highgate can do. Heads up every man. Every man of you do your very best. An hour now is worth a whole eternity to come." The multitude in the village meanwhile were on the look-out for the grand-entry of Captain Hungerford's company, and when they heard the rattle of his drums and looking up the street beheld the well-known Highgate banner, the glistening guns and the white uniforms of the troops approaching, the excitement ran quite high. The piazzas, windows and doors along the street were filled with women and girls in their best attire, and the road-side presented solid ranks of admiring men and boys. Capt. Hungerford was in his glory. With drawn sword and high military bearing, he marshaled his one hundred men, performing various evolutions as they marched, which, however common they might appear to the veterans of the present, were by the spectators of that day, considered the *ne plus ultra* of military skill. The company proceeded to the parade-ground and took place in the line of the regiment. In the afternoon a grand review took place before Gov. Tichenor and the high military officers. The Governor complimented Capt. Hungerford upon the fine appearance of his command. The stout old Captain replied, "Governor, when I took command of that company, they *was* as awkward as Job's off-ox, but now, why they'd scale the walls of Quebec."

A brother of the Captain, the late Simeon Hungerford, Esq., killed a lynx with a fire-shovel. He was riding through the pine woods in Highgate one day, when an overgrown lynx bounded into the road and attacked his dog. The dog, although a heavy and powerful animal, was not a match for the lynx, and clung closely to the side of his master for protection. The lynx followed boldly and whenever Mr. Hungerford essayed to drive him back, would show his teeth and growl. On arriving at the log-cabin of Peter Stinehour, he sprang from his horse, rushed in and asked for a gun. Stinehour being out with his gun, the only available weapon to be had was a heavy iron fire-shovel. The lynx had come up and had fallen upon the poor dog whom he was fast overpowering. Mr. Hungerford grasped the fire-shovel and sprang to the rescue, when on opening the door, in rushed both dog and lynx in mortal

encounter. The woman with her children screaming in terror, ran up the ladder to the attic for safety. Mr. Hungerford dealt the lynx a heavy blow with the shovel, but without apparent effect. He struck a second time with all his force across the small of the back, when the lynx relaxed his hold upon the dog and made for the door. Mr. Hungerford, by repeated blows succeeded in dispatching him, and throwing the carcass across his horse, bore it home in triumph.

We had in St. Albans, some 49 years ago, something of a collision between the judicial and military authorities. The Franklin county court was in session on the first Tuesday in June, in the court-house, and Capt. Heman Green, with his company, were enacting June training upon the green in front. The presiding judge was annoyed with the music of the fifes and drums, and sent an officer to "order that captain to take his company elsewhere for the purpose of drilling." Captain Green replied, that he was not aware that a judge of the court possessed any authority to issue a military order; that himself and his men were engaged in the performance of duties required of them by the statute law of the state; that the public green was the place where the trainings had always been holden, and was, in fact, the only place where a company could be manoeuvred; that he should disturb the court as little as possible, but that the training must go on. The Judge, on hearing Capt. Green's reply, fired up, and ordered the sheriff to arrest and bring him into court forthwith. The sheriff made known the mandate of the judge, whereupon captain Green ordered his men to fix bayonets. They were then drawn up at the court-house door, and left in charge of lieutenant John Whittemore, who was ordered to enter and take possession of the court-room, in case the captain did not return at the end of 5 minutes. Capt. Green then, in full military tog, entered the court-house, and, without doffing the cocked-hat, stalked up to the judge's seat, and inquired what was wanted. The lawyers, officers and jurymen were greatly amused, and a suppressed titter ran over the court-room.—The Judge, with a puzzled countenance, looked up from his notes, and, trying to assume an air of self-possession, said, with an attempt at sternness: "What noise is this that I have been hearing?" Capt. Green replied that he could not tell what noise it was to

which his Hon. had alluded. It might be the gabble of the lawyers; and, possibly, he might mean the fifing and drumming upon the green." The Judge, then, with something like the appearance of the man who won the elephant in the raffle, said: "Let me hear no more of it." "Is this all?" said Capt. Green. Yes, that was all. He then returned to his company, and "June training" went forward with increased energy.

During the recess at noon, the affair at the court-house was freely discussed throughout the village, and in a manner not very complimentary to the Judge. Some of the young merchants and others presented Capt. Green with a quantity of powder, which they urged him to use freely during the afternoon training. When the company came together after the recess, the fifes and drums seemed possessed of an extra clamor of noise. There was firing, also, to an alarming extent—by files, by sections, by platoons and by the whole company. The training wound up toward sun-set with an uproarous sham-fight, when the men were ordered "to the right-about-face!" and dismissed. How the Judge got along with his court that afternoon, I never knew; but at evening he said to Capt. Green that "he guessed he had been a little too fast, and that he wished the matter buried in oblivion."

The legislature of Vermont, Oct. 30, 1844, repealed every act in relation to the militia; thus abolishing all military organizations and trainings, and leaving the State with no defence against foreign aggression, or force to secure internal tranquility. The martial spirit of the people was not merely allowed to decline, but through the example of our law-makers, was made the subject of idle jest and ridicule. The officers, whose military consequence was thus summarily destroyed, were more or less indignant; but the rank and file, who had long since voted June training a bore, were well pleased. The noisy drum and ear-piercing fife were silenced—banners were furled, and plumes went drooping. Swords and guns were put aside to rust and corrode, and dashy uniforms were packed away to become the pasturage of moths.

But June training was not thus to pass into oblivion. From the shades of Academus were to come the men, who, for a time at least, were to preserve its memory in vivid recollection. Overturned by our law-makers it

might be; but it was yet to become a subject of profound and earnest agitation in college-halls, and to furnish matter for grave and anxious deliberation to the erudite and reverend savans. The students of the University at Burlington (or perhaps I should say a large proportion of them) combined to honor its memory by a fantastical celebration of the first Tuesday in June. On each returning anniversary a grotesque procession was formed, in which a variety of characters and professions were represented. \* "Proceeding from the college *campus*, they marched through the principal streets, receiving various testimonials of approval in the shape of wreaths, bouquets, &c.; bestowed, probably, on those who, in the opinion of the fair donors, were considered most deserving for rendering themselves supremely ridiculous. The music of the occasion was furnished by drums and fifes, in the hands of those who never handled a musical instrument before. To these were added a band made up of obsolete instruments of tin and brass—the sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and shawm—tang-lang, locofodion and hugag. They, however, reserved their efforts for special occasions, when they woke the echoes in strains of altogether unearthly music." They halted in front of the Ladies' seminary, where they were drawn up in line, a speech was made, and the young ladies were complimented with cheers. On arriving at the court-house square they drew up in front of the American hotel, where spectators had congregated to the number of two or three thousand. Here they were reviewed by the commander-in-chief, Col. Jefferson Brick, who delivered an appropriate speech. The roll was then called, and the annual health report, 30 feet in length, read by the surgeon. After a salute of one gun by the flying artillery, from a toy-cannon of half-inch calibre, enclosed in sundry joints of rusty stove-pipe; and drawn by 8 specimens of skin and bone, once known as horses, the corps returned to the college, where they were disbanded.

There were not wanting wit and humor sufficient to redeem these proceedings from much of the grossness which otherwise would be charged to them. The preparation for June training grew every year more extensive, and began seriously to encroach upon the hours of study. The country round about was rummag-

\* College Words, page 272.

ed in search of quaint old habiliments and cast-off regimentals. For days previous to 1st Tuesday in June, the people talked of little else than the approaching celebration, and were wondering what new and unheard-of spectacles of wag-gery, the students were getting up for their amusement. When the day arrived, the rush from the surrounding country was tremendous. They came in crowds, by rail-way and carriages—the steam-boats brought large numbers from across the Lake, and the inhabitants of Burlington turned out in full force. The windows of the American hotel, and of the adjoining block, were taken out, and were filled with female faces. The roofs of all the buildings around the square were crowded with spectators. Every good look-out, any where near the spot, was occupied, and a dense mass of bystanders and lookers-on, in carriages, crowded the southern side of the square. The college authorities, while they heartily disapproved these practices, did not actually forbid them; but in the year 1856, after the preparation had been completed, they decided that the training should not be holden. The students, to avoid a direct collision with the authorities, decided that their celebration should be the burial of June training. They provided a coffin upon which was inscribed: "June training died June 3d, 1856. Death loves a shining mark." This was placed upon an open wagon, and drawn by 6 broken-down skeletons of mules, harnessed tandem, with 6 of the raggedest urchins in Burlington for riders. The motley phalanx proceeded to the court-house square, near the centre of which a grave had been dug. A funeral eulogy was then pronounced by the chaplain, from a text in Aristophanes: "*Klette te*"—in English: Weep ye. A speech from the redoubtable Col. Jefferson Brick followed; when June training was lowered to its last resting-place.

The participants in these scenes are now older and probably wiser men. Scattered over the country, and engaged, for the most part, in active and honorable pursuits, they have long since ceased to think of June training. They believe it to be both dead and buried, and will no doubt be greatly surprised when they hear that its ghost has been upon the walk, and that it has even been flaunting in the face of the literary associations, and the grave Historical Society of Vermont. June training had an eventful life. It was honored by our fathers—and there are many among the living who doubt the wisdom of the legislation by which

it was destroyed. It has met its death—it has had its burial. It has now had its historian; and we may henceforth say:

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

#### THE YANKEE ON THE WAR.

BY J. A. D. TAYLOR.

Find you a man that's all alive,  
Impatient, ever on the drive,  
Whose slowest walk is half a run,  
Whose sober look cloaks lots of fun,  
Whose words curtailed at both their ends,  
Are sometimes drawled to make amends,  
Who never trades, without a guess,  
"He'll take, at last, a leetle less,"  
One never caught in brawl or row,  
Whose hardest oath is "Neow, I swoow!"  
Perhaps uncouth and lean and lanky,  
You've found a real, native Yankee.  
You've found a man, that goes his way,  
Whatever Old Routine may say,  
And goes it strong, and goes it fast,  
As tho' to-day might be his last.  
No matter what he has to do,  
Familiar work or something new,  
Whatever be the thing on hand,  
Joyous or mournful, mean or grand,  
Be it to die, to court, or wed,  
His motto is "Let's go ahead!"  
He can't endure a long delay,  
Unless, indeed, it roundly pay,  
He cannot stop, but, right or wrong,  
Puts on the whip and goes along.  
If there's a paying job to do,  
He'll get it, and he'll put it thro',  
He looks to see a work begun,  
Ahead of time, completely done;  
Were ever lightning broke to ride  
He'd have on spurs and be astride.  
He's prone to think that good intentions,  
If not worked out, are poor inventions;  
That honesty is very well,  
In case one wants to buy or sell  
For cash in hand; but Wall Street stocks  
And "Truck and Dicker" are not "rocks."  
He loves the right, but will confess,  
A weakness for complete success.  
Be honest, truthful if you will,  
Take lawful toll, at gate and mill,  
But all the while heed number one,  
Whoever else goes by the run.—  
His eager, sanguine, hopeful haste  
Makes sometimes tho', distressful waste,  
Hence happen often sad mishaps,  
His engines overheat, collapse;  
Hence contracts where the biter's bit  
And suits at law that nowise fit,  
And telegraphs that don't transmit;  
Hence locomotives off the tracks,  
And racers once,—now spavined hacks,  
And patent mowers that, alas!  
Have cut his fingers, but not grass.  
For questions all too rudely popped,  
He finds acquaintance cut and dropped.—  
He seems to think the Yankee nation,  
Might take the job of the creation,  
Invent machines, and get it done,

As good as new, 'twixt sun and sun.  
Hence, "On to Richmond" is his cry,  
"Ho! let us take it, live or die."  
Old Science says, "It can't be done,"  
He says "Let's try it," grasps his gun,  
Advances, fights, and runs away,  
To try again some other day.—

Talk you of leaders Celt or Saxon,  
He heads the list with Andrew Jackson,  
Who, ill-supplied with needful means,  
Still fought, and beat at New Orleans,  
Bro't Choctaws, Creeks and Cherokees,  
All suppliant to their savage knees,  
Eclipsed like night o'er bright high noon,  
The baleful blaze of old Calhoun,  
And held, for years, the fierce array  
Of Southern bull dogs, all at bay:  
Compelled the Whigs and Bank and Biddle,  
To play a pensive second fiddle,  
And Louis Phillipe "*Parlez vous*"  
To pay the frances then over due.  
He dared to lead, and didn't wait,  
To curry favor, ward off hate.  
He did what he saw best to do,  
From his commanding point of view.  
Had he been 'round, these latter days,  
Affairs had not such dolorous phase.  
Ne'er had been heard, "Oh no I can't!"  
Buchanan's rhetoric and rant,  
But Davis, Tombs, and other such  
On nape of neck had felt his clutch,  
And learned what "*Habeas Corpus*" means,  
When Treason's bloody dagger gleams,  
And been hung up like thieving crows,  
A solemn hint to Freedom's foes,  
And Charleston, that accursed Gomorrah,  
With bomb shells plowed been fit to harrow,  
About the time her first fired gun  
Announced her Devil's dance begun.—  
Such treason ne'er had come to head,  
Except above "Old Hickory" dead.—  
And with a praise yet fuller, rounder,  
The Yankee lauds the "Great Expounder."—  
Tho' Webster, he thought, made a blunder,  
When he let off his loudest thunder  
To help Jeff. Davis and them others  
To catch their fugitive half brothers,—  
He "swow'd" by all that's good and great,  
He'd bear the hardest kind of fate,  
Before he'd sink so low, as be  
A south'ner's blood-hound for the free.  
His stub-toed cow-hides felt a thrill,  
In every peg, to kick to kill,  
Whoever dared head off a slave,  
Escaping from a living grave.  
He didn't care if Law did say,  
"Help catch 'em, if they run away;"  
If Daniel Webster did help make  
The record so, for Union's sake,—  
The immortal Daniel, biggest man  
That ever browned in Northern tan;—  
He honored, loved him, half-adored,—  
The Ship of State with him aboard,  
He thought as safe from storms as if  
It were the yellow painted skiff,  
His daughter made to seem to be  
Afloat upon a pea-green sea,—  
Tho' he, even he had made the Law

As savage as a cross-cut saw,  
He said he'd break it, yes, "*trien bien*"  
Tho' it should saw him thro' and thro'.

The Yankee has no itching for  
"The pomp and circumstance" of war.  
He thinks at best, it's wholesale murder;  
He doesn't know what is absurder,  
In any catalogue of morals,  
Than shooting folks, to settle quarrels.—  
He calmly talks the matter over,  
If only common "*tort and trover*"  
Or if assault "*cum vi et armis*"  
However great the loss or harm is,  
At very worst, he lets the Church  
Administer her holy birch,  
Or failing that, has civil Law  
Apply his tourniquet and saw.—  
He does not see how human weal  
Can be advanced by lead and steel,  
Applied in such all-killing fashion,  
In heat of most demoniac passion.—  
Indeed, suppose War were amusing,  
It costs too much to pay for using;  
Just think, what waste, what vast expense,  
What awful taxes henceforth, hence!  
How many widows, orphans, pensions  
And inextinguishable dissensions  
Are darkening now his whole horizon,  
Whichever point he turns his eyes on!  
If all the millions double-fisted,  
With sturdy sinews intertwisted,  
Of loyal and disloyal force  
Had never left their peaceful course,  
But swords been plow-shares and their tillage  
Waved over States left stark with pillage,  
What worlds of fodder, millions worth,  
Had piled the lap of mother Earth.—  
Why! every farthest heathen people  
Might have a church and tallest steeple:  
Each poor man's son, a mine of knowledge  
To explore in school and college,  
And every pauper in the nation,  
A life-long, fat, full-filling ration:  
How many now who go a-foot,  
Might have a coach and wife to boot!  
A luxury—such now is fashion—  
How few can spend the needed cash on!—  
He contemplates the cataracts  
Of moral-suasion-temperance tracts,  
Of soothing syrups, drops and mixtures,  
And infant-saving mild elixirs,  
Of ginger-beer and soda fountains,  
Clear, sparkling, cool and big as mountains,  
That might gush forth on every hand  
To energize our fainting land,  
Were the enormous cost of war,  
Wisely thus, accounted for.  
And then again he's most forgotten,  
The color, twist, and use of cotton,  
His wife and girls can't go to town,  
Except in some old fashioned gown.  
It takes their butter, cheese and more,  
To get things at the Grocery store,  
And so his choicest cup of tea,  
Is very languid, coarse Bohemian.  
Molasses, sugars are so high,  
He can't enjoy his pumpkin pie,  
Nor johnny-cake, that used to be

So brown and sweet exceedingly:  
 For what is either drank or eaten,  
 Has only wife's sad smiles to sweeten,  
 And oh! such smiles so crossed with woe,  
 Make all things look like indigo!  
 Her last year's bonnets, gowns and shoes  
 Are so productive of the Blues.  
 Contemplating each cherished hope,  
 He thinks of strychnine and a rope!  
 The future looks like rusty pewter,  
 His love loves self, or something neuter.—  
 His soul seems scarcely worth the keeping,  
 Since he must always go to meeting,  
 And pay the minister as much,  
 As when the times were nowise such.  
 He wishes, sometimes, he were single,  
 With no young rogues to feed or tingle,  
 And so be saved the huge expense,  
 Of common-school intelligence.—  
 When this distressful war broke out,  
 This direful curse of raid and rout,  
 It found him quite unused to killing,  
 More used to earn an honest shilling.  
 His women folks wa'n't fond of powder,—  
 Its voice, than theirs was so much louder,—  
 And only when his boys were backers,  
 Had dared to buy even fire-crackers.  
 He'd been for years in peaceful ways,  
 Preparing things for rainy days.  
 He'd whittled, calculated, guessed  
 And done, what seemed by all odds, best.  
 He'd heard the South's fierce threats and bluster,  
 At our Congressional general muster,  
 But thought it only meant for Buncombe,  
 If not, the earth had yawned and sunk 'em!  
 He never thought, they'd "pint" their guns  
 And shoot 'em at their mother's sons.  
 But since he finds they really meant it,  
 He guesses some he'll circumvent it.  
 When he must fight, will he or not,  
 He'll do some shooting 'fore he's shot.  
 He's sprung from those who shot to kill  
 At Lexington and Bunker Hill:  
 'Twont take him long to get the hang  
 Of sharpened steel and trumpets clang;  
 But none the less he "*sees and sweats*"  
 He doesn't like such bloody rows.  
 He kind o' calculates, perhaps,  
 He'll get some pretty staggerin' raps,  
 Before his "dander's up enough"  
 To be "all-fired ha'sh" and rough,  
 But sure as guns, the "fur will fly,"  
 When he must either fight or die!—  
 He knows his old June-Training rig  
 Ain't just the thing for such a jig:  
 His rusty musket kicked him over,  
 When he shot at his old dog Rover,—  
 The "pecky critter," that had gotten,  
 A liquorice tooth for lamb and mutton,—  
 Tho' well swabbed out with new-picked flint,  
 Yet fired with eyes more shut than squint;—  
 His swallow-tailed fourth-corporal coat,—  
 Nice thing when "Floodwood" was afloat,—  
 Seems "orful" scanty, 'fore and aft,  
 So like a hoopless female craft,  
 He don't believe it's going to "den"  
 Tho' "jist about as good as neu!"  
 He doesn't like to wait and fuss,  
 To step in time, and hear a cuss,

If he forget, and sometime find  
 He's "peggin on" some ways behind.  
 He doesn't see why 'tain't as well  
 To kind o' trot along pell-mell,  
 And if there's shooting on a-head,  
 Be free to dodge behind a shed  
 Or some convenient rock or tree,  
 And take a rest across his knee,  
 And then a cool and steady aim  
 As if for somewhat smaller game,  
 And drop a "Butnut" every shot  
 Across a clear ten-acre lot.  
 He thinks it's tempting Providence  
 To stand right out "afore" a fence,—  
 Not that he's scarey or has fears,  
 Of anything but women's tears,  
 Them, he admits, he cannot stan'  
 Tho' he don't fear the face of man,—  
 But then it's mighty foolish, when  
 A careful man might fight again,  
 To so expose for merest trifles,  
 One's vital "pints" to Minnie rifles,  
 When he might save, perhaps, the nation  
 By sending Jeff. to his relation,—  
 His, in a moral "pint" of view,  
 With breath and tail a sulphurous blue.—

He never thought for Southern weathers  
 The fittest suit was tar and feathers.  
 He knew that Sumner's brains and looks  
 Were damaged some by bully Brooks;  
 That Greeley's old white hat was mussed  
 By Arkansas' half-drunken Rast;  
 He scolded, but said, "Let 'em go,"  
 And never offered blow for blow.  
 But working out sublimer Fates,  
 He builded cities, founded states:  
 With Enterprize that knows no rest,  
 He conquered Nature, East and West,  
 Joined sea to seas and land to lands  
 With stronger, than wrought-iron bands.  
 The East has sent her children forth,  
 Her own heart's blood, her wealth and worth,  
 And filial love rewarded, blest,  
 Has made as one, the East and West.  
 Hence, but for him, in quiet dells,  
 Were not now known sweet Sabbath bells,  
 Nor joyous childhood schoolward bent,  
 Nor Law's almighty argument,  
 Nor Commerce whitening farthest seas,  
 The ancient Spice isles' perfumed leas,  
 Conveying from old Opher's strands,  
 An untold wealth of golden sands,  
 And feeding from our boundless store,  
 The hungry millions, nations o'er.—  
 And yet, says he, we'll answer for  
 Some antecedents of this war.  
 Is cotton king? Then Whitney's gins  
 Must father half the tyrant's sins.  
 They laugh and sneer at Yankee guesses,  
 But who guessed out their cotton presses?  
 They've got their richest cotton lands,  
 By ready help of Yankee hands;  
 Else ne'er were Louisiana bo't,  
 And Florida and Texas not.—  
 If they fight well, it's no great wonder,  
 They stole from us, their loudest thunder,  
 We've taught them all the good, they know.  
 For here is where their schoolma's grow

To their demands, we must confess  
 We've somehow always answered "yes."  
 Hence, blood-hounds in the everglades,  
 Hence, Walker's Filibuster raids,  
 Hence, Lopez' fate and his co-mates,  
 To make of Cuba, Southern states:  
 And blind to Slavery's dark disguises,  
 We've made and unmade compromises.  
 They've crushed the black man, (Oh! too long  
 We've blushed and borne the damning wrong),  
 And deaf to Reason's last appeal,  
 Seek now, to plant their iron heel  
 On northern necks; no less than that  
 My brother Douglass Democrat!  
 You don't believe it! Stop and think,  
 And mend your logic's broken link.  
 The curs'd decoction they've been brewing  
 Has been for years "We'll rule or ruin."  
 You knew it, hence you gave 'em Polk  
 And stern old Zach, old heart of oak,  
 And Franklin Pierce and "Oily Gammon,"  
 Alias hoodwinked James Buchanan.  
 They thought the Douglass too defiant  
 And therefore killed the "Little Giant,"  
 In spite of all our meek confessions,  
 Old vows renewed and mean concessions,  
*They* Democrats? Soule, Slidell,  
 Jeff. Davis, Stevens, Hunter, Bell,  
 The leaders of the "Master Race,"  
 They love the bear-hug, the embrace  
 Of working men, oh! what care they  
 For us or ours, unless it pay!  
 They thought we "*Mudville*" longed to lie  
 And undergird their rebel sty.  
 They found us prostrate, but how, now?  
 Oh! don't we very meekly bow?  
 Do they regard the promise fair,  
 A Southern yoke, we'll tamely bear!  
 Soon think they, on Old Bunker Hill,  
 To call their slave-roll, if they will!  
 How find they things at New Orleans,  
 Since Butler managed ways and means!  
 Where's Pensacola-haunting Bragg?  
 Where flaps now his rebel rag?  
 Where are their hosts, their "*last ditch*" men,  
 That swarmed around lost No. 10?  
 Where now, Forts Brown and Donaldson?  
 Whence Floyd and Pillow cut-and-run:  
 Where are their commerce, steamers, ships?  
 In "Uncle Sam's" two-fisted grips.  
 Forts Phillip, Jackson, fire rafts, dams  
 Iron-fleeced Manassas rams?  
 All "gone to grass" or else are Sam's.  
 Fort Hudson, Vicksburg and "The River!"—  
 If not their heart, next thing, their liver!—  
 They're cut in two and polypi  
 Can only be so, and not die!—  
 They're like the old Laocoon,  
 Whom huge twin serpents fastened on,  
 And coiled their monstrous lengths about,  
 Until his spirit sickered out.  
 For see, our sea-dogs watch their coast,  
 And inland everywhere a host!  
 And yet, it may take years and years,  
 And countless treasures, biers and tears  
 Before we make a right impression  
 On this born devil of Secession,  
 And we may die, and may not do it  
 If so, *our children shall renew it!*

Why, Cottondom, we've scarce begun!  
 We've been thus far more'n half in fun.  
 We started once or twice, or so,  
 For Richmond and—we didn't go,  
 But now we're going, don't you doubt it,  
 Tho' we should be an age about it.  
 And when we get there, like enough,  
 We'll handle things, a trifle rough,  
 And may be, we'll conclude to stay  
 And run the Government, if it pay,  
 And more, pick out some nice plantations  
 For ourselves and poor relations,  
 And introduce the long-faced stook,  
 You've heard of, round old Plymouth rock.  
 We will not leave to "Ole Virginny,"  
 A picayune nor picaninny,  
 Unless she soon come back to reason,  
 And so repent her of her treason;  
 Until she hears from hill and dell,  
 "There is a God in Israel!"  
 Who visits sins with wrath condign,  
 Whose mills grind slow, but awful fine;  
 Until she find, that blood and thunder  
 Won't rive our marriage bond asunder,  
 We Yankees calculate and guess  
 She'll know the meaning of—*Durress*.  
 True Yankee pluck and Yankee blood  
 Dyed many a field and turgid flood,  
 Some seven years, in times agone,  
 And think you less of heart and brawn,  
 In sons, than in heroic sires!  
 O! land of Floyd, of thieves and liars,  
 The craven last that dared to strike,  
 You show that like produces like,  
 For English convicts, prison-freed  
 Were of the worthless, outcast seed,  
 Old England freighted over seas  
 To start the crop of F. F. V's.—  
 They're above the thrifty arts  
 That flourish in these Northern parts:  
 They seek not wealth and money-power  
 And yet are fighting at this hour,  
 Because the North, they say, by stealth,  
 Has gotten all the power and wealth.  
 We read, it once was sternly said,  
 "In face's sweat eat ye your bread!"  
 Oh, what a wondrous act of grace,  
 That left exempt, the "Master Race!"  
 And visited with utmost rigors  
 Our Yankee faces and the "niggers."  
 The *Master Race*! both white and black  
 Must yield or feel the lash and rack!—  
 O! lords of Rebel-dom, beware,  
 Stern vengeance lurks 'neath crispy hair,  
 And iron sinews stiffen in  
 The tougher sun-tanned Yankee's akin.  
 He's slow to rouse to deadly fight,  
 But when aroused, his cause is right,  
 And woe! to any mortal wight  
 That dares, opposing, stand,  
 Before his clinched, uplifted brand  
 When strike for Right nerves heart and hand  
 Believe you, that the war is done  
 Before eternal victory's won!  
 That any party-patched-up peace  
 Shall ever bid this conflict cease!  
 No! by our countless funeral biers,  
 By widow's, orphan's, lover's tears,  
 By outraged law, by trampled right,



By our insulted free-born might,  
By yon o'er arching Heavens, shocked  
At Truth and Justice scorned and mocked,  
The North shall be a wilderness  
With not a soul to curse or bless,  
Or fell Rebellion shall be crushed  
And its abettors bite the dust.

Our father's God is sovereign still,  
Still resist and wait His will.  
Send forth O! North, thy freeborn hosts,  
Iron-mall thy sea-ward coasts,  
Abate no jot of heart or hope,  
The right with wrong may safely cope.  
God will avenge His own Elect,  
Our Ship of State cannot be wrecked.  
She's freighted with the world's best hopes,  
Religion sways her tiller ropes;  
Her flag inscribed with "Love to man,"  
Our father's to her main-top ran,  
That flag shall wave, triumphant wave  
While Ocean's tides his shores shall lave.  
The wheels of Progress backward roll?  
Millennial glory is its goal:  
Revive again old feudal rights,  
On this age's vantage heights,  
In this, the land of Washington,  
From Tyranny forever won!  
Where man is honored, not his birth,  
His manhood, his intrinsic worth;  
Where each must win his own estate  
Of honor, love, or shame and hate;  
Here found a Dynasty of Guilt  
On human rights, on crushed hearts built!  
There's enmity 'twixt us and it,  
Which shall not, can not intermit.

The Yankee says, that he can't see  
"What on airth's the South's idee,  
If 'ta'n't more room for raisin' niggers,  
For Mormon doin's and hair triggers:  
All Freedom bein' throttled, gagged  
All tongues tongue-tied, that ever wagged  
For human rights, in Freedom's cause,  
For black and white and equal laws.  
He says, he thought, without a doubt,  
Them kind o' things about played out!  
Han't Human Natur gone ahead  
A peg or two, in ages fied?  
Ain't woman something more than when  
To get but one, they hitched to ten?  
Is Human Progress tucked out  
On the Up Hill Perfection route,  
And gin' it up and backin' down?  
Are righteous doin's all done brown!  
Are Justice, Virtue, cavin' in,  
Is chaos goin' to come agin'!  
Shall "Terra firma" once more be  
A molten, seething, white-hot sea?  
Must Icebergs sail o'er Camel's Hump,  
And monstrous granite boulders dump  
Into New England's purty lap,  
And yawnin' Earth quakes stretch and gape,  
With universal rip and tare,  
Because aforesomes such things ware?  
He says, 'tan't in the Lord's program  
To make a Turk of Uncle Sam!  
He'll never drive on Northern Malls  
His Yankee belles nor colored galls; —  
He won't be lookin' ages back

For title deeds in white or black.  
If he seems winking "Yes, you may,"  
To any nose that's set that way,  
Just look agin, you'll find you're wrong,  
It isn't him, you'll find he's gone,  
*It's Jeff, that's got Sam's old skin on!* —  
You'll find that powder won't explode,  
And if it would, no guns to load,  
No broom-sticks, knives, no tooth nor nail  
No Yankee *feminine* nor male. —  
You'll find the airth on Dixon's line  
Cut sheer in taw, from heart to rine,  
And bust apart and yawnin' 'twixt  
Eternally a great gulf fixed!"

Tho' fearfully dark be this murky night,  
No moon, no star, no gleam of light,  
We know, we know, as sure as the world,  
The banner of Day will be soon unfurled.  
We know, that Night can never again  
Resume his dismal, chaotic reign.  
We know that the sun must ere long shine,  
And as aforesome, again define,  
Our mountain tops, lake and verdant lee,  
The graves of our fathers, the homes of the free.  
Aye! pall the blue firmament, hide the stars,  
Span Heaven across, as with dungeon bars,  
Oh! Curse of the South, your worst we scorn,  
No night can delay the rising morn.  
The hour has come, the hour and man;  
Lo! Grant now is leading the invincible van.  
On! sons of freemen, be swift in pursuit,  
And forever crush out this infernal emute;  
Never more in this land be it whispered or thought.  
The work of our fathers for nothing was wrought;  
That its links might be severed and the Heavens  
forged chain

In Passion's hell-fire be welded again.  
Be it known, that accursed, is the impious hand  
That would dare to undo the Heaven-joined band.  
We are *one, indivisibly, evermore one*,  
In weal or in woe, there is severance none.  
And oh! what a future, our dim eyes can see.  
Fair Freedom triumphant, the people all free.  
No power can conquer, no, nothing withstands  
A sovereignty wielded by millions of hands.  
Our Government a failure? No!  
We fear no home nor *foreign* foe.  
Ten hundred thousand free right hands,  
Have armed for fight at our commands,  
And thrice a million more, but wait  
The Sovereign fiat of the State.  
Old Monarchies e'en now, may know,  
And traitors north and fiends below,  
That self-ruled people wield a power,  
Unknown to king-traff, till this hour.  
All History's records nowhere show  
The North a weak and vanquished foe  
When North and South give blow for blow.  
Let Loyal and disloyal might  
Once grapple in a free, fair fight,  
Tho' blood-dyed Havoc ride amain  
And Carnage count his myriads slain,  
Our flag shall float the vantage height  
For always God upholds the right.  
O! Native land, be gone thy fears,  
Great glory waits thy coming years,  
Thy rule shall be from sea to sea,  
From icy north to sunniest lee,

O'er States all free; free soil, free speech  
 Shall mark thy boundaries' farthest reach,  
 And Labor for whom harvests smile  
 Shall nowhere more be reckoned vile,  
 And Yankee thought and Yankee guns,  
 Shall guard old Ethiopia's sons,  
 Till in due time her hosts shall be  
 All educated, happy, free,  
 And no more fearing Slavery's rod  
 Outstretch her swarthy arms to God.

"Jess so," says Brother Jonathan,  
 "We'll du it, what on't isn't done.  
 Come Sambo, Dinah come along!  
 We'll right this old infarnal wrong;  
 We'll straighten out its blasted kinks,—  
 Hot work unduin' all its links!—  
 Guess Slavery's chain has gone tu smash,  
 And suthin happened tu her lash."  
 "Wall! now, the fust thing, now you're free,  
 Is, larn tu cypher,—that's the i-dee,  
 And lay up suthin, 'gin a day  
 When blackest wool has streaks o' grey.  
 Don't be tu fast,—jess look around,  
 Afore you buy your cotton ground,  
 And when you du, might make believe  
 Don't want to buy,—you're goin' to leave,—  
 Tu big a price,—must throw off half,—  
 An' when they du, don't up an' laff,—  
 Look solum,—say it's pretty tuff  
 Tu pay so much for worn out stuff;  
*Get tittle sure*, then show your fren's  
 Your plows and plough shares,—means and en's—  
 Ain't Cat-c'nine-tails, an' the backs  
 Of white folks' color, mixed with blacks,  
 An' so 'fore long, that worn out sile  
 Will turn up, rich an' fat as ile.  
 You'll have tu vote 'fore long perhaps;  
 Then mind, look out, them rebel chaps,  
 'Bout 'lection time, will git you tite,  
 An' you'll believe that black is white.  
 We'll send you down some Temperance trax  
 Explainin' Andy Johnson's acts;—  
 And Yankee schoolma'ms, that'll be  
 A safer Moses 'cross the sea.  
 Must have a Deestrick School House now,  
 Sence A B C's wont raise a row;—  
 Your little picaninies need,  
 An' so du you, to larn to read,  
 An' Sarch the Scriptures," that you've heard  
 Dispensed-with,—in the preach-ed word,  
 'Cept where they tell 'bout cussin Ham,  
 An' Miss Delilah's wheedlin' Sam-  
 Bon, till she sheared off all his hair,  
 An' left him in Phillistines' care,—  
 The English Neutrals that then ware.—  
 You'll want to larn The Rule of Three,  
 'Bout faith, and Hope, and Charity;  
 The Faith that's ollers up an' duin',  
 An' Hope that sticks, you know, like, ginein',  
 An' Charity that's 'mazin' slow  
 To take Revenge an' Wrath in tow,  
 But don't see how she can exemp'  
 Old Massa Jeff, from pullin' hemp.—  
 As tu yer school house, an' its site,  
 The cheapest ones is ollers right.  
 Got enny frog-ponds, 'way down there?  
 Or rocky spots, a-moostwise bare,  
 An' good for nothin' else? then raise

Your school house there, o' rainy days.  
 Be savin'! 'tan't the house you want,  
 It's *Larnin'*, same as in Vermont.—  
 Where hoe-cake suits, an' black suits grow,  
 No need much wheat nor cloth tu sow,  
 To keep the folks, the year about,  
 From mortal wants inside an' out.  
 We have to coax the hills an' rocks  
 Tu take an' muss our gro'in' flocks,  
 An' scratch the airth's old back, beam deep,  
 Afore she'll give us grain tu reap.  
 O! Chuncks of midnight, 'proachin' day,  
 You've got a chance to make it pay  
 Tu pitch intu it, head an' heels,—  
 Work day an' night, an' bolt your meals.  
 Jess fill ole Nater's buzum full  
 Of cotton-seed; an' cotton-wool,  
 An' Yankee Whitney's cotton gin—  
 Not *fother* kind—will fetch the tin.  
 Why, feller critters! see, you're sot  
 In all creation's garden spot.  
 The West ain't it! You've got the fat,  
 Off on her mountain ribs, spread flat.  
 It's been a flo'in', 'way down South,  
 Out of them monstrous rivers' mouth,  
 Sence when old mastodons were 'fraid,  
 To stick a foot in't, for to wade.  
 We s'pose you might drive down a spile,  
 One top of t'other, half a mile,  
 An' then not tetch the upper side  
 Of that 'are fat, that fust was fried.  
 What of the weather is some hot,—  
 'Bout right to bile a Hottentot,—  
 An' skeeters grow as big as chickens,  
 And alligators raise the dickens,  
 If ever you get tangled in  
 Their countenance's openin';—  
 Jess kill 'em, dry 'em—small expense  
 Will make 'em intu picket fence.  
 Bein' all done brown, from head to feet,  
 You've got the hang uv sun-stroke heat—  
 Don't want umbrilla,—can't melt or tan,—  
 Stood Slavery, an' what can't yer stan?  
 You've weathered purty much the wust  
 That human critters ever cust.  
 You've tetched the bottom now, no doubt,—  
 Got foot-hold, chance to flounder out;  
 No gettin' lower, ef you try,—  
 It's up or nowhere, up or die.  
 In Night's cold bed, we've hearn 'em say,  
 The darkest hour lies next to Day;  
 Now ef there's life in Yankee yeast  
 Your Sun is risin' up, down East.

1864.

## MRS. A. H. BINGHAM

We first met at Brandon in 1857 or '58.  
 Her husband, Mr. A. H. Bingham, was prin-  
 cipal of the Brandon Seminary, at the time.  
 and for several years after. She was a wo-  
 man of personal attractions and poetical tem-  
 perament. She wrote at this time, and sev-  
 eral years later, we think, not only for the  
 paper published by Mr. Ford then in Bran-  
 don (the Rev. Wm.), but for several other pub-  
 lications, and a pleasing group of her poems  
 is clustered in both editions of our Poets and

Poetry of Vermont. The poem which follows, was selected by her, for her niche in this work—a dirge for a young friend, which we read remembering she, too, died in the full bloom of her womanhood. She died of a bronchial difficulty, terminating in consumption, and was lingeringly sick for some years. Indeed, she was in a slow decline when we first met her. We saw her at Middlebury in the autumn of 1859, she had not spoken a loud word for over 6 months then, and yet her flesh had not fallen nor her cheek faded,—and she lived yet on till the spring of '61. While at Brandon, she made a profession of Christian faith, and was received by Bishop Hopkins, into the Protestant Episcopal church. Says her husband, to whom we wrote soon after her death, for data for a biographical notice, "Mrs. Bingham was born in St. Albans, Sept. 10, 1825. Her father was a surgeon of great usefulness and repute in that town and surrounding county. She was married in Addison, Vt., Nov. 9, 1843. and died in Westfield, Mass., April 16, 1861. She was a dear, precious wife, a warm-hearted, genial friend, and in many directions, a woman of superior abilities. Her exit was peaceful."—*Ed.*

"Gone to the silent tomb!  
Gone from life's duty;  
Gone in her early bloom;  
Gone in her beauty!  
While her young heart beat high.  
Filled with love's gladness,  
While her soft loving eye  
Drooped not with sadness;  
Ere her cheek's rosy bloom  
Sorrow had faded;  
Ere life's cold cheerless gloom,  
Her brow had shaded;

While the bright Autumn leaves  
Softly were falling,  
Voices from spirit land,  
To her were calling,  
'Sister come quickly home!  
Thou must leave mother,  
Father—and dearer one,  
Sister, and brother.  
Sister, come;—do not fear.  
Tarry no longer:  
Strung ties now bind thee here—  
Heaven hath stronger.'

SARAH A. BINGHAM.

#### MEMOIR.

BY THE REV. J. H. HOPKINS, OF BURLINGTON.

Mrs. Charlotte Emily Fay was the oldest child of the Rt. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, D. D., first Bishop of Vermont, and was born on the 4th of May, 1817, at Hermitage Furnace, in Ligonier Valley, Pennsylvania, while her father was yet a layman, and engaged in the manufacture of iron. She was a child of extraordinary beauty and precocity, and in

both these respects her early years only foreshadowed the reality as seen in the fully developed woman. When she was about fourteen years of age, her father removed from Pittsburgh to become Professor in a newly organized Theological Seminary, and assistant rector of Trinity Church, Boston. During his residence at Cambridge, Mr. Charles Fay was admitted a candidate for holy orders, and, in his attendance at the Professor's house, an acquaintance with the daughter rapidly ripened into an attachment. When in October, 1832, the Professor became the first Bishop of Vermont and opened a school in Burlington, Mr. Fay soon followed, was transferred from the diocese of Massachusetts to Vermont, bore his part in the labors of the school, and was ordained deacon on the 9th of June 1833. On the 5th of September following, the marriage took place, Mrs. Fay being only a little more than 16 years of age at the time. Thenceforth she was a faithful helpmeet for her husband in each successive sphere of his labors.

Some years were spent mainly in her father's school at Burlington, varied with a brief sojourn in Vergennes. In 1837 they went to Highgate, where her passion for teaching—which was one of the irrepressible instincts of her life—soon formed a small school. In January 1841 they sailed for Savannah, and went up to Montpelier, Ga. to take the religious and literary oversight of the new diocesan church school for girls, then just started in that diocese under the zealous leadership of Bishop Elliott. Here Mrs. Fay's health,—never very strong, owing to the precocious development of her earlier years,—broke down at length under the burdens which the insatiable activity of her mind and will was ever too ready to assume; and in the autumn of 1843 they left Montpelier for a small and quiet parish at Bayou Goula, in Louisiana. A private school was soon started here also, which was continued until Mr. Fay was called to the building up of a new parish in New-Orleans. About two year's residence in that city was terminated by the ravages of the yellow fever, from which the family suffered so severely, that early in 1848 they returned to Vermont, Mr. Fay having been elected rector of the parish at St. Alban's. Here the congenial work of teaching was soon resumed and was continued with indomitable energy and spirit, though through obstacles continually increasing as health

slowly and steadily failed: nor was the heroic struggle suspended until she breathed her last on the 23rd of September, 1856, overcome by a complication of disorders, among which the chief were consumption and heart-disease.

Mrs. Fay was not only beautiful, but the range of her powers was as extraordinary as her ability in each department. She was brilliant in conversation, ingenious in argument, and capable of kindling a generous enthusiasm in the hearer. As a musician, not only were the highest productions of the greatest modern masters of the piano-forte easily within her reach, but, whether on that instrument or the organ, she could extemporize with wonderful facility and varied beauty: and the harp and the guitar and other minor instruments she had easily mastered also. Imagination and a vivid fancy not only gave a drapery of rich coloring to her ordinary writings, but in times of more than usual excitement irresistibly crystallized in poetic forms. She was a rapid and insatiable reader, and digested all she read. Her fingers were as skilful with pencil and crayons and brush as with the needle: and both oils and water color proved her success. In landscape gardening she took great delight. Her own sufferings compelled her to undertake medical studies, and the extent of her proficiency in this department, both theoretical and practical, was such as might easily have made some men successful and wealthy practitioners. She saved many lives; and no labor or fatigue was too much for her to endure in ministering to the poor. Yet in everything except the desired return of affection from those she served, she utterly lost sight of self, and devoted her intensest energies, with uncalculating profusion, to the service of others. For the animating principle of every fibre of her existence was her all-pervading sense of religion. Her whole life was one continuous sacrifice upon that altar. In words which vividly describe the exalted intensity, and the eager cravings of her higher faculties and powers, a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*\* says of her;—"Her mind was ever in a fever of desire, of invention, of agonized craving for the realization of the dreams of beauty, of beneficence, and of friendship that tormented her. The music rang in her ears; the pictures floated before her eyes; the fearful and wonderful human organism haunted

her brain; the dread mysteries of sin and suffering, the awfulness of human responsibility, the glories of salvation, burned upon her lips as she taught her children their daily Bible-lesson; and still, nailed to her chair, the swift needle went in and out,—went, as it often seemed to her, through her delicate lungs as well as through the cloth,—until at nine-and-thirty the struggle ended; the body, after long paroxysms of exquisite anguish; gave up its stronghold on life, and the rich soul exhaled away to Heaven, rejoicing to escape from the bars against which it had so long beaten its bright wings in vain."

She was the mother of 3 sons and 6 daughters, the oldest two of her sons preceding her to the other world, one in infancy, and the other at the age of 7 years: and none of her children left home for their education, so long as she lived.

FROM THE POETICAL MANUSCRIPTS OF MRS. FAY.  
TO A LUMP OF NORTHERN ICE.

*Written in Louisiana.*

Whence camest thou, beautiful as priceless gem,  
And purest of all earthly things below?  
Perchance reposing in some tranquil lake  
Erewhile thou slumber'd'st; or upon some stream,  
Some mountain river as the crystal clear,  
Leaped from the rocks in musical cascade;  
Or wandered lazily the fields among,  
Gazing in idleness on lowly cots,  
Where health and joy abide, or viewed the herds  
And peaceful flocks that grazed along the plain.  
Perhaps 'twas thine to mirror on thy breast  
The mountain-tops, or evening hues of heaven,  
Or lovingly to trace each several leaf,  
Each bending tree, and each enameled flower,  
That clustered o'er the margin of thy home.  
How hast thou kindly waved the spotless crest  
Of the pond-lily, floating up and down;  
And bathed the wild-flags feet, and brought new life  
And strength and beauty to her lilac pride!  
The water-fowl bathed in thee; and, in flight,  
Rose from the wave, and shook thee from his wings.  
The vigorous youth oft bared his sinewy limbs,  
And clave thee in his strength; and left the shore,  
To sport him in the grateful element.  
Upon thy green bower-shaded banks, there walked  
Or rode, alone, the lovers in their joy,  
Gazed in the bright translucent wave, and dreamed  
Its truth and purity their own, and flung  
Idly the emblem-rose of hope in thee.  
Yea, thou hast kissed the fading leaves that lay  
Close on the breast of beauty; and hast wept,  
Already wept, their sad prophetic fate.

And now, what dost thou here? Poor gem of Frost,  
Old Winter's diamond, see how thou hast fallen!  
Rest, in thy yearly slumber,—borne afar  
From all those lovely scenes, and kept in caves  
Of dreary darkness, bought and sold away  
Like any other slave, to serve the rich,—

How hast thou fallen, condemned to cool the waves  
Of the foul stream that forms the giant drain  
For thousands of long miles of travelled shore!  
Poor mountain jewel! Pitifully fall,  
Fast fall, thy pearly tears! Yet ere thou'rt gone  
My heart shall pity thee. Come, I will weave  
A song for thee, and thou shalt live again,—  
Live in the music of thine epitaph.  
Come, lie upon my throbbing brow, and cool  
The parching temple of incessant thought.  
Melt on these tear-dimmed eyes thy flowing drops,  
Grateful, as shed in silent sympathy:  
Then from my brow exhale, and mount to heaven.  
There sit upon some gold-fringed cloud of even'—  
For at the sunset hour my toll is o'er,—  
And I will watch for thee ere twilight comes,  
And breathe to thee a grateful whisper-tone,  
And envy thee, and strive to emulate.  
For I belonged among the mountain-tops;  
I, too, enjoyed the beautiful and pure:  
I, too, am stolen by the wicked world  
From every thing most hallowed and most prized,  
And frozen by its chill upon my soul.  
But when the summer breath of Heaven shall come,  
And with its warmth dissolve away this cold,  
I also, if it be the will of Christ,  
I also, may "exhale and mount to Heaven." 1846.

## ROSES.

Welcome, my roses, welcome!  
How beautiful ye are!  
This life hath naught so exquisite,  
So perfect, or so fair.  
Breathe forth your odors, as some evening prayer  
Purely and firmly soaring on the Sabbath air.  
Loose ye, my roses, loose ye  
From that close-bound cutting string;  
And gently bathe your wounded stems,  
Freed from the cruel thing.  
Nestle without constraint; each bud and leaf [grief,  
Sparkling with crystal dew-drops,—tears, but without  
Oh for some angel talisman  
To shield my flowers from change!  
How dear their ravishing delight;  
Their swift decay, how strange!  
How bitter, that in so few hours are told [cold!  
Their bright and rapturous welcome, their departure  
Wither, my roses, wither!  
There are other things as rife  
With rapture and with beauty,  
And as transient in their life: [bloom  
There are loves and friendships, truth and faith, that  
'Mid breath of kisses, smiles and prayers,—then seek  
the tomb.  
Wither, my roses, wither,  
And drop into the dust!  
Ye are not lovelier than true faith,  
More odorous than deep trust:  
The gem that trembles on the lids of Love  
Sparkles with radiance from its spirit-home above.  
Wither, my roses, wither!  
I will keep these faded leaves,  
Poor tokens of the glory  
Over which my spirit grieves.  
How beautiful the past! and Oh, how drear  
A future without hope, or love, or guide, save fear!

Wither, my roses, wither!  
For I dread the rest of life;  
And I wish that I could fade, like you,  
From the weary, bootless strife!  
Oh for a life of bloom once more, for aye,  
In worlds where flowers, pure love, and noble trust,  
ne'er die! 1846.

## ON RECEIVING THE GIFT OF A TUBEROSE.

[These lines, the last ever traced by her hand, were  
written during her last illness, only ten days before her  
death; and were produced within an hour.]

Dear Friend, my room exhibits off  
Rich gifts of fruit and flower;  
But of them all, not one, like thine,  
Could move my soul with power;—  
Not one could move the hidden power  
Where deepest feeling lies,  
Concentrated as a thing too rare  
For unreflecting eyes.

Far on Louisiana's shore,  
Our rude grass plat gave room  
To one gigantic tuberose plant,  
Loaded with giant bloom;  
And near the flower, a little grave,  
That held our only son,—  
Whose precious life no skill could save,—  
Lay lonely in the sun.  
It was a wretched, dreary spot,  
Where we could never stay;  
And when we moved, we had resolved  
To take the grave away:  
But yet while there, at eventide,  
When darkness hid my grief,  
I used to steal out to that grave,  
And weep there for relief;  
And when my head was pressed close down,  
On the damp and dewy grass,  
'Twas then the odor of that flower  
Like the breath of Heaven would pass.  
And half I fancied it like him,—  
His spirit wandering near,  
Reluctant to depart at once  
From all he held most dear;  
And half I thought it like his soul,—  
Whose household angel, Love,  
Pervaded every place and thing  
With impulse from above;  
And half I felt it like my prayers,  
Ascending from the tomb;  
Or like my unforgetting grief,  
There hovering like perfume:  
So the flower was my comforter,  
In the gentleness of night,  
And I retired, refreshed and calm,  
To sleep till morning light.  
But all this passed twelve years ago;  
And never saw I flower  
Of that same kind before or since;  
Until this present hour.

We left the place, and wished to take  
With us our hallowed dead:  
But ah! the great crevasse swept down  
The earth above his head!  
Full fathom deep, the grave and flower  
Lie, past all human ken;

Nor, till the judgment trump peals out,  
 Can they be found again:  
 But yet what comfort 'tis to know,  
 In my distressed estate,  
 That precious souls are safe in Heaven,  
 And there my coming wait.  
 The sudden odor of that flower,  
 Sent by your kindly hand,  
 For me was like a spirit-call  
 From that mysterious land.  
 I have outgrown the fanciful;  
 And now no flower on earth  
 Could so weave in with real woe,  
 Or touch my heart with mirth.  
 Youth treasures beauty: but the woe  
 Of ruthless middle age  
 Admit no childish compromise,  
 Amid their darkling rage;  
 And not until the heart lies crushed  
 Away from *all* this earth,  
 Can heavenly peace, or hope, shine in  
 On the soul of Godly Birth!  
 Then, when our *self* is gone, and Christ  
 Is *all in all*, at length  
 Affliction loses all its sting,  
 And blessings gather strength.  
 Then, innocent tastes return, and flowers—  
 His workmanship—appear;  
 And softened gratitude inspires  
 Each charm, and soothes each fear.  
 How beautiful,—although I wept—  
 How good of God, for me,  
 To take my sons, and keep them safe  
 Where shortly I must be!  
 How beautiful, *this* flower should come,  
 Here in my hours of pain,  
 A wafled memory, and a hope  
 Of meeting soon again!  
 Kind Friend, I thank the gentle hand  
 That blessed me thus unknown!  
 God guard, and shield, and strengthen thee,  
 And render thee *His own*!

## DIED IN HOSPITAL.

BY MRS. S. A. WATSON.

[*Hugh Mooney, born in St. Albans, enlisted in Co. L, First Vermont Cavalry, died a prisoner in Richmond, Virginia.*]

The city slept, vice, virtue, good and ill,  
 The scheming brain, kind heart and busy feet,  
 The cannon's thunder and the drums were still.  
 And but the sentry paced the silent street.  
 Night in the hospital—that Southern sky,  
 In mercy dropped to night her tears of rain,  
 And the cool breezes idly wandering by  
 Made pattering music on the window pane.  
 The weary soldiers heard the welcome sound.  
 Stern heroes battling with a sure decay,  
 Thought of the camp and of the battle ground,  
 And of the dear ones watching far away.

Silence reigned in the lonely ward, save when  
 Some weary sufferer moaned aloud with pain,  
 Or rose, to take some cooling drink and then  
 Turned on his couch, and strove to sleep again.  
 Dimly the lamp burned, near the break of day  
 Beside the couch on which one form reposed  
 Whose lamp of life was glimmering away,

Faint were his pulses and his eyes were closed.  
 He had been dreaming that the rain-drops fell  
 Upon the homestead roof, far, far away,  
 And listening to the music, loved so well,  
 He on his bed, beneath the rafters lay.  
 And then the thunder shook the heated air,  
 And lightning flashed across the midnight sky,  
 He heard the maple's groan in their despair,  
 And writhe and tremble as the gale went by.  
 He dreamed his mother stood beside his bed,  
 Thinking the storm might cause her boy to fear,  
 And smoothed the pillow under 'neath his head,  
 And whispered "Trust him, darling, God is here,"  
 He started up, to clasp her neck again,  
 And woke amid that weary scene of woe.  
 He heard the sufferers round him moan with pain,  
 And saw that the dim lamp was burning low.

He thought of home, with tears that would not stay  
 Within the fountains he had thought were dry—  
 Counted the sleepers who around him lay;  
 Not one had known him, in the days gone by.  
 He wondered if they missed him much at home,  
 And if they spoke his name, with tears and prayer,  
 And if they watched and prayed for him to come,  
 And kept his chamber as if he were there.  
 How many thoughts came o'er him, as he wept;  
 The shuddering thought, O what if he should die?  
 Thought of the grave-yard where his kindred slept,  
 And wondered where his lifeless form would lie.

And then like summer sunshine after rain,  
 Faith swept away the shadowy clouds of fear;  
 He seemed to hear his mother's voice again,  
 "O, trust him, trust him, darling, God is here."  
 They found him lying on his narrow bed,  
 When morning sunshine lay athwart the sky;  
 His heart was still—they said that he was dead.  
 It must have been a pleasant thing to die,  
 For he was lying in his tranquil sleep,  
 One wasted hand beneath his fair brown hair,  
 And on his brow a look of joy as deep,  
 As if a mother's kiss were lying there.

St. Albans, Vt., July, 1864.

## AN HOUR IN THE ST. ALBANS CEMETERIES.

South of the village centre, about the half  
 of a mile upon the left, on the bold, low brow  
 of a hill, side by side—two in front, and one in  
 the back-ground—are the three St. Albans  
 cemeteries. The village stretching away north-  
 ward, and reaching out westward, suburb-like  
 —the rail-road valley below, the grandeur of  
 hills beyond—over, against, around, beneath—  
 all one map of landscape beauty, out-spread—  
 these people have given, we note, the sacred  
 city of their dead, the best site therefor in all  
 their pleasant environs. We go up the little  
 style, or flight of steps for foot-people, below the  
 broad entrance-way for carriages and the sad  
 processions, and are within the old St. Albans  
 cemetery. Upon one of the first and principal  
 shafts we read the name of the Rev. Dr.

Rev. Dr. Worthington Smith, the 'great St. Albans man.' We wander among the graves, and find buried here, Seth Wetmore, Silas Hathaway, Hon. Benjamin Swift, Judge Bates Turner, Hon. John Smith,\* (whose portrait is given in this volume;) Maj. Morrill, Dea. Horace and Hon. Jonas: all names that we have known so long. We have found our St. Albans of the past! surrounded by monuments and tall head-stones—and with the lower curiously carved old head-stones, of from 40 to 70 years ago, we are more acquainted than with the village below. The names on these marble portals are more familiar than on the door-plates there, and the inhabitants, who dwell here, interest us more.—The men who dwell in our grave-yards seem not like the present generation. Perhaps distance lends enchantment; but the lines between the good and the bad certainly seem more broad and distinct, and the difference more visible between the "professed" and "unprofessed."

There was a noble class of old Congregational fathers of the earlier day in the State: men who did cordially hate the intrusion of the Baptist and the Methodist in the towns where they had planted their churches—all which was not against them as men, and rather for them as Christians; showing only that they had a more honest belief in their Calvinism than the men of to-day, and a grand large-heartedness, withal, to act out the part of an "elected" child. Their graves are thick here, as in most of the old yards in the State. They read their own divines, kept the Sabbath-day up to the high Puritan mark—believed implicitly, or almost, the sermons preached from their tall, narrow, box-like pulpits, raised a little above the galleries—combined politics and town-government, moderately, generally, with their religion—secured the minister-lot, so far as practicable, and preaching, by a tax on the grand-list.

The times in which they lived brought them out in a bold and favorable relief, upon the foreground. They stood up, grandly and sturdily, in their moral worth, and in their patriotism distinguished among the "settlers," where they will ever stand, honored and conspicuous, upon the first pages of the history of our State. They were a class never to be forgotten in the land. We never cross that common below, but what we seem to see the figure of Father Wooster in the midst of the green, stiff and erect, refusing to march to the sound of the Episcopal bell, the

first time it was rung—which the Episcopalians, with the humor of an exultant party, interpreted: "the good parson stood still from reverence." Yet the uncompromising old parson, to the Episcopalians and their bell, knew how to be lenient to a brother. Says Judge Soule: "While one of the deacons, on Sunday, was wending his way to meeting, he espied Mr. Joseph Soule securing hay before a storm. He (the deacon) advised Mr. Wooster to go and labor with him for working on Sunday. Says Mr. Wooster: 'Oh p'shaw! let Jo Soule alone. He won't work enough all the week to break the Sabbath.'" Mr. Wooster was fully a man in whom peculiarities are admirable—a grand representative man of his day and age. He was buried in Fairfield, the place of his long pastorate; but he preached here to many of these people in these graves, for some two years, we believe, and was always familiar here.

The monument thought to be most beautiful in these grounds—and it is a chaste and fair work of art, of fine Italian marble—is erected, or reclines, over the grave of George F. Sawyer. The monument represents a female, weeping. We pause sadly by this grave. We never knew the one who is buried here, that is directly; but the poor old biographer-brother,\* who had such a gift as we have seen in no other man for graphic, off-hand oral description—who wrote such strong, and so many, political papers, and who died murmuring politics—we knew very well. We are thinking, now, how he walked the room and talked, the first time we went to him to take down with our pencil some account of the men of his earlier day in Burlington. There is no one to write his biography for him, as he for his brothers, so proudly, sorrowfully, affectionately. And our eye runs over many more head-stones, and our feet wander beside many more graves.

From the first grave entered here to the last, all belong to our domain, and to the history of this people; and I confess that I would like a perfect list of the names on every stone here, and whatever was peculiar in their lives, to hand down on the pages of the history of St. Albans. I have a partial list, which I find among the papers of Mr. Dutcher, (to whom belongs every paper, not otherwise credited, in the history of St. Albans) which I will transfer here:

"COPYINGS FROM GRAVESTONES,

William Nason, died Dec. 9, 1810, aged 58  
Daniel Ryan, " Feb. 8, 1810, " 54

\* Gamaliel B. Sawyer, Esq., of Burlington.

\* Dr. Smith and John Smith are buried in the new cemetery; but their shafts are plainly seen from the old.  
L. L. DUTCHER.

William N. Ryan, " April 25, 1826, " 25  
 Abijah Stone, " Sept. 29, 1840, " 78  
 David Stevens, born at Methuen, Ms., July 2  
 1763, died Aug. 31, 1844, aged 81  
 D. Stevens, jr., " Nov. 16, 1840, " 45  
 Maj. Carter Hickok, " Dec. 10, 1813, " 37  
 Col. Joseph Jones, " March 1, 1807, " 49  
 Gen. Levi House, " March 30, 1813, " 44  
 Col. Step'n Keyes, " Aug. 2, 1804, " 50  
 John Gilman, " Aug. 31, 1845, " 76  
 Richard Holyoke, " Aug. 11, 1857, " 80  
 Capt. John Gates, " July 21, 1838, " 73  
 Silas Gates, " Nov. 9, 1813, " 19  
 Lewis Walker, " Sept. 5, 1852, " 82  
 Freeborn Potter, " Aug. 9, 1845, " 76"

The old cemetery is upon the upperhand, and the new upon the lower; the grounds being divided from each other, and from the Catholic yard, by a fence. In the Protestant yards are quite a number of Catholic graves—all, or mostly, either of converts who were buried with their families, or of families who owned lots. Of the former, in the new cemetery, not far from the entrance, three head-stones in a line, large and white, with a garland and cross upon the marble, mark the graves of three sisters born in Fairfield, this county, and who removed here with their parents, lived here for some years, died here,\* and here were buried.

Debbie, Helen and Anna Barlow were the daughters of Hon. Bradley Barlow, a man of wealth and influence in the County. Their lives are written in Mrs. Smalley's book†—one of the few native books, as yet, of Franklin County—wherein we read of Debbie and Helen at school at Villa Maria, Montreal. Debbie reads a book that leads to the investigation of the grave claims of Catholic theology, becomes the earnest young convert, whom nothing can turn back, goes straight forward on—beautiful Helen follows her serene persevering steps, and Anna follows Helen. The three are as stars on the forehead of the morning. One by one they transmute and pass away on the pages of this pleasing book. As the earliest sister-cluster of flowers of the Catholic faith in Vermont, these young lives have an interest, religious and historical, but as they have already been embalmed in biography, they do not call, perhaps, for further notice. But, here is also in

\* Since the above was written, we learn that Helen, who died first, died just before the removal of her family to St. Albans.

† See notes to Swanton papers.

the old cemetery, the grave of two other young Catholic sisters, the circumstances of whose deaths were as tender and perhaps as interesting—almost, which are altogether unrecorded. It is the grave of the Smith sisters to which I allude. In the little burial lot where it is made, are the graves of a household of ten, save one. Mr. G. G. Smith and wife and five children were received into the Catholic church about 1848. They had previously buried their three eldest children while very young and soon after they laid one of the remaining five here.

Mr. Smith died next, leaving his wife, two sons and two daughters, of whom the oldest son, the present homeopathic physician of St. Albans, is the sole survivor. The second son, Heber R., died in January, 1863, in his 21st year. The oldest daughter, Frances, we once saw. We recollect at this time the rare innocence of her countenance. Sarah is said to have been more brilliant, she could scarce have possessed more sweetness. Sarah first began to show symptoms of decline. The gentle Frances, as she had done all her sweet life, followed Sarah, Sarah keeping about the same distance in advance; but as she entered every lane that leads down the dark valley, she looked back for Frances, and Frances desired to overtake Sarah. It seemed they could not be separated, and both so desired to go together to God. It is said they asked it in their communions and their prayers for a long time. It was a sight that interested all around—two lovely village girls who had grown up in their midst into young womanhood, fading as a double rainbow in a summer sky. A few weeks before they died a young lady friend, soon to be married, brought in her trousseau to let these sisters see it. They had been her young girl and school-mates. These dear sisters looked at the rich dress-stuffs, the beautiful lace-work, the lovely flowers. They pronounced everything pretty, very pretty, beautiful! It was sweet to see what an artless interest they took in it all. But when they had examined and innocently enjoyed all, said Frances, turning with a bright smile to Sarah. "But Sada, we wouldn't exchange with her for the world, would we?" "Oh no!" said Sarah the same bright look communicated to her face. It was thought Frances might yet live some days when Sarah was taken in her agony. Frances, who at once desired to be brought to



her room, sat supported by her bedside and encouraged her. Such was her love, she was jealous for her sister, least she should, in the greatness of her sufferings, by but one moment's impatience, dim the brightness of her sacrifice. It was a tender dying bed, upon which one sister lay in the last struggle, and by which another sat, that light in her eyes, and whiteness in her face—she was sure to go soon. And not less interesting, perhaps, than her two dying girls, at the foot of the couch stood the widowed mother herself, already smitten by the same family destroyer, and near the brink of the grave, to which she but a few months later went down. Said one, who had but just come from the scene. "She stood, so pale and sorrowful, but so silent, she reminded us of the Mother of Sorrows, herself, and the water-proof cloak in which she had draped herself, as the night was chilly and she felt the cold, the hood of the garment shadowing her face, rendered the resemblance striking, to that so well known picture, the *Mater Dolorosa*."

Sarah died about midnight. Frances was carried back to her room and died at 10 o'clock the next morning. It was talked among the Catholics, that Sarah upon first entering the spirit world had besought this favor. They were buried in one grave and one coffin: robed in blue silk, they lay within each others arms in the double casket; the hair of Frances rich and sun-hued, gathered back from her gleaming white forehead, scarcely more serene than in life. Sarah, who had had more changes and beauty, nestled with her face toward her sister, now very still and white. It was, perhaps, the most interesting picture of death the village had ever witnessed—two young sisters between the ages of 19 and 22. Both had, in dying, received the sacraments of their religion. Their funeral was largely attended and the Bishop of the diocese preached upon the occasion, saying in his sermon, "Our Lord never comes into a house but what he brings with him a cross." He praised these young women as having given all their talents always to the church. He spoke of their voices having assisted in the choir and of Frances as organist and how they labored in times of fairs when money was to be raised for the benefit of the church. They died in the summer of 1866.

In this cemetery is, also, the lot of one

other prominent convert family which we will briefly note: Upon one of the stones we read Mrs. Crynthia Penniman and her age and the time of her death. Mrs. Penniman was the wife of E. Marvin, Esq., the son of Dr. Marvin of Franklin, (for whose biography see town of Franklin in this volume.) After the death of Mr. Marvin, Mrs. Marvin was married to Dr. Jabez Penniman, of Colchester, whose first wife was the widow of Gen. Ethan Allen. Mrs. Penniman survived her second husband, also. She lived after his death with her daughter Mrs. B. H. Smalley, a daughter by Mr. Marvin. She was an Episcopalian for many years and one of the number who, soon after Mr. Hoyt, became Catholics. In the plat with the grand-parent sleeps a name-sake granddaughter. The stone which marks the smaller grave is lettered, "Cynthia Smalley, aged 17." It is the young grave of her for whom the "Out in the Cold," in the Swanton papers was written. But what has this artless village maid in her life, that her name should be written? Little, save that she was an only daughter of a well-known barrister in the State, and her mother the most gifted lady writer of northern Vermont, and people will take an interest, at least, in the history of their authors and that of their family. Yes, there is little to say of one whose life may be told in one simple answer to a companion who pressed to know why she did not read Harper,—Harper which was so elegant, so amusing,—Harper in which there was no harm, and could not hurt her if there were. "My Lord has given me a pearl of great price to keep, it is very bright now, but it is of such delicacy the least breath contrary to it may dim its luster, and I want to keep it bright to carry to Him." This Cynthia is the niece for whom "Aunt Laura's Lament" was written. Aunt Laura rests also in the same burial-plat. I think there are no other Catholic graves of particular interest in these yards. It has seemed proper to mention these the more particularly, as Catholics do not bury usually in Protestant cemeteries. It is the only graveyard, of which we know, in the State, where so many Catholic graves are intermingled and a Catholic yard adjacent.

In the new cemetery, there is also the Aldis family monument, in whose shadow sleep three other sister-graves—among the loveliest of St. Albans' daughters, we have been told

were these beautiful daughters\* of Judge Aldis. That same pale disease that gathered those other young Flowers from Fairfield, and from this village, and that sweeps away annually so many of our fairest and most interesting young women just blooming into womanhood, before a blight the least has fallen upon their youth and beauty, gathered these same blossoms, in this intellectual and happy family.

We stand now by the grave-side of Mrs. Charlotte Emily Fay. A few leaves of her manuscript, redolent with poesy, breathe fragrance from the page devoted to her in this St. Albans. In our vision is the loveliness of her portrait, painted by her gifted father, in our memory the song of her 'Roses.'

Here rests another who had written before he came to sleep with them, of many who sleep here—but a little while before he came—It is the grave of the venerable James Davis, who was to have furnished the history of St. Albans, but died, and Mr. Dutcher succeeded to the work which he has accomplished so well.

There are other graves we would mention were we upon the spot—there must be—we write now but from memory—These interesting graveyards moved us so much when we visited them—we can now only so "lay their ghosts."

The finest burial site however, we regarded when we visited this yard, was that of our old acquaintance, Mr. Jonathan M. Blaisdell, whose memorial is also among these papers. The old homestead, northward on the brow of the hill, with the giant cotton trees before the door is distinctly seen from his grave. It was a son of his, and who lives over in that house, who grappled one of the robbers, coming out of the bank in the time of the rebel raid which Mr. Dutcher tells about. But an hour in a graveyard is almost as short as life, and we have no more space. ED.

\* Daughter of Hon. A. O. Aldis, and grand-daughter of Hon. Asa Aldis. Their names were Mary Frances, Miranda and Harriet.—L. L. DUTCHER.

[We have already observed, our paper was written but from memory. But the proof having been sent to St. Albans and there corrected, the statements may be regarded, as for the present, correct. A change, however, since we visited the spot, which commenced with the opening of the new yard, has been and is still going on, by the removal of many buried in the old yard, to family lots in the new one.—Ed.]

## SHELDON.

BY H. R. WHITNEY.\*

"For early memories round me throng,  
Old times, old manners, and old men.—M. F. TUPPER.

Upon the map of the State, a township of pentagonal shape will be observed occupying nearly the central portion of Franklin Co. That town, originally called Hungerford, was changed to Sheldon, Nov. 8, 1792. It is embraced between 44° 54' N. lat. and 4° 1' E. long. from Washington. Highgate, Franklin and Enosburgh bound it on the N., Fairfield and Swanton on the S., Enosburgh on the E., Highgate and Swanton on the W. It contains 23,040 acres, and is longest from east to west, being about 11 miles; and 4, at its widest part, north and south.

There are no ponds, marshes or bodies of standing water, of the least extent, within its boundaries. The three principal streams are the *Missisquoi*, *Black Creek* and *Tyler's Branch*.

The *Missisquoi* derives its name from the Indian words *Missi* meaning *much*, and *Kiscoo* *waterfowl*, from the great number of cranes, herons and ducks, that frequented, and still frequent, this stream and its branches every season. Next to Otter Creek it is the largest and longest stream in the State; (it has the width but not the depth of Otter Creek;) it is about 80 miles long and drains a surface of 600 square miles. It enters the town about a mile south of the N. E. corner, and about the same distance below Enosburgh Falls. At the end of another mile, running a westerly course, it is joined by one of its principal tributaries—Tyler's Branch. Continuing along, in graceful curves, gradually bending southward, it receives another and its largest tributary—Black Creek. Here there is a general angle in its course and it bends to the N. W., and after flowing a distance of 4 or 5 miles, making numerous curves and affording several fine mill-privileges, it enters the town of Highgate; coursing, in its whole distance through the town, nearly or quite 11 miles. To assert that it has as wild and picturesque scenery—of foaming rapids and dashing cascades—as some of our mountain streams would be incorrect; but in placidity of surface, green, sloping banks, gentle windings and flowing, graceful scenery, it is unsurpassed.

Black Creek, running through Fairfield, enters Sheldon on the south, and empties into

\* Deceased.

the Missisquoi 2 miles below. It has a good water-power about a mile above its mouth, at Sheldon village, which is thoroughly improved.

Tyler's Branch, a stream of less size than Black Creek, enters the town on the east. After running scarcely more than a mile northwesterly, it adds its waters to those of the Missisquoi. Unlike the two former streams, however, whose currents are moderate and waters scarcely translucent, Tyler's Branch has a rapid flow, with a rippling, ruffled surface, and its limpid depths are as pure and sparkling as the mountain springs from which it flows. Besides these there are minor streams emptying into the Missisquoi at different points, the principal of which are Goodsell and Morrow brooks.

There are several mineral springs situated in the western part of the town, upon lands until recently owned by L. Adams, Esq. The principal, or most noted, was discovered nearly 50 years ago by Moses Kimball and Eleazer Draper, and has always gone by the name of Kimball Spring, but came not into high repute until lately. Its waters are now considered a cure for cancerous and scrofulous affections, particularly. It is now owned by C. Bainbridge Smith of New York City. Mr. Smith himself was cured of cancer on the tongue by use of the water, when all hopes of relief from the medical faculty had left him. The waters have been analyzed by a *New York* chemist. The principal properties are chloride of sodium, carbonate of sodium, chloride of magnesia, carbonate of magnesia, chloride of lime, alumina, sulphate of lime, silica, carbonate of iron, carbonic sulphuric acid, carbonate of manganese and hydro-chloric acid. It has no unpleasant or peculiar taste common to most mineral springs; it is a clear, cold, soft, spring water.

Three or four other springs have been "tubed" in the immediate vicinity, all with different properties, but neither of them has yet been analyzed. One of them is strongly impregnated with sulphur. It is believed that, when tested, they will prove valuable acquisitions.

The Kimball or "*Missisquoi 'A' Spring*," as it is called, has a rough temporary bottling-house erected over it, where thousands of bottles are filled by improved machinery and forwarded to market.

Mr. Smith, the proprietor, has recently

purchased additional lands about the springs, and intends, the present season (1867), to ornament the grounds around them, and erect a large hotel, near by, for the accommodation of invalids and guests. The villagers, too, residing at a distance of two miles are preparing for visitors; and Mr. Wright, the proprietor of the Central, has enlarged and is putting in order his house for guests.

The surface of the town is pleasantly diversified by broad valleys and gentle rolling uplands. Bordering upon the Missisquoi and principal streams are wide and expansive intervals appearing like one unbroken garden or field of cultivation. The quality of soil, too, is unsurpassed, if not unequalled—a deep, rich alluvial. The uplands, receding gradually in most places north and south of the Missisquoi valley, are of a rich mellow loam and very productive. Perhaps one of the best evidences of the high estimation which is placed upon Sheldon, as a farming district, is the fact that wealthy men from the cities have here purchased farms, considering them valuable investments.

The higher lands are timbered with ash, beech, birch, maple, oak, &c. In the valleys and bordering upon the streams, where they remain uncleared, are tracts of valuable pine and hemlock, with a mixture of butternut, elm, and other soft woods. The pine tract, originally and at present, predominates in the western part of the town, where the soil is lighter and less productive.

Geologically there are three distinct general formations crossing the town in lines nearly north and south with strikes almost parallel. In the eastern and larger part, strata of slate, beds of chlorite, and considerable talcose slate abound. The central formation is similar to the former, having more of talcose slate. In the western part, marble formations exist, together with magnesian and silicious limestone, and strata of magnesian slate. It is in the eastern part of this formation that the mineral springs are situated, and it is plausibly apparent that the properties developed by Chemistry are stoutly and consistently substantiated by its elder sister-science Geology. The dip of the rocks, in the eastern part of the town, is from 75 to 80 degrees, in the north and west, 60 to 65.

The town was originally called Hungerford, from Samuel Hungerford, to whom, with 64 others, it was granted, in 1763. Hunger-

ford resided in New Fairfield, Ct. Some of the other grantees lived in Greenwich, Ct. Among them was Uriah Field, or "Daddy Field" as he was familiarly called, an exemplary old quaker. In course of time he seems to have acquired, by purchase, the greater part of the town. It was of him and Timothy Rogers, living in Ferrisburgh Vt., and who was one of the town's first surveyors—that the Sheldons bought, and gave it their name. Year after year, for nearly 20 years, did "old daddy Field" and his two sons, wearing their broad-brimmed hats and quaint suits of gray, visit Sheldon, riding all the way from Connecticut on horseback, to receive their annual pay, which was in part beef-cattle, which they drove to New York markets.

The first of the Sheldons that visited the town was Samuel B., or "Major Sam," as he was afterwards called. He and Elisha, Jr., and George were sons of Col. Elisha Sheldon. It was in 1789 that Major Sam first came to town. His object in coming was to look the township over and inspect the soil previous to purchasing. Instead of approaching as the early settlers afterwards did by the way of Fairfield, alone, unaccompanied by man or beast, he ascended the Lamoille to Cambridge; passed through Bakersfield, then an unfrequented wilderness, striking one of the branches that empties into Tyler's Branch, which he descended until he reached the point where the latter stream joins the Missisquoi, and, to him within the bounds of the promised land. It being nightfall, he stopped here until morning, and a large elm was long pointed out as the one beneath which he first slept; (distant many a mile from any habitation or human being save, perchance, the lurking red man,) with no covering or protection—nothing save a "portmanteau for a pillow."

In the spring of 1790, George, the youngest son of Col. Sheldon, accompanied by a sturdy old Scotchman by the name of Mac Namara and his wife, together with several negro servants, came to town as "first settlers;" their only means of locomotion being a yoke of oxen and sled. From the town of Fairfield—the nearest settled point for a distance of 10 miles, they marked trees for a road through the dense wood to the Missisquoi. Here, upon the north side of the river, opposite the outlet of Tyler's Branch, and

scarcely more than a stone's throw from the old elm beneath which Major Sam passed a lonely night, the year previous, they constructed a log house—the first built in town by white men, and upon land now owned by J. Towle, Esq.

Here also was the first tree felled, the first ground broken, and the first seed planted.

"What could lure their steps

To this drear desert?"

Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,  
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,  
And savage men, who through the thickets peer  
With vengeful arrow."

After the crops were harvested the negroes returned to Burlington to pass the winter. George also started for home in Connecticut, leaving Mac Namara and wife to keep watch and ward over matters at the settlement until the return of spring. The sufferings and sorrows of the lonely settler—his trust and determination—have passed into tradition. Well does it illustrate the stern, unflinching character of the pioneer, and none more worthy than this resolute son of Caledonia—it is this: on his way home George had requested a Mr. Hawley, living in Fairfield, to visit Mac Namara occasionally and see to him. Hawley agreed to, but failed to do so, even once. Early the next spring George returned, and, when he learned that Hawley had not seen him, he felt much concerned and hastened on. What was his astonishment when he reached the settlement, to find that Mac Namara's wife had died and that he had covered the body in a snow-bank near the house. She was afterward buried on the south side of the river, about a quarter of a mile distant, upon a "hemlock ridge," and there, alone, where no monument nor tablet marks the spot, and where the exact place cannot be indicated, for

"The gravestone is the seal,"

is pointed out the "bold, bald bluff" wherein lies buried the first known white person that died within the town's limits.

Later in the spring, Col. Sheldon and his sons, Elisha, Jr., Maj. Sam. and son-in-law, Elnathan Keyes, together with their families and that of George, and their Negro servants, also James Herrick and James Hawley, arrived in town. While on their way, as near as can be ascertained, at the house of Daniel Stannard, in Georgia, the first town organization took place. Col. Sheldon, Elisha, Jr.,

Maj. Sam. and James Hawley were appointed selectmen, and James Herrick, constable. Settling at different points, all parties began in earnest the clearing of lands and growing of crops. Meanwhile others joined them and the settlement advanced, with considerable rapidity, so that, in 1796, 33 votes were cast for Samuel Hitchcock, M. C., and, undoubtedly, some did not vote.

The St. Francis Indians were a cause of no little apprehension to the inhabitants for a number of years; even as late as the "last war." The Missisquoi and its branches abounding with their favorite trout, and the valleys and hills bordering affording much game,—were to them a rich hunting-ground; to which, until within a few years, they tenaciously held claim. That large inland peninsula formed by the St. Francis, Missisquoi and Richelieu rivers, was particularly claimed and reluctantly yielded. Although they never did much injury to the settlers, they always appeared sullen and angry and threatened vengeance in case of war; especially upon the Sheldon's, for whom they had an inveterate hatred, and on one occasion burned a barn of theirs filled with grain. But succeeding years of peace and security ensued; and all thoughts of the tomahawk and scalping-knife have been forgotten; to be remembered only by the searching antiquarian, or the whistling plough-boy, as he exhumes at his feet the flint-headed arrow and stone hatchet—sad mementoes of a peculiar and unfortunate people, who have lived, flourished, and passed away,

"But their name is on your waters,  
You may not wash it out."\*

Wild animals of all kinds, common to northern Vermont, abounded in town at the time of its settlement. Of the larger, there were moose and bears, together with packs of wolves, and herds of deer. Wolves, in particular, were a great annoyance, for a long time. Whole flocks of sheep were sometimes destroyed by them in a single night. Fires had to be kindled about the barns, and lights hung in the yards to frighten them away. Retiring to the hills they would howl dismally through the night,—while the hoarse sound of "wolves! wolves!" would beshouted from house to house. So bold were they, in some instances, that prints of their paws have been found upon the snow-covered win-

dow-sills in the morning. For many years wolf-hunts were organized, usually under the management of Capt. G. W. Kendall, and generally successful. Bears were so common and fearless that travelers have been confronted by them and forced to take to the nearest tree. Such an instance is truthfully related of S. B. Hurlbut, Esq., late of Sheldon, deceased. When a young man, he had visited a neighbor, and, on his return home, just after sunset, passing through a wood, he encountered a bear, sitting in the foot-path in front of him, accompanied by her cubs. Although young Hurlbut was an unflinching Democrat of the Jackson school and could always substantiate his politics with sound argument, he could effect no "Compromise" whatever with this unconditional champion of "SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY." He, therefore, sought and climbed the nearest tree, where he hallooed "bears! bears! bears!" until the neighbors went to his assistance with lanterns, and bruin beat a hasty retreat. Moose were plenty, at first, but the permanent presence of the settlers forced them to take to other parts. The only one ever known to have been killed in town, was shot by Geo. Sheldon, not far from the present residence of S. B. Herrick, Esq. Deer never herded in more congenial places than here, as evidenced by the tenacity with which they clung to their old "runways." Long after a greater part of the forests had been cleared, and, until within a few years, they have been seen coming down from the eastern part of the county, where it is mountainous and wooded, revisiting former scenes; like the solitary canoe of the St. Francis Indian, that now and then is seen to descend the Missisquoi.

What would we of to-day, sitting at our ease, think of going nearly 40 miles to get a single bushel of grain ground, or twice that distance, if we wished to send or receive a paper or letter; yet such was the case with the early inhabitants. The nearest flouring-mill was at Plattsburgh, and post-office, at Middlebury. But a few years elapsed, however, before the enterprise of the inhabitants caused a better state of things to exist. In 1792 Major Sheldon built a saw-mill at the lower falls not far from what is now known as Olmsted's Mills, about 2 miles from the present village of Sheldon. It was built there on account of the great amount of pine lumber in the immediate vicinity. A few years

\* Mrs. Sigourney.

later, in 1797, he built a grist-mill on the west side of the creek. In 1799, Israel Keith built a furnace and forge, and for a long time a flourishing business was done; employing, much of the time, 100 men or more, to supply it with coal and iron. Quite an extensive ore-bed was discovered and worked not far from the present residence of Charles Keith. On this account and the great amount of business done by the furnace company, iron was long called "Sheldon currency." In 1803 a carding-mill was built, and, the same year, a post-office established. Dr. Hildreth was appointed Postmaster; date of commission, Jan. 15, 1803. Dr. H. was also first physician in town, and first tavern-keeper. The first store was kept by Benjamin Clark, who afterwards sold out to Sheldon, Keith and Fitch. The first freeman's meeting was holden in the eastern part of the town, at the house of Jedediah Tuttle; S. B. Sheldon was chosen representative; he was also first town clerk, and held the office till the time of his death, 1807. Since that the town clerks have been: Ebenezer Marvin, from 1807 to '13; Chauncey Fitch, from 1813 to '15; E. H. Wead, from 1815 to '16; Samuel Wead, from 1816 to '18; E. H. Wead, from 1818 to '19; Charles Gallup, from 1819 to '20; Samuel Wead, from 1820 to '32; E. B. Peckham, from 1832 to '35; Oliver A. Keith, from 1835 to '41; Theophilus Mansfield, from 1841 to '43; A. M. Brown, from 1843 to the present time.

The first birth in town was a colored child; its mother, "Old Mary," was a servant of Col. Sheldon, who bought her in Connecticut where she was sold for the commission of some crime. The second child born was Harry Deming, son of Frederick Deming; the third, Louisa Sheldon, daughter of Geo. Sheldon. Although the early history of Sheldon has much of peculiar interest; there is no point, probably, around which so much of romantic and historic incident clusters, as in the immediate vicinity of the outlet of Tyler's Branch. Here, within the radius of a quarter of a mile, stood the elm, beneath which first slept Major Sheldon; here was built the first log-house and barn—the latter of which was afterwards burned by the Indians; here was born the first white female child in town; here, too, was erected the first framed barn, which is still standing, owned by J. Towle, though much unlike the original, from much repairing; here, too, was a brick-kiln—frag-

ments of brick being still seen; here, also, the first death and first burial.

Who first preached in town cannot definitely be ascertained, as there was no church, consequently no church record. Rev. Messrs. Parker and Wooster, of the Congregational, and Rev. Stephen Beach, of the Episcopal church, commenced preaching here about the same year, 1807. Rev. Mr. Hill, Methodist, preached here in 1812. These are the three principal denominations in town; and the only ones that have erected houses of worship, and that have, regularly, Sabbath and Sunday-School services. There are four church edifices in town; one each of the Congregational, Episcopal and Methodist, at Sheldon village, and one union house at East Sheldon, built mainly by the Congregational and Episcopal societies. The first church built was by the Episcopalians, in 1824. The present officiating clergymen, at the above churches, are Rev. Geo. B. Tolman, Congregational, Rev. Albert H. Bailey, D.D., Episcopal, Rev. N. W. Freeman, Methodist. Rev. Mr. Himes, a Baptist, preaches occasionally at the union house, East Sheldon. Although there is a small collection of houses at the latter place, there is but one village in town,—commonly called Sheldon Creek; being situated upon Black Creek. Here there are 3 churches, a post-office, 3 stores, 2 hotels, 2 groceries, 1 grist-mill, 1 woolen factory, 1 foundry, 1 paper-bag mill, 1 saw-mill, 1 carriage-shop, 1 cabinet, 1 harness, and 2 blacksmith-shops. Here, also, was located Missisquoi Bank, with which there is connected so much supposed mystery. It is a little more than a year since H. G. Hubbell, for many years the cashier, disappeared,—a defaulter to a considerable amount,—and has not been heard from since. From its central position, the county conventions and nearly all gatherings, pertaining to county affairs, are here holden. A few years ago a strong effort was made by the town and its friends, for the removal of the county buildings to Sheldon; but the superior influence and wealth, and a better knowledge of "wire-pulling," gave them to St. Albans. In the western part of the town is the poor-house farm, owned, and its expenses paid, in proportion to the grand list, by the following towns: (each having the privilege of sending here their poor irrespective of numbers): Berkshire, Enosburgh, Fairfield, Franklin, Highgate, Sheldon, St.

Albans and Swanton. The farm contains about 300 acres; upon it are 17 cows and 90 sheep. The whole number of paupers, July 19, 1866, was 62—males 33—females 29; the list from each town at that time is as follows:

	Males.	Females.	Grand List.
Berkshire,	3	1	\$4,046.17
Enosburgh,	0	4	4,525.90
Fairfield,	2	3	5,667.44
Franklin,	5	2	4,068.01
Highgate,	4	4	5,410.72
Sheldon,	9	9	4,261.78
St. Albans,	7	4	12,773.48
Swanton,	3	2	6,067.59

There is a school taught the present season by a Miss Travers, at \$1.50 per week; number of scholars 20. Altogether, for an establishment of the kind, it does credit to the towns having its charge.

The roads in town are usually kept in good repair. Several fine bridges span the Missisquoi at different points; but the immense amount of teaming that passes over them, especially during the rains of Fall and Spring, cut them up badly. Probably there is no valley in Vermont—I might say in New England—where there is hauled, up and down, so much freight, produce, goods, &c., as in Missisquoi valley. To obviate or alleviate this in a measure, a few years since a plank road was built from St. Albans to North Sheldon, a distance of about 12 miles, costing \$50,000. The bridge across the Missisquoi alone, cost \$15,000. It has 4 arches, 5 piers, and is 640 feet long. For a number of years this was very much used by loaded teams; but the plank wore out and, not being replaced, the only resort was the old rough turn-pike. The thing most needed up the Missisquoi valley, is a railroad connecting the Vt. Central and the Passumpsic.

The town is divided into 11 school districts, where schools are taught during the Summer and Winter. There is also a graded school at Sheldon-creek, in which there are three departments and as many teachers. The higher grade is under the charge of Miss C. S. Smith and has been highly commended, by state and town superintendents; it is attended by a goodly number of scholars from a distance.

Dairying has long been the leading pursuit of the farmers of Sheldon. Introduced by James Mason, who might appropriately be styled the "father of dairying," in Franklin county at least, it has grown and developed from year to year to its present important scale. Fairfield may produce more butter, from its very much greater extent of surface, but in the production

of cheese, Sheldon, no doubt, leads the State. It has been estimated that, upon an extent of territory 4 miles square, there are fed and milked nearly 1500 cows, or very near 100 to the square mile. There are 12 dairymen residing in the eastern part of the town, south of the Missisquoi, who milk from 35 to 100 cows each, and, when we remember that for each cow \$50 is not an unusual average yield of the dairies, we estimate for 100 cows, \$5000, and for 1500 cows—\$75,000. From this we readily perceive the pecuniary importance of the dairy, and the more encouraging is it to know that it cannot but prove as lasting as it is prosperous.

Among the prominent professional men who have been townsmen, we may mention the names of Dr. S. S. Fitch, Ex-governor S. Royce, Hon. J. W. Sheldon, James S. Burt, J. J. Beardsley and others.

The Franklin Republican, a weekly paper, was published here by J. W. Tuttle, editor and proprietor, during the greater part of the years 1837—38—39. It was a creditable affair, and would compare favorably with some papers published in the State at the present time. The only vols. known by the writer to be extant, are in the possession of J. H. Stufflebeau.

The town of Sheldon is rich in traditions, but accounts of these are conflicting, uncertain, and the first inhabitants and the second generation, mostly, have passed away. We can only give a minor summary.

As the town was unsettled during and previous to the Revolution, it had no "quota" to furnish; but among its settlers it had a goodly number of heroes. Among them were Col. Sheldon, Col. Elisha Smith, Capt. Elisha Sheldon, Capt. Francis Duclos, Capt. Robert Wood, and David Sloan. During the "last war," especially at the time of the advance of the British upon Plattsburgh, the town was called upon and responded promptly, sending a company to the scene of action. The following is a correct account of the affair;—Friday, Sept. 9 was spent in rallying the people and ascertaining who would go. Saturday morning, early, the company was organized and started on the march. Samuel Wead was appointed Captain, a Mr. Weston Lieutenant, and John Elithorp, Ensign. At sunset they had reached Sawyers' Tavern, on the western shore of Grand Isle, where they had to stop over night, failing to secure a crossing. Early next morning (Sunday) while they were procuring a boat, the British fleet appeared in sight, rounding Cumberland Head; and the action commenced, lasting about two

hours, when the British were defeated and dispersed.

Having secured a boat, Capt. Wead's company crossed over to Peru, where they drew their arms and ammunition. During the night they were called upon to guard the prisoners confined on Crab Island. The next morning, they were ordered to Plattsburgh, where, when they arrived, news came that the British had retreated, and the company had orders to return home, which it did, after an absence of five days.

Again during the "Radical war," or Canadian rebellion, of 1837—38, a company (volunteers) went to the border to aid in enforcing the neutrality laws. Their term of service was very short—owing to the following incident:—Sergeant F——s, now well known as Col. F——s, on arrival at headquarters, reported to General Wool, and awaited orders. The General, wishing to ascertain if he could rely upon them, inquired whether they sympathized with the government or radicals. Sergeant F——s unhesitatingly and with enthusiasm replied, they were radical to a man. This was sufficient. The Gen. ordered them to "right about face and march home." Never, however, until the breaking out of the slave-holder's rebellion, in 1861, had the people in common with the whole north, a distinct and appreciative idea of war, as it is. But to each and all calls, Sheldon responded, fully and promptly and, in almost every engagement of the Eastern forces, from the opening battle of Big Bethel to the overthrow of the insurgents at Richmond, her sons bore an honorable part.

The only advance made upon Sheldon, during the Rebellion, was Nov. 19, 1864. On that day about a score of "Rebel Raiders," or "robbers," led by Captain Young, rendezvoused at Saint Albans having their "base" in Canada, but no very distinct lines of "retreat." After robbing the banks, and shooting some of the unarmed inhabitants, they passed through Sheldon, on their return to Canada;—a route so circuitous was not their plan;—they were wrongly guided. Being closely pursued by Captain Conger's party they set fire to the bridge that spans Black creek, at Sheldon, to prevent their crossing, but the inhabitants extinguished the fire before it had done any damage.

The raiders attempted to enter Missisquoi bank, but fortunately it was closed. Having appropriated to themselves horses and whatever they could find that they wished, they hur-

ried on, passing along the road on the south side of the Missisquoi, until they entered the town of Enosburgh. Here they crossed the river at Enosburgh Falls, and rode rapidly towards Canada.

Again, on Monday night, June 4, 1866, Sheldon was the scene of another armed gathering. About 800 Fenians, (some computed them as high as 1100) that had collected quietly and unobtrusively, in the town of Fairfield among its Irish residents, and which composed nearly the whole of the Fenian "right wing," passed through the town and village between the hours of 9 and 12 at midnight. They were accoutred and armed, and presented not a poor idea of war as it is.

#### THE SHELDONS.

The first settlers and proprietors of the town of Sheldon, were a branch of a popular stock in the early history of New England. Although purely English, and of English descent, they had not the bigotry of the Puritans,—but were liberal;—nor yet were they "tories," but determined and active patriots of the Revolution.

Family tradition speaks of them as having a boasted heraldry. An escutcheon still extant, and used by some of the Sheldons of the present day, as a seal, has the following devise and inscription: Upon the upper part of the bearing is the form of a shell-drake—*Statant*; upon a bar crossing the design beneath, and resting upon a broad band, are two more in the same position but with smaller contour:—and still beneath another like the two last. Encircling the whole underneath, is the motto—"Hope, Sheldon to the last."

Tradition gives the origin, as follows: In the olden time a ship was wrecked upon an island, and all on board perished excepting one Hope Sheldon. Here he lived a long time subsisting upon the flesh of the Shell-drake (which were so numerous that they were easily taken) till at last he was rescued from the island—

"the loneliest in a lonely sea,"

and returned to his friends. From this alleged incident originated the above blazonry.

Three brothers, Isaac, John and William emigrated to America very soon after the pilgrims—precisely what year cannot be ascertained; but Isaac, the elder brother, had two sons, John and Isaac. The latter was born in 1629, a little more than 8 years after the arrival of the Mayflower. He had a son Thomas, born in 1661. Thomas was father of Elisha, born 1709; the latter is said to have been an eminent



man, residing in Litchfield, Ct. He had a son Elisha, known throughout the Revolution as *Col. Sheldon*.

It was Col. Sheldon and his sons, Elisha, jr., Sam. B. and George, that purchased the township and first settled in it.

#### COL. ELISHA SHELDON

was born in 1741; he was generous-hearted, and of a martial spirit. At the opening of the Revolution, he gave liberally of his means, and offered his services to his country. Not long after its commencement he was commissioned colonel of a regiment of cavalry, and saw active service during the whole war. History speaks of him at different times. Ethan Allen, in the *Narrative of his Captivity*, speaks of being accompanied to Valley Forge—then Washington's headquarters—after his exchange, by Col. Sheldon of the Light Horse. Among the papers also, of the traitor Arnold, (No. 10) found upon the person of the lamented Andre, wherein the former gave a list or description of affairs at West Point, is the following:

"COL. SHELDON'S DRAGOONS on the lines, about one-half mounted."

The regiment at that time, (Sept. 13, 1780) had been reduced so that it numbered only 142 men.

Gen. Washington and Col. Sheldon were firm personal friends. During the dark days of 1777, when noisy malcontents were bent upon deposing Washington and instituting Gates—Gates, the fugitive at Camden—Col. Sheldon adhered to the support of Washington, and no where was the "Father of his Country" more welcome than at the home of Col. Sheldon, where he occasionally visited, during the early part of the Revolution.

After his removal to Vermont. Col. Sheldon took very little part in politics or public affairs, preferring to live in peace and quiet, and of him it is remembered, whether in the field or at the fireside, that he was always the earnest patriot and courteous gentleman.

He died while on a visit at his daughters, in St. Albans, 1805, and was buried in the old Sheldon burying-ground at Sheldon.

#### SAMUEL BELLOWES SHELDON,

second son of Col. Sheldon, was born at Saalsbury, Ct., 1760. He had the sterling qualities combined,—keenness of perception—a correct judgment—and courteous address. Although there was not as much of startling incident in his life, it is acknowledged—and only just of him to say—that he was the principal moving, governing character in the earlier settlement of

the town. He possessed physical and moral courage in the highest sense,—as evinced by his early visit to the town when a dense wilderness. Another illustrative incident: During the first years of the Revolution, when the principal events were transpiring in New England, and a spirit of war ran wild through the "colonies," Maj. Samuel, then a lad of about 15, importuned and pleaded with his father for permission to go with him to the front. To this the Col. always objected. One day, however, he made his appearance at camp. His father was not a little surprised, and reprimanded him sternly and warned him against a repetition of the offence, telling him he should be put into the front rank in case of an engagement.

Through life he manifested much interest in military affairs, and took an active part in all of the military doings of his day. In fact, the immediate cause of his death was traced to a severe cold caught while addressing, bat in hand, a company of boys whom he had uniformed at his own expense. This occurred in 1807, and in him, the town lost her leading character, the popular and lamented Maj. Sam B. Sheldon.

#### GEORGE SHELDON,

the youngest son of Col. Sheldon, was born in Saalsbury, Ct., 1766. At an early age he showed an extreme fondness for the chase; and, although his parents enjoined upon him a closer application to his books, he often neglected their commands, and nothing delighted him more than, gun in hand, to range the hills and valleys about the picturesque Housatonic, in search of game. Perhaps the following incident will best illustrate his love for sporting: Wishing to suppress his natural trait, and create a desire for books, he was sent to school at Hudson, N. Y. Having not been gone many days, he made his appearance at home, having with him a hound which he had procured by exchanging for it a part of his clothing. Col. Sheldon, being most of the time with the army, their affairs alternated—George, some of the time at work—less at school—much more on the chase. On one occasion, he had the honor of drinking wine with Gen. Washington. It was at his father's house; George was about 10 years old. In his 18th year he was sent to the West Indies, having in charge a lot of horses, shipped by his father to Havana. On its way out the vessel came near being wrecked,—so near, in short, that the horses and much of the cargo was lost. It was 6 months before he returned.

In March, 1786, he married Joanna, daughter

of Jacob Smith, of Saulsbury, Ct.; here he followed farming until 1790, when he removed to Sheldon, with his family.

Of the early inhabitants, there probably was no one of whom there is related so much of exciting, pioneer incident as of George Sheldon. But it would be out of place and only befitting a child's perusal to repeat the traditionary and somewhat uncertain stories related of him. That he was a famous hunter, frequenting mountains and thickly-shaded glens, there is no doubt. Abundance of game, — moose, bears, wolves and deer, fell at his unerring aim. But to state, as a fact of history, as some have done, that he did, on several occasions, shoot—or in more correct terms, *murder*—certain Indians, is very much doubted, and lacks proper authentication. It is well known that the Indians burned a barn belonging to the Sheldons, and caused them much anxiety, lurking about and threatening.

George, who was as tall and athletic as any red-skin, and had an eagle eye, warned them of the consequences of disturbing the settlers—him they feared, and, no doubt, but for him they would have caused much more trouble.

To descend to particulars in his after years, is unnecessary; they have become as "household words."\* He quietly spent the evening of his days with his children, coming quietly and peacefully to its close, in 1851.

#### HON. JOSHUA WILLARD SHELDON.

The following sketch we clip from the *Vermont Transcript* of March 16, 1866,—we believe it is from the pen of *Geo. F. Houghton, Esq.*

"Hon. Joshua Willard Sheldon, elder son of Major Samuel Bellows Sheldon and Lucy (Willard) Sheldon, was born in Sheldon, Franklin Co., Vt., March 27, 1799. He died at Sheldon 'near the cottage where he was born,' March 7, 1866, in the 67th year of his age. He received his academical education at St. Albans, and studied law with Judge Royce at Sheldon, and subsequently at Saint Albans. He was admitted to practice at the September term of Franklin County Court A. D. 1822. Rodney C. Royce, Esq., formerly of Rutland, and long since deceased, and Hon. David Read, Recorder

of the city of Burlington, were sworn in at the same time. Mr. Sheldon commenced practice at Sheldon, in company with Hon. Augustus Burt, now of Highgate, and continued to practice about 5 years, and then dissolving the copartnership practiced alone. After practicing law a few years and until about 1833, he found the business too irksome and left the profession to attend to his large farming interests. He entered political life young. He represented the town of Sheldon in the General Assembly in 1824, '25 and '26, and again in 1834—'35. He was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention from Sheldon in 1828. After which time he could not be persuaded to take any public office which would interfere with a proper attention to his private affairs and domestic duties.

Mr. Sheldon, at the time of his death, was a widower, and leaves one son, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his death. As a counselor, he had few or no equals.—He was, in all his dealings, honorable, high-minded and just. He was always social and hospitable, and in his address and manners pre-eminently a gentleman. His funeral was largely attended on Saturday the 10th inst., when a suitable discourse was preached by the Rev. Albert H. Bailey, Rector of Grace Church, Sheldon.

The world stands in need of more such sterling gentlemen, as in his life-time was our worthy friend, the *Hon. Joshua Willard Sheldon.*"

#### SHELDON — CONTINUED.

BY REV. GEORGE B. TOLMAN.

#### THE CHARTER,

(the precise date of which not being given in the foregoing account of the township of Sheldon, then Hungerford,) is August 18, 1763. The original document now (1869) 106 years old—worn, and a good deal patched, and yet in a very complete state of preservation, may still be seen at the town-clerk's office.

Among the privileges granted to the inhabitants of the township we find the following:

"The said town, as soon as there shall be fifty families resident and settled thereon, shall have the liberty of holding *Two Fairs*, one of which shall be held on the — day of —, and the other on the — day of —, annually; which Fairs shall not continue longer than the respective — following the said —." [The dates here are none of them given.]

It also provides, that so soon as the above number of families should be in town, "a *Market*! may be opened and kept open, one or

\* We do not endorse this sentiment, if there is anything of general interest therein. The history of Sheldon (the same of any town) is not written merely for Sheldon now, but for Sheldon three hundred years from now. The history of Sheldon is not written alone for Sheldon, but for every town in the State, for every Vermonter in every land and the antiquarian and historical student generally.—*Ed.*

more days in each week, as may be thought most advantageous to the inhabitants."

Among the conditions annexed to the grant we find the following :

"That all white and other Pine Trees within the said township, fit for masting Our Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that use, and none be cut or felled without Our special Licence."

This also :

"That before any division of the Land be made among the Grantees, a Tract of Land as near the Centre of the said Township as the Land will admit of, shall be reserved and marked out for *Town Lots*! one of which shall be allotted to each Grantee of the Contents of one Acre, yielding and paying therefor to Us, our Heirs and Successors for the space of ten Years, to be computed from the date hereof, the Rent of *one Ear of Indian Corn only*, on the 25th day of December, annually, if *lawfully demanded*! the first Payment to be made on the 25th day of December, 1763.

It provides, also, for the payment, after ten years, "yearly," of "one shilling, Proclamation Money" for every hundred acres "owned, settled, or possessed," and so in proportion for a greater or lesser Tract of said Land."

The style of the Charter is as follows :

"Province of *New Hampshire*. }  
GEORGE THE THIRD. }

"By the Grace of God—of Great Britain, France and Ireland KING,—Defender of the Faith," &c., "To all persons," &c.

"Done by and with the advice of Our Trusty and Well-beloved Benning Wentworth, Esq., Our Governor and Commander in Chief of our said Province." Sealed and witnessed, "the 18th day of August, in the year of our Lord Christ, one thousand seven hundred and sixty three, and in the third year of Our Reign,"

and signed by Gov. Wentworth, and attested by "P. Atkinson, jr., sec'y." On the back of the Charter, besides the names of the grantees, plan of the township and certificate of record, we find the following almost illegible minute by Mr. Hungerford :

"Esq'r. Allen, please to Record this, and send it Back again By the Bairer, and also the Charter of Ferdinand which my Son Left with you some time ago.

"SAMUEL HUNGERFORD."

#### THE ORGANIZATION

of Sheldon (Hungerford) took place in A. D. 1791—the month and day are not known. The following is the record in regard to it: [See vol. I. Town Records.]

"In the year A. D. 1791—On application of a number of the inhabitants of the Township of Hungerford, to Daniel Stannard of Georgia, a Justice of the Peace within and for the County of Chittenden and State of Vermont, to warn a meeting, agreeable to the Statute, for the aforesaid inhabitants to meet and choose Town

Officers, a Warning was issued by the said Daniel Stannard, Esq., for the Inhabitants to meet at the dwelling-house of Elisha Sheldon, jun., at Hungerford aforesaid, on the — day of — A. D. 1791, at which time and place the inhabitants aforesaid met in presence of said Justice, and proceeded to ballot,

"1st. To choose a moderator to govern said meeting; when Mr. Elisha Sheldon, jr. was elected, and took his seat.

"2d. Proceeded to the choice of Town Clerk, when Samuel B. Sheldon was chosen.

"3d. Elected Elisha Sheldon, Sen. and James Hawley and Elisha Sheldon, Jun'r Selectmen to govern the prudential Concerns of Said Town.

"4th. James Heric (k) Constable.

"The above officers were sworn agreeable to law, in presence of said meeting.

"Meeting adjourned without day.

"Attest," [No signature.]

The meetings of the inhabitants, both for the transaction of town business and for freemen's meeting, were held for some years at either one of two places: "The dwelling-house of Elisha Sheldon, jun'r," standing on the north side of the river, on the so-called "Butler place," (now Towle's) toward Enosburgh Falls—or, at "The dwelling-house of Dr. Benjamin B. Searls;" a "log-tavern" at the "Corners": oftener, it would seem from the records, at the latter place. At the first freemen's meeting recorded (1793) the whole number of votes cast for State officers was 45, as follows :

For governor, Isaac Tichenor,	45
For lieut. " Jonathan Hunt,	41
" Peter Shott,	4
For treasurer, Samuel Mattocks,	45

#### TOWN OFFICERS.

Maj. Samuel B. Sheldon was the first representative, and first magistrate, (1791.)

#### REPRESENTATIVES.

Samuel B. Sheldon, 1791; Elisha Sheldon, 1792—1800; Samuel B. Sheldon, 1801—'07; Ebenezer Marvin, jr., 1808—10; David Sanderson, 1812; Chauncey Fitch, 1813, '14; Stephen Royce, jr., 1815, '16; Samuel Wead, 1817, '18; James Mason, 1819—23; Joshua W. Sheldon, 1824—26; James Mason, 1827, '28; Alfred Keith, sen., 1829, '30; Levi Hapgood, 1831, '32; William Green, 1833, '34; J. W. Sheldon, 1835; F. W. Judson, 1836; Cyrus Keith, 1837; J. J. Beardsley, 1838; Alfred Keith, sen., 1839; Alanson Draper, 1840, '41; Elihu Goodsell, 1842, '43; Jacob Wead, 1844; Lloyd Mason, 1845; 1846, no election; William Green, 1847—49; Alfred Keith, jr., 1850, '51; Milton H. Bliss, 1852; F. M. Marsh, 1853; A. M. Brown, 1854, '55.

D. D. Wead, 1856; Andrew Durkee, 1857, '58; R. J. Saxe, 1859, '60; L. H. Hapgood, 1861; F. M. Marsh, 1862, '63; John F. Draper, 1864, '65; N. G. Martin, 1866, '67; William M. Deming, 1868.

#### TOWN CLERKS.

Samuel B. Sheldon, 1791—1806; Ebenezer Marvin, 1806—13; Chauncy Fitch, 1813; Epenetus H. Wead, 1814—16; Sam'l Wead, 1816—19; Charles Gallup, 1819—21; Sam'l Wead, 1821—32; E. B. Peckham, 1832—35; O. A. Keith, 1835—41; Theophilus Mansfield, 1841—43; A. M. Brown, 1843, to the present time, 26 years.

Richard A. Shattuck was constable from 1829 to 1868, with the exception of the years 1853 to '54—37 years.

#### PROFESSIONAL MEN

The following are remembered lawyers: Ebenezer Marvin, Stephen Royce, jr., J. J. Beardsley, Theophilus Mansfield, J. W. Sheldon, Augustus Burt, A. E. Searles and Bryant Hall.

#### PHYSICIANS.

Benjamin B. Searles, Chauncey Fitch, (father of Dr. S. S. Fitch, of New York City, and brother of Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Fitch, the first president of Williams College,) — Hildreth, Elisha Sheldon, F. W. Judson, A. M. Brown, H. H. Langdon, S. W. Langdon, Charles P. Thayer, N. R. Miller.

#### CLERGYMEN—(See Churches.)

Of others, prominent in the early history of the town, the following are mentioned: Eldad Butler, Col. Clark, Daniel Smith, John Gallup, Daniel Fish, Elnathan Keyes, Gideon Draper, David Foster, Luke Dewing, Josiah Tuttle, Asa Bulkley and Capt. Francis Duclos. These were all enterprising business men, with a good common education, and, taken together, were in advance of most pioneers.

Samuel White, then a boy of 13 years, came to town with Mr. Keyes in 1797, and, with the exception of 5 years, has resided here ever since. Mr. Keyes, on coming to Sheldon, settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Albert Olmstead, and within a quarter of a mile of which Mr. White still (1869) lives.

#### FURNACE.

Among the earlier "institutions" of Sheldon, was a blast-furnace. This was built in 1798, by the brothers, Israel and Alfred Keith, who came here for that purpose from Pittsford, Vt. It was located on the east side of Black Creek, just north of where Hunter & Co.'s woolen factory now stands. The iron was made from the

ore; and, as this was one of the first furnaces built in the State, the demand for the ware was quite active, and especially for the so-called "potash kettles." At that time one chief business, all through the country, was the manufacture of potash, and men came to Sheldon, sometimes, for a distance of 200 hundred miles for their kettles.

The kettles were taken as fast as they could be produced—parties often waiting for their "turn," and loading them while hot from the mould. They were very heavy, and of different sizes, holding 45, 60 and 90 gallons each. Stoves and hollow ware were also made, for which there was great demand.

The elder brother, Israel, it is understood, furnished the capital chiefly, while the younger, Alfred, managed the furnace; and much is said of his energy and skill in working it: so that his advice and aid were often sought for the benefit of other furnaces: and at one time the Parishers, from Ogdensburgh, N. Y., who had built a furnace at Rossie, near Ogdensburgh, but had not succeeded in getting men who could work it successfully, came to Sheldon and offered Mr. Keith the entire use of the furnace, and all he could make, if he would go over and run it for 3 months, and show them how to make iron. Mr. Keith accepted their offer, and made a very handsome thing out of it, besides showing his New York friends "how to do it."

The furnace was operated successfully for many years, on its first location, and in 1822, '23, was re-built on the other side of the creek.

The first school-house in town was built by Maj. S. B. Sheldon, on the west side of the Creek, where the present school-house stands. The first school-teacher in town was Miss Betsey Jennison, of Swanton. The first framed house in town was built by Maj. Sheldon, on the ground where the house of H. Carlisle now stands.

#### THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

was organized in August, 1816: the precise date is not remembered—and there are no records now in existence farther back than 1830. The meeting of the council for its organization was held in the school-house standing on the west side of Black Creek, where the present school-house on that side stands. The moderator was Rev. Benjamin Wooster, of Fairfield; the scribe, Rev. James Parker, of Enosburgh.

The following are the names of the original members:

Samuel White, Mrs. Diana White, Samuel Sheldon and Mrs. Samuel Sheldon, Mrs. Isaac

Sheldon, Bartholomew Hulbert, Mrs. Hannah Hulbert, Lucius Colton, Mrs. Rebecca Colton, Amos Judd, Mrs. Sylvia Judd, Philo N. White.

Of these there are now (June, 1869) known to be living only Samuel White, still residing in Sheldon, and, with the exception of an absence of 5 years (1830—35) his residence in town and connection with the church have been continuous from the organization.

The clerks of the church have been: Samuel White, 14 years; Alvin Fassett, 5 years; Hezekiah Bruce, 21 years; D. D. Wead, 7 years, and is still (1869) clerk.

The deacons have been: Samuel White, 14 years; Alvin Fassett, 5 years; John Sheldon, 34 years; Hezekiah Bruce, 5 years, and Samuel M. Hulbert, 10 years.

John Sheldon and Samuel M. Hulbert are still the acting deacons of the church.

Of officers beside these, I find the following noticeable record: "Sometime in the summer of 1829, Alvin Fassett was chosen moderator of the church." From this it would seem to have been—sometimes, at least—the practice in earlier days, when the church was, for a lengthened period, without a pastor or stated supply, to formally choose some one of the brethren to act as permanent moderator in their church and other meetings. The more modern custom is, for one of the deacons to preside, without formal appointment.

#### MINISTERS.

For the first 10 years or more the church was ministered to by Rev. Benjamin Wooster, of Fairfield, and by missionaries sent out for short periods by the Connecticut Home Missionary Society. Mr. Wooster preached at Sheldon at different times, regularly, half the time. He must have done this for a number of years altogether—three or four at least, according to the remembrance of deacon White. Of missionaries the names of Williston and Atwood, in particular, are remembered.

Since 1830, the time to which the records now in existence go back, we find the names of the following ministers, as having supplied the church at different times, for longer or shorter periods:

James J. Gilbert, 1832—34; Phineas Kingley, 1835—44; Preston Taylor, 1845—54; Calvin B. Hulbert, 22 sabbaths in 1855; Charles Duren, 1856—60; Charles W. Clark, 6 Sabbaths in 1861; George B. Tolman, 1862—69. The last named is the first installed *pastor* the church have had, and the first *settled* minister

in town. He was ordained and installed July 10, 1862. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Nathaniel G. Clark, D. D., then professor in the college at Burlington, and now (1869) secretary of foreign correspondence for the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," Boston, Mass.; ordaining and installing prayer, by Rev. James Buckham.

This church and society aided largely, as is understood, owning the larger share in both the so-called "Rock" house, built in 1830, and the brick meeting-house still standing at the Corners, built in 1831; and more recently have built and own the new house standing on the west side of Black Creek, in which they now worship.

The present membership of the church is 55. The aggregate of contributions made by the church and congregation during the last 13 years, or since 1856, for purposes entirely outside of the parish, is \$2231.14, or an average, annually, of \$171.54.

The Rev. Calvin B. Hulbert, pastor of the Congregational church in New Haven, Vt. was born in Sheldon, united with the church here, and is still a member of it.

In 1865, a very commodious parsonage was completed; built and owned by a few individuals of the society.

#### EPISCOPAL (GRACE) CHURCH.

BY REV. A. H. BAILEY.

It does not appear that there were many among the first settlers in this town, who brought with them an attachment to the Protestant Episcopal Church. The disposition to organize a parish here is said to have resulted chiefly from the influence and occasional ministrations of the eminent missionary in St. Armand, U. C., the Rev. Charles James Stewart, afterwards bishop of Quebec. This preparatory work may be reckoned as commencing about 1808.

The actual organization was begun by a compact of association for the purpose, dated Aug. 12, 1816, and completed by the election of its first officers on the 17th of the same month, and by the recognition of the new parish by Bishop Griswold on the 26th of the following month. Over 40 names, mostly of men, are subscribed to the compact, before any change of date, among whom are found "Stephen Royce, jr." (the late and lamented judge and governor,) then practising law in this town, and his co-partner in the law, "Joel Clapp" (afterwards the Rev. Dr. Clapp.) One of the most valuable

members of that period, and long after, was Madam Lucy [Willard], the widow of Major Samuel Sheldon.

The parish had the ministrations—generally in connection with some other parish—of the Rev. Stephen Beach, 1816—22; the Rev. Elijah Brainard a few months in 1823; the Rev. Joseph S. Covell a short time in 1825; the Rev. Moore Bingham, in 1826—28; the Rev. Anson B. Hard, in 1830 and '32—'34; the Rev. Silas R. Crane, in 1835—36; the Rev. Louis McDonauld, in 1837—40; the Rev. John A. Fitch, in 1844—50; the Rev. Jubal Hodges, in 1853; the Rev. John E. Johnson, in 1855—59; the Rev. Robert W. Lewis, in 1862—63; and the Rev. A. H. Bailey, in 1865 to the present time.

The number of reported communicants was 11 in 1816; reached its maximum 92, in 1834, and has since varied from 55 to 88; the present number being 71. Much of this apparent variation, however, is occasioned by reckoning here, at different times, communicants of adjoining towns, and again omitting them, when they had services in their own parishes. The present number, embracing only actual communicants within the limits of the town, may compare favorably with the past, if computed in the same way—at least if the diminished population of the town is regarded.

There have been ordained to the sacred ministry, from this parish, the Rev. Dr. Clapp, the Rev. John A. Fitch and the Rev. Charles Husband. The Rev. Ruel Keith, D. D., a principal instrument in founding a theological seminary in Alexandria, Va., spent his last days with his brother in this parish, and his remains rest in the cemetery of this church.

The church edifice was first erected of wood in 1824, and consecrated the year following; the larger part of the expense being borne by the elder Alfred Keith, Esq. It was re-built upon the same frame, with a brick exterior, and being supplied with a bell and other furniture, was re-consecrated in 1853. A parsonage was purchased in 1865, and an organ in 1869.

The church has been slightly endowed by the will of the late J. W. Sheldon, Esq. (\$800,) and by that of the late Mad'm Ruth (Dean) Wait—\$500.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

In the year 1813 the Rev. Isaac Hill, a Methodist local preacher, came to Sheldon from Fairfield, and held meetings occasionally. Mr. Hill formed the first class of 7 members, viz: Jacob Saxe and Rowena Saxe, Hannah Keith (wife

of Alfred Keith, Esq.), John Potter, widow Axah Dimon, Mrs. Downey and Mrs. Stephen Kimball. Soon after Revs. Gilbert Lyon and Buel Goodsil, circuit preachers, came to Sheldon; and they remained 2 years, preaching in Sheldon and adjoining towns. They were succeeded by Rev. Daniel Brayton, in 1816, and a young junior preacher. A great revival of religion was enjoyed that year, and most of the first inhabitants of the east part of the town were converted, and joined the M. E. church.

At that time there was no stated preaching by any other denomination. Some of those converts afterwards joined the Episcopal church. "Sheldon circuit" consisted of Sheldon, Franklin, and all the towns east, in Franklin county.

The first house of worship in which the Methodists were largely interested, was built in 1830 as a union-house, at the Rock, so called, about 2 miles east of the village; and, in 1831 a union-house was built at the east part of the town. Probably at that time there were as many members of the M. E. church, as at any time in its history.

For several years previous to 1858, Sheldon and Franklin were joined as a circuit, and supported two preachers; and, afterward, Sheldon and Enosburgh. The expenses of the circuit for two preachers, in 1856, was \$700.

In the spring of 1858 Sheldon was set off from Enosburgh, and made a station, and undertook to support a minister. Rev. A. C. Rose was appointed by the conference as the first preacher to Sheldon. There was no house of worship, and no parsonage. R. J. Saxe gave the use of a house the first year, and he and a few others raised a subscription for a church—which was built in the village in 1859, and was the first Methodist church-building in Sheldon. The society at that time was quite small and weak, financially—probably about 60 members in town. Soon after a parsonage was bought, and the church now (1869) numbers about 100.

Among the preachers who have been in Sheldon circuit, we find the following: In the year 1829, Wm. Todd and Jacob Leonard—in the year 1833, Luman A. Sanford and Stephen Stiles. Jacob Saxe was class-leader from 1835 until his death in November, 1866, or 31 years.

Of clergymen from the membership of this church, we find the following: Alfred Saxe (deceased 1842) and George G. Saxe, (both sons of Jacob) Hiram Meeker, Cyrus Meeker and B. O. Meeker, (brothers) Solomon Stebbins, — Brown and F. C. Kimball (local preacher)—all ministers in the M. E. church.

## MINERAL SPRINGS.

In Sheldon, the following are the principal mineral springs:

"The Missisquoi," 8 or 10 different springs within an area of half an acre; proprietor, C. Bainbridge Smith, Esq., New York City. "The Sheldon;" proprietors, Sheldon Spring Co., S. S. F. Carlisle, agent. "The Central;" proprietors, Green & Co. "The Vermont;" proprietors, Saxe & Co.

The analysis of the Missisquoi A spring, (the only one much used) is given, so far as published already.

The analysis of the "Sheldon" by S. Dana Hayes, M. D., State assayer of Massachusetts, is as follows:

Potash, . . . . .	0.096
Sodium, . . . . .	0.148
Soda, . . . . .	4.012
Ammonia, (traces) . . . .	
Lime, . . . . .	1.077
Magnesia, . . . . .	0.166
Protoxide of Iron, . . . .	0.010
Sulphuric Acid, . . . . .	0.508
Silicic " " " " " " " "	4.587
Carbonic " combined, . . .	2.115
Crenic Acid and organic Matter,	2.867
Chlorine, . . . . .	0.164
One gallon contains . . . .	15.750 grs.

The ingredients are combined in the water forming

Sulphate of Potash, Carbonate of Magnesia,  
Chloride of Sodium, " Lime,  
Sulphate of Soda, " Ammonia,  
Silicate " Protoxide of Iron,  
Crenate " Silicic Acid,  
Carbonate " Crenic Acid, &c.

Of the "Central" analyzed by F. F. Mayer, a prominent chemist of New York City, the following is the statement of the properties contained as a bi-carbonate: sulphate of lime, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, carbonate of soda, carbonate of potassa; chloride of calcium, sillicic acid, allumnia and phosphoric acid, organic matter, carbonic acid, fluorine, manganese, baryta.

Of the "Vermont," analyzed by Henry Kraft, a distinguished chemist of New York, the properties so far as discovered, are:

Chloride of sodium, chloride of calcium, carbonate of soda, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, carbonate of manganese,

phosphoric acid, silicate of alumina, sulphate of lime, carbonic acid, organic matter. In the sediment of the spring are found: Silica, alumina, calcium, magnesia, manganese, peroxide of iron, protoxide of iron, chlorine, fluoric acid, sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid. The phosphoric acid, present in the "Vermont" and also in the "Central" is claimed to be an element of special medicinal value.

Of these different springs, only the "Vermont" is *new*. This was discovered in 1867. The others have been known and used, more or less, for 50 years.

They are located, with the exception of the "Central" quite near the banks of the Missisquoi river, and are included within a distance of about 3 miles. They lie mainly to the north of the village; the farthest being about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant from it. The "Central" is in the village. In connection with the "Sheldon" there is an elegantly furnished bathing-house.

There are a number of other Mineral springs in different parts of the town, and in fact there is quite a strong impregnation of iron in very many of the springs and wells, in common family use, but none have been used medicinally, to any extent, except the above named. The water from each of these is bottled and sent to all parts of the country.

The shipments of the "Missisquoi" particularly, have been very large—amounting, in 1868, to 14,792 boxes of 24 qt. bottles each.

Of the "Vermont" during the months of August, September, October and November, 1868, there were 1650 cases of 24 quart bottles each.

The speciality claimed for the waters of these springs is as a remedy for cancer, scrofula and other diseases of the blood, and many of the cases of benefit are very remarkable.

In consequence of the celebrity which these springs have reached within the few years past, Sheldon has acquired considerable importance as a

## SUMMER RESORT.

For the two seasons past, a large number of visitors have been drawn to the town from all parts of the country, very much overcrowding the accommodations, in many cases finding board among the farmers, and riding a distance of 5 or 6 miles and back every day to the springs.

To meet the want for better accommodations for visitors, and in view of the generally improved business prospects of the place, in consequence of the projection of the Portland and Ogdensburg R. R. through it, quite extensive improvements have been undertaken, during the past year.

The principal new buildings erected recently, or in process of erection, are the following: 2 stores, a grocery, a private hospital (by N. R. Miller, M. D.), 10 private dwelling houses and 6 hotels. Beside these, many private houses and other buildings have been refitted and enlarged.

The hotels in town are the following: The "New Missisquoi" near the Missisquoi springs; the "Sheldon" near the Sheldon spring; "Goodspeeds" and "Langdons," near the Plank Road Bridge on the north side of the river; the "Vermont" and the "Keith House" in the village, refitted; the "Central," and the "Mansion" in the village; the "Valley House" south side of the river, below the bridge; and "Fish's," N. Sheldon.

Of these the "Missisquoi" is the largest, containing in the part already erected, which is only one of the wings, 100 private rooms, and is finished and furnished in the style of the first class city hotels. Water and gas are carried to every room. The expense of furnishing, alone, is \$35,000.

#### THE SCENERY

of Sheldon and vicinity is fine and adds much to its attractiveness as a place for summer visiting. The surrounding mountain view is varied and beautiful, from all parts of the town. About 15 miles distant N. E., in Canada is the "Pinnacle," a single bold spur from the Green Mountains, which is much visited, while "Dunton's Hill" only 2 miles north of the Missisquoi springs, and to the top of which carriages may drive, gives a view which for extent and interest is hardly surpassed. Montreal and the mountain beyond may be distinctly seen in a clear day, 70 to 80 church steeples counted, and the whole country from the Adirondacks round to the most eastern ranges of the Green Mountains, in all its variety of scenery—mountain, lake and river—is spread out as in a picture, before the observer. Grounds have recently been purchased for the erection of an observatory on this hill, by G. W. Simmons, Esq., of Boston, Mass.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

BY HON. JOHN R. WHITNEY, OF FRANKLIN.

HIRAM RAWSON WHITNEY, youngest son of the late Joel Whitney, Esq., and Lucy Sheldon his wife, was born in Sheldon, March 31, 1836, and died May 4, 1868.

He early evinced an ardent love for books, and while quite young devoted much close attention to history and classic study, which made him familiar with the important events of the world, and great men of the present and past ages.

His education was mostly obtained at the district school, and some three or four terms at Bakersfield academy, and one or two terms at a similar institution in Georgia; but his active mind was storing up knowledge by books at home, when not otherwise employed on the farm.

He married the only daughter of Wade Hampden Foster, Esq., Sept. 8, 1859, who still survives him.

He was confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal Church, May 26, 1863.

He wrote an address after his health was so much impaired that it was with difficulty that he could deliver it, on the words of the immortal Lincoln: "*Malice toward none—charity for all*," which was received by a large, appreciative audience, at Enosburgh Falls. This was his last public effort. From this time his health rapidly declined.

Some 2 years before his death he moved into the village of his native town, and engaged in mercantile business, which was too much for his feeble health. His business was not as successful as he anticipated, and probably hastened his decline.

Late in the year 1867 he made arrangements to publish a small volume of his poems\* entitled "Heart Lyrics," which he inscribed to George F. Houghton, Esq., of St. Albans—"the Christian, the Scholar and the Gentleman"—but the volume did not make its appearance until after his decease, causing his widow much anxiety and trouble. Only a limited supply were published. He also wrote and prepared the history of the town of Sheldon, published in Miss Hemenway's Vermont Gazetteer; but death put an end to his labors, and other hands had to finish what he so effectively commenced.—He leaves an amiable widow, and two beautiful little girls, to cherish his memory, and mourn his loss.

\*12 mo. 114 pp. from the press of J. Munsell, Albany, N. Y.—*Ad.*



# APPENDIX.

The material of the foregoing History was prepared for publication in the years 1868-9, and for the increased usefulness and interest of this work we append the following table of statistics, from which may be seen the increase in population and business.

## POPULATION BY THE CENSUS OF 1870.

St. Albans,	-	-	-	-	7,014
Said to have increased more than 1,000 since the Census.					
Sheldon,	-	-	-	-	1,697

## TOTAL SHIPMENTS OF BUTTER AND CHEESE FROM THE ST. ALBANS MARKET FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31st, 1871.

Butter,	-	-	-	56,656 tubs = 3,270,182 lbs.
Cheese,	-	-	-	7.102 boxes = 435,000 "

## VERMONT CENTRAL R. R.

Length of Main Line,	-	-	-	182½ miles.
Total length of other roads leased or owned and operated by the Vermont Central,	-	-	-	538 "

## EQUIPMENTS.

Total number of Locomotives, Passenger,				
Freight and Shifting,	-	-	-	175
Passenger and Sleeping Cars,	-	-	-	106
Baggage, Express and Mail Cars,	-	-	-	51
Freight and Platform Cars,	-	-	-	4,264

## NUMBER OF MILES RUN BY VT. C. LOCOMOTIVES FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31st, 1871.

Mileage of Passenger trains,	-	-	-	1,183,086
" " Through Freight trains,	-	-	-	1,900,824
" " Service trains,	-	-	-	199,502

Total,	-	-	-	3,283,412
Average number of Employees,	-	-	-	5,000
Average number employed in the R. R.				
Shops at St. Albans,	-	-	-	5,90

As official reports of the business of the Vermont Central for 1871, are not yet fully prepared, our statistics are necessarily incomplete, but will be found correct so far as given. For valuable assistance we are indebted to Mr. C. C. Pudor of the Engineer Corps, Mr. Stanton, and other gentlemen connected with the road.

# Vermont Central Railroad,

COMPRISING

*Vermont Central; Vermont and Canada; Ogdensburgh and Lake Champlain; Rutland; Stanstead Shefford and Chambly; Montreal and Vermont Junction; Montreal and Plattsburgh; Whitehall and Plattsburgh; Missisquoi; Addison; Sullivan; Vermont Valley; Vermont and Mass.; (between Brattleboro and Grouts Corner), New London Northern, and Ware River Railroads.*

## **Great Through Passenger and Freight Line**

Between the Eastern and Western Cities, and intermediate points; and between Boston and New York, and Montreal, and Ogdensburgh.

## **TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY**

Between Montreal, Ogdensburgh, and Boston, and New York.

*ALSO,*

*Passenger trains over main line and branches for accommodations of Local travel.*

## **PULLMAN PALACE CARS**

*Run on Day and Night Express Trains.*

## **NATIONAL DESPATCH, FREIGHT LINE**

Changeable gauge cars, transporting merchandise

*Between all points of the East and West without transshipment.*

During the season of Navigation, the staunch Propellers of the Vermont Central and N. T. Line, for both Passengers and Freight, leave Ogdensburgh daily for

## **Milwaukee and Chicago,**

and intermediate points, also making connections for Duluth.

General Offices in Vermont Central Passenger Depot,

St. Albans, - - - Vermont.

**G. MERRILL, Gen'l Supt.**

# WELDEN HOUSE,



## ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

I take pleasure in notifying my friends and the public that this favorite house has lately undergone very thorough repairs and alterations, and a large addition made to its hitherto generous capacity, including a Ladies' Ordinary, Ladies' Billiard Room and Croquet Grounds.

The reputation of the Welden House as a very pleasant and attractive place of summer resort, as well as an agreeable and comfortable house at all times for travellers, is already widely known. The owners have spared no pains or expense in providing every accommodation that would conduce to the comfort of its guests.

This house contains over two hundred rooms, and is admirably arranged for private families, being extensively furnished in a complete manner with Suites of Rooms, of two, three and four, with the most *perfect arrangement for ventilation*, thus giving to the occupants nearly every comfort and convenience to be had in their own homes. To families wishing to secure any of these Suites of Rooms early application is recommended.

### *A WELL KEPT LIVERY STABLE.*

Supplied with fine Horses and Carriages is convenient to the house. The drives to the Lake, the Hills, and to the Mineral Springs will be found delightful.

The Welden is situated in the beautiful town of St. Albans, Vt., on the Vermont Central, Vermont and Canada and Missisquoi Railroads, the great thoroughfare from New York and Boston to Montreal and the West.

*The Panoramic Views* from St. Albans are among the finest in the world. "Aldis Hill," spoken of in "Norwood," is within one half mile of the Welden House, and the summit of Bellevue, accessible by an easy Carriage road, is within two miles, commanding on the East a view of Mansfield, and Jay, besides a wide reach of mountain, valley, hill and plain, adorned with lovely farms and villages; on the West a magnificent view of the Adirondacks, besides a hundred miles of Lake Champlain, dotted with sails, broken with islands and bounded by a wide stretch of as lovely country as the eye ever beheld while on the North the vision rests on Canada, the Richelieu and St. Lawrence Rivers and Montreal. Only a two hours absence from the Welden is sufficient for all this feast.

A fine band is in attendance during the summer, and in addition to this there is public music in the park, in front of the House, three evenings in the week, for promenades.

In addition to the above attractions are the wonderful Mineral Waters of Missisquoi, Sheldon, Highgate, Alburgh and Welden Springs, the fame of which is already world-wide. The health-giving waters of the "Welden Springs" are furnished free to the guests of the House.

**THOMAS LAVENDER, Proprietor.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

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**Druggists,**

109 Main Street,



St. Albans, Vt.

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Waters, Perfumery, Hair Preparations, Dyes, &c., Trusses,  
Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Syringes, Paints, Oils,  
Dye Stuffs, Varnish, Bronze, Gold Leaf,  
Chimneys, Wicks, in fact, every  
article connected with  
a first-class Drug  
and Paint Store.*

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Its aroma is most delightful and refreshing, equal to most of the hardkerchief extracts, and quite as permanent. It is decidedly popular, with all. Ladies and Gentlemen from all parts of the Country speak of it in terms highly commendatory, and procure supplies for themselves and friends.

We spare no expense to produce

**THE BEST ARTICLE IN MARKET,**

and we have abundant testimonials in the extensive demand for it that we have succeeded.

**Samples Cheerfully Shown to All.**

*It is put up in a variety of packages suited to the taste of all.*

Other perfumes in great variety: Lubins, Atkinsons,' Coudrays', Letchfords' Extracts, Florida Water, Lavender Water, Pomades, Hair Oils, Hair preparations, Hair Dyes, and Toilet articles generally. Fine Toilet Soaps, Sponges Turkish towels, &c.

***Mather's instantaneous Hair and Whisker Dye Colors on demand,*** is the best and cheapest dye you can use.

***Saponaceous Tooth Powder.*** Pure as snow, pleasant to use, removes tartar and renders the teeth pearly white.

***Cocoaine Cream.*** A perfect Hair Dressing, free from all irritating matter, softens the hard dry hair, affords a rich lustre and remains longest in its effects.

**R. BRAINERD,**  
**Druggist and Apothecary.**

**Prescriptions Carefully and Accurately Prepared.**

A Full Stock of  
**DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY,  
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OF ALL KINDS.

**PURE GOODS AND LOWEST PRICES.**

*Agent for*

**Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine,**

The most simple and practical, executing more rapidly, easier, and with  
*LESS NOISE*, than any other Machine.

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**ST. ALBANS, - - - VERMONT.**

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**RICHARDSON'S**  
**Photographic Gallery.**

*Photographs, Picture Frames, Albums, Stereoscopes and  
Stereoscopic Views of Vermont, and other Scenery.*

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of every pattern and grade. Gold, Silver and Plated Chains, Keys, Lockets, Charms, Masonic and Mechanics' Pins, Buttons, etc.

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Such as Tea-Sets, Walters, Cake Baskets, Berry-Dishes, Castors, Pitchers, Goblets, Spoon-Holders, Syrup-Cups, Child's Cups, Vases, Coffin Plates, etc.

This is the only place in the county where you can get direct from the Manufacturers the

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## SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, LADLES,

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, ETC.

A large assortment of Parlor, Mantel, Office, and Kitchen Clocks.

## SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES.

SHEARS, SCISSORS, COMBS, BRUSHES, WALLETS SHAVING UTENSILS.

Rifle and Revolver Cartridges, Roberts' Parabola Needles, all warranted the best made. Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted satisfactory, or pay returned. Engraving neatly done, and at low rates, at the old stand of

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CHARLES WYMAN.

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**Opposite Sheldon Depot.**

Nearest House to the famous Missisquoi Spring, and equally distant between the Vermont and Sheldon Springs.

**Free Carriage to and from the Springs for use of Guests.**

Accommodations quiet and comfortable.

**TERMS FROM EIGHT TO TWELVE DOLLARS PER WEEK.**

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**Opens June 1, 1872.**

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Water from the various Mineral Springs supplied daily to the guests of the House.

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In Dress Goods we shall make a specialty of

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**FANCY DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS**

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We shall keep a complete Stock of

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**Vermont.**

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A Good Agent Wanted in Each Town in Franklin & Grand Isle Cos.

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But death is by to seize us when he lists.”

—*The Spanish Father.*

“A POLICY of Life Insurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family.”—*Benjamin Franklin.*

LIFE INSURANCE contributes effectually to make life itself longer society happier, the aggregate prosperity of the community greater; and just so far as it shall extend, while still conducted on sound principles, it will multiply the kindly bonds that connect men, while encouraging economy, invigorating enterprise, justifying hope in each individual, and shedding the light of a more serene happiness into many households.—*Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D. D.*

LIFE INSURANCE is an investment of the safest description. The man who holds a Life Insurance Policy, has just as good property to leave to his family as if he owned United States Bonds of equal amount.

A POLICY of Life Assurance is always an evidence of prudent forethought; no man with a dependent family is *free from reproach* if not insured.—*Lord Lyndhurst, late Lord Chancellor of England.*

The following facts and considerations are presented as reasons why you should insure in this Company:

- 1st. It is at home.
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- 5th. The Company offers no FANCY MODES of insurance with the chances altogether against the insured, but adheres to legitimate methods which have been tested and approved by the largest experience.
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On this basis the business has trebled in one year.

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**101 North Main Street,**

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## Special Notice.

The undersigned, Manager of Special Publishing, is prepared to issue in book or pamphlet form any Town or County Histories, which have appeared in the "Vermont Historical Gazetteer," on receipt of a sufficient number of advance orders to justify publication.

Authors and other parties interested are invited to correspondence upon subjects connected with the work.

Please enclose letter stamp, and address

**STEPHEN E. ROYCE,**

*St. Albans, Vermont.*



The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the research and the objectives of the study. It then proceeds to a literature review, followed by a description of the methodology used. The results of the study are presented in the next section, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. The paper concludes with a summary of the main points and suggestions for further research.

The research was conducted in a systematic and rigorous manner, following the principles of good research practice. The data collected was analyzed using appropriate statistical methods, and the results were presented in a clear and concise manner. The findings of the study are discussed in detail, and their implications for practice and policy are explored. The paper concludes with a summary of the main points and suggestions for further research.

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